DECLASSIFIED E-SD WORKSHEET

EXCISE

AMBASSADOR BRUCE'S DIARY ENTRIES

COMMENCING MARCH 9, 1973

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
REVIEWED BY [illegible] DATE 9/2/8
PORTIONS DENIED AS INDICATED

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

SECRET

On March 9, 1973, after a preliminary talk with Henry Kissinger, I went to see President Nixon at the latter's invitation. He received me with the affability, which had always characterized our occasional conversations over a period of twenty years, and said, if I agreed, he would like me to go to the People's Republic of China as Chief of the United States Liaison Mission there, an arrangement which he and Kissinger had recently negotiated. He reminded me that more than a year previously he had told me, in Henry's presence, that if the Chinese situation ever opened up in a manner requiring American representation in Peking, he intended to offer me that position.

He now added the comment that, if I accepted, the appointment would not be certain until there were consultations with the Peking Government, which might prefer an interchange of officials on a Civil Service level.

The President considerately asked if I would prefer to consider this proposal, and give him an answer later. I responded that it would be unnecessary to consult Evangeline, who had always said such decisions should be made by me without reference to her, and I would enthusiastically go to Peking if it were approved by the Government there.

As a result, my fate in this respect was settled within a few minutes. We then had a cordial talk about NATO and other matters.

I later learned that the President and Kissinger had several times suggested to Chou En-lai that I might serve as a substitute for Henry in making visits to Peking at times when Henry might be unavailable. This was before a more formal normalization of relations had been agreed. I understand Chou did not welcome this notion, presumably because I had been involved in the Paris Peace Talks on Viet-Nam, and it would be inappropriate for me to serve in such a capacity until there was a peaceful settlement of the Vietnamese problem.

A week or so later, the Peking authorities informed the President that my appointment would be agreeable to them. When the President publicly designated me, the reaction, to judge by media comment, and a deluge of congratulatory letters and telegrams, seemed favorable. My chief qualification appeared to be my age; in China mere survival into one's seventies is construed as a mark of wisdom rather than mental vigor. Mao is seventy-nine, Chou seventy-four, so I at seventy-five would be in the same general bracket.

Since the relationship between our two governments has been non-existent for a generation, and since any former American properties, official or otherwise, in Mainland China were confiscated, many practical obstacles to a renewal of intercourse are evident. The PRC (People's Republic of China) have named as the Chief of their Mission to the United States Huang Chen, who has been for nine years their Ambassador in Paris, and with whom Kissinger has dealt on many occasions. He is their only legate abroad who is a member

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

of the Central Committee, and is their most influential diplomat. About 63 years old, he was an officer during the Long March period; also he is a playwright, caricaturist, and possessor of other literary and artistic talents. His Deputy will be Ambassador Han Hsu, Chief of Protocol at the Foreign Ministry, reputedly a protégé of Chou and, by all accounts, an unusually intelligent and charming person.

As time went on, I made the customary slow progress through the hierarchy of the Department of State. It took two weeks to have a passport issued. Without the passport I could not take the obligatory medical vaccinations and inoculations; until all this was done I could not be sworn in (because of my rank as a Foreign Service Reserve Officer Class 1, I did not need confirmation by the Senate); until I was sworn in I would not be on the payroll; and so it went. Meanwhile, I called on the Vice President, the Secretary of State, Undersecretaries of State, the Secretaries of Commerce, Treasury, and Agriculture, bigwigs at Defense and other Departments, was briefed wholesale, went to an eight o'clock breakfast downtown with a galaxy of journalists, appeared briefly on television, received telephone calls or letters from what seemed to me the majority of the 100,000 plus United States Citizens who have filed applications for visas to visit China, and met day and night with people who had an interest--often remote--in my or their assignment. There is a widespread euphoria in our country about what this new understanding with the PRC portends. I fear we are less realistic than the Chinese on how affairs will develop. Many members of our business community are enthused over the prospect of capturing a goodly part of a market of 800 million people, and would like to board this gravy train long before it leaves the station. At present, there is little gravy on the train, and will not be unless and until the PRC decides to contract large debts. The U.S. claims against the PRC, and their ownership of frozen assets in the U.S. are expected to be compromised and settled soon. Afterwards, China will have neither external nor internal indebtedness. It remains obscure whether they will borrow heavily through medium and long term credits.

Our friends in Washington have been generous in giving us farewell parties, and I begin to think of myself as a Marco Polo about to embark on an uncharted adventure. Closing our houses, settling business matters, making codicils to wills are time-consuming, but also slightly sinister proceedings, somewhat like preparing for death.

Finally, we left Washington, after a couple of merry dinners with the engaging Ambassador Han and his associates of the advance guard of the Chinese Liaison Mission to the United States. (One day I flew to New York with Henry K. to meet the PRC Ambassador to the United Nations, with whom Henry has had many secret transactions.)

The trip from Washington to Hong Kong via Northwest Airlines was an endurance test. There was a television interview at National Airport, then we put down at Minneapolis and Spokane before terminating at Seattle, where

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

we changed planes for a non-stop flight to Tokyo. We refueled at Tokyo where I had a congenial meeting with Ambassador Ingersoll, and sped to Hong Kong, to be met by a representative of the British Governor, our own Consul General, David Osborn, his wife, and some of his staff. As I was to learn, this group of "China Watchers" is a remarkable aggregation of abilities.

From bed to bed, that is Georgetown to the Mandarin Hotel in Hong Kong, we were en route for twenty-seven hours. I vainly courted sleep during the journey, but felt rather fresh and well when we reached our destination.

A week in this fabulous city was too short, though all of us were naturally impatient to push off to Peking. I had never before visited Hong Kong but E. had stayed here in the late thirties. This fantastic enclave throbs with vitality. Three hundred thousand tourists come to it each year; in addition, it is a leave port for American sailors. Huge fortunes have been made by capitalists, including Chinese, in shipping, real estate, and other ventures. Being a Crown Colony the British influence is everywhere evident. Adjoining our hotel is a cricket ground, in daily use, valued at four million pounds sterling for development potentiality. Speculation on the local stock exchange is rampant; a privately owned company recently issued shares for public subscription; within twenty-four hours their paper value increased one thousand per cent; needless to say, there was a drastic subsequent re-adjustment. The spectacular harbors, the forbidding Mainland Chinese mountains in the background, dozens of skyscrapers, huge apartment buildings, dense traffic, human and vehicular, and thousands of small shops selling wares of all descriptions, combine with other exotic features to create an almost uniquely picturesque atmosphere. The per capita income, about $1,200 American, is the third highest in the Far East, presently excelled only by Japan and Taiwan. There is virtually no unemployment amongst those wishing to work.

It has rained, but not torrentially, every day during our stay; fog usually shrouds the hills, the humidity is high, the temperature varying between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

I was deeply impressed by the efficiency and intelligence of the officers in our Consulate General which employs, including locals, about 400 men and women. Its Chief, David Osborn, is both a Japanese and Chinese scholar, an unusually attractive individual; his Deputy, David Dean, is obviously first rate. The briefings I had from them and their staff were the best I have ever listened to in Government.

Mrs. Osborn and Mrs. Dean took E. in charge, and these exceptional ladies made her life delightful. The hospitality and consideration shown us by the Consulate General's personnel was unvarying in its generosity and scope.

I was interrogated lengthily during a meeting with members of the Board of Governors of the American Chamber of Commerce; more than five

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

hundred U.S. business and banking firms have offices here. The same afternoon E. and I were guests of the Foreign Correspondents' Club which has a roster of about seven hundred news media people of several nationalities. Its genial President, Mr. Hayward of the Christian Science Monitor, introduced us to several hundred people, many of whom had visited Mainland China this year. We had enjoyable and useful conversations.

The next day, the Osborns had a lunch for E., John Holdridge and myself at their residence to meet my British Foreign Office friend, Sir Murray MacLehose, now Governor of Hong Kong, the last of the Proconsuls. He wields supreme authority, and is highly regarded.

In the afternoon, the overburdened but unwilted Osborns had a cocktail party at their house for us, attended by tycoons, social lights, pretty women, foreign diplomats and others.

On Friday, May 11, after thorough briefings, David Osborn gave a tea at home for me to meet seven Chinese Communists resident in Shanghai. Fortunately, John Holdridge, Brunson McKinley, David Dean, and Sherrod McCall, all proficient in the Chinese language, were there to translate when necessary. I found, however, most of the native guests adequately fluent in English. I especially enjoyed hearing the views of Mr. Chen Hung, Acting Manager of the Bank of China on the most acute economic problems confronting the Peking Government, which he believes can be solved over a period of time. The others, titularly associated with news agencies, and the Hong Kong Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, were unreservedly polite and informative; nothing was said by them of a propaganda nature. They are men of influence with the Peking Government, and have a sort of unofficial but recognized status as such.

On Sunday, May 13, the Osborns, E. and I drove for an hour to lunch with Henry Keswick at his house in the country. The Phantom Major (David Stirling) was there, lively and imaginative as ever. Henry has more or less taken over from his Uncle John the management of Jardine, Mathieson, and at 35 is one of the leading men in the Colony. I have exchanged messages with John, whom we had expected originally to see in Peking, but our delayed trip will make that impossible. He is conducting a private tour with Clare, Casilda Santa Cruz, Nancy and David Perth and others, who are fortunate to see the country under his knowledgeable guidance.

Carol and Ellsworth Bunker were here when we first came, but left shortly for Kathmandu, where she will say her good-bys before returning to Washington for a reassignment she so richly deserves. Ellsworth will soon go through the same process, after six grueling years in Saigon. He was 79 on May 11, but as calm and healthy as ever I saw him. There is no one for whose character and personality I have more admiration.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sweet Frances Cook, the dynamo and pride of our Paris Vietnamese days with POW relatives, lunched with us at the Mandarin. She has finished her tour of duty in Australia for USIA, and is now going to Dakar, but using accumulated leave to make a dizzying swing through the Far East. She would be fully capable of running an Ambassadorial Mission.

On May 11th, members of the Consulate General staff kindly gave me a lunch in the Williamsburg Room at the American Club. There are almost five thousand U.S. citizens resident in Hong Kong, and many of them are members of this Club. Virginians are ubiquitous, but I must confess I was pleasantly surprised to be seated in surroundings which were a near replica of those in the Raleigh Tavern, and, to mark the point, a copy of the famous portrait of Evelyn Byrd was suspended over the mantelpiece. (The food was noticeably better than what is served in the Raleigh Tavern.)

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

May 14, 1973

This was one of the pleasantest days I ever spent. We quitted our comfortable and enormous "Mandarin Suite", with its varied views of glittering Kowloon and Hong Kong, at 9:30 in the morning, accompanied by the Osborns, Mr. Stafford, the Australian Manager of the Hotel, had been kindness itself to us, as had all the members of his efficient staff. His establishment is said to be jam-packed throughout the year, but an endless swarm of domestics easily accommodate their needs. There are a number of restaurants and bars in it, serving Chinese or Western food and drinks; on lower floors you would fancy yourself in a department store as one wonders along corridors lined with shops presenting tourist attractions. Most of the men's clothing and shirt materials presented are imported from England and Scotland. The price differential in respect to the U.S. is considerable on suits and garments made to order because of the much cheaper costs of labor in the Colony, but bargains are not as real as advertised, for there has been a considerable and continuing inflation. Nor is the workmanship often of superior quality, due I suppose to the frequent tourist demand for suits and shirts to be delivered within forty-eight hours of being ordered. I did not have much time for shopping, and contented myself by commissioning some shirts of sea island cotton (of Swiss origin) to be copied from one of my own, and for despatch to Peking. The price was about two-thirds of what I would have paid in London or Washington.

At the Kowloon Rail Station, we were taken in hand by Mr. Lai, Director of the China Travel Service, who had reserved seats for us on the crowded train. Once embarked, an American camera crew snapped us with an endless expenditure of film which I suspect will largely find its way to ash cans. The trip to the Hong Kong-Chinese border took a little over one hour of transit; most of it through the New Territories on which the British lease expires about 1998. There are expanses of cultivated land devoted to market gardening and fruit culture, but encroached upon by building developments for housing and industrial projects.

When we arrived at Lowu on the Hong Kong side of the border, we were escorted to a VIP lounge while our baggage was processed and cleared. Afterwards, we walked across a bridge onto the soil of Mainland China, where we set our watches back one hour. We had an excellent lunch at this juncture of bountiful Chinese dishes, palatable native beer, and the inevitable tea (without sugar, milk, or lemon) which is served without stint from dawn to midnight throughout the Republic.

After a 2 1/2 hour border delay, we left Shumchu'm on a comfortable modern, diesel drawn train, that progressed for almost two hours through smiling, intensely-tilled irrigated valleys between mountains to Canton. To our great pleasure and surprise, Oatsie and Robert Charles met us there; they were attending the ~~great~~ Chinese Trade Fair. We did not dally at the station, for the China Travel Service, still our hosts, took us on a tour of this great city, bisected by the Pearl River. The facades of the famous

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Hong establishments still exist but the interiors no longer shelter foreigners who once were sequestrated and enriched in this Treaty Port.

We made a refueling stop in Hangchow, where a local Foreign Office representative gave us a sumptuous dinner of Cantonese dishes. Hangchow is about half way between Canton and Peking by air; we were aloft from Canton about three hours in all before reaching the Capital, in the dark, at 9 o'clock.

Upon descending the ramp, we were greeted by the Jenkinses and others of our advance group, who introduced us to Chinese dignitaries there to welcome us. Our own little party consisted of the McKinleys and John Holdridge. The Chinese delegation consisted of: Chang Wen-chin, Assistant Foreign Minister, Chu Ch'uan-hsien, Acting Director of Protocol, Ting Yuan-hung, Director, Office of American Affairs, T'ang Lung-pin, Director of Department of Protocol Affairs, Office of European and American Affairs, T'ang Wen-sheng, Interpreter, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Cheng Ho-K'ang, Officer responsible for U.S. Affairs within the Protocol Office of European and American Affairs.

After we had run the gauntlet of a horde of American and foreign television, radio, and news media individuals, and shaken hands with those from the Diplomatic Community who had generously come to see us, we adjourned --for tea of course--with our Chinese hosts to a VIP room before at last departing bedwards.

The diplomats at the airport were: Agha Shahi, Ambassador of Pakistan, Phagna Lien Pravongviengkham, Ambassador of Laos, Abbas Aram, Ambassador of Iran, Folco Trabalza, Ambassador of Italy, C. J. Small, Ambassador of Canada, Jacques Groothaert, Ambassador of Belgium, J. Vixseboxse, Ambassador of the Netherlands, M. H. Morgan, British Charge d'Affaires, Charles Malo, Minister of the French Embassy, and Flemming Bjork Pedersen, Secretary at the Danish Embassy.

When asked by the television people for a statement, I replied more or less as follows:

> "It is a great pleasure to have arrived in the famous Capital of the People's Republic of China. We regard the establishment of the United States Liaison Office here as an important stage on the road to fruitful friendship and cooperation between our countries and peoples.
>
> "It is also a deep satisfaction to all the members and families of our Mission to be in Peking, and we anticipate with keen expectation living in this beautiful and historical city."

There was little interrogation.

Most of our Mission is staying at the Peking Hotel. E. and I were motored directly to our quarters in the Nine-Story Building where we will remain for several weeks--it is across the hall from our offices.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Chinese officials have been cooperative and hospitable to an extraordinary degree in trying to allot us as soon as practicable a permanent residence and offices. Commencing only a month or so ago, they are constructing these buildings on a plot in one of the diplomatic reservations. A force of three hundred workmen and technicians are applying themselves to this task on a twenty-four hour daily basis, including Sundays. When completed these premises will be rented to the U. S. Government for what seems to me a visibly low sum. The same practice has been applied to the more than seventy foreign Embassies presently in Peking.

Domestic staff is furnished through Protocol at the Foreign Office, their salaries to be paid by the occupants. All such staff are Chinese citizens and are called Mr., Mrs., or Miss as the case may require. Thanks to the imaginative efficiency of our advance guard, under the direction of Al Jenkins, E. and I found our apartment in perfect order, already equipped with beds, linen, silver and other necessities and, to cap it all, a butler (Mr. Chang), a cook and a maid. The butler is seemingly a lucky acquisition. He worked for more than fifteen years with Dutch diplomats, was also with the last U.S. Ambassador, Leighton Stuart, and is fluent in English.

E. and I went happily to sleep, enchanted with the prospect of living in this fabled city.

Tuesday, May 15, 1973--(Morning at house under construction)

Official calls commenced today. My first was on Mr. Chu Ch'uan-hsien, Acting Director of the Protocol Department at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Smiling and affable, speaking English well, he was agreeable and forthcoming. He is about 35, and highly regarded as a diplomat.

Later, we (Jenkins, Holdridge, Platt, McKinley and I) called on Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has charm and humor, and is intellectually robust. Long a close associate of Premier Chou En-lai, he has recently emerged as one of the most important officials in the Foreign Ministry. A specialist in Soviet and East European affairs and one of China's most experienced diplomats, he claims credit for several aspects of China's current conciliatory foreign policy. He was chief delegate to the Sino-Soviet border talks during 1969-71, and headed delegations to the United Nations General Assembly in 1971 and 1972.

Ch'iao attended the American-sponsored Tsinghua University and holds a doctorate from the University of Tübingen, Germany. He knew many Americans prior to 1949. He probably joined the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) in the late 1930's; from 1938 to 1952 he worked as a CCP journalist and editor in Hong Kong and Peking. He has traveled extensively in Asia, Africa, the USSR and East Europe.

Fluent in English, German, Russian and French, Ch'iao has impressed foreigners with his relaxed manner and ability to discuss problems without using propaganda terms. Ch'iao has had tuberculosis and was reported ill around mid-1971. He smokes heavily, is a widower, and aged 61.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, May 16, 1973

Started the morning with a backgrounder for members of the American Press, temporarily located here. Stanley Karnow (NBC Consultant, who has given us a copy of his interview with whimsical Prince Sihanouk), Gerrold Schechter of Time, Keyes Beech of the Chicago Daily News, and Jack Reynolds of NBC TV news were present. I told them what little I know of the probable future operations of this Mission, for until we have established connections with many Chinese officials we cannot chart our course.

In the early afternoon, I went to see the Ambassador of Nepal (Ranadhir Subba), Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps. We discussed frankly the anomalous character of our Mission vis-à-vis the Corps. Though we are accorded diplomatic immunities and privileges, such as freedom from customs duties, and are entitled to fly the American flag, we are not on the Diplomatic List. I suggested that in order to avoid embarrassment to him or any of his colleagues, as well as possibly the PRC Government, we would pay no formal calls on foreign diplomats, nor attend National Day receptions, official cocktail parties etc. at Embassies, and generally preserve a low profile. I believe he was relieved to hear this proposal, which we will now refer to Foreign Office Protocol for their comments. I understand there have been some mutterings of discontent from established diplomats over the warm welcome accorded us and the preparations under way for our housing, which will in fact be more modest than that of many of our foreign predecessors. One of the complaints, I am informed, emanated from the Representative of the Palestinian Liberation Movement.

Later, I paid my respects, in company with Messrs. Jenkins, Holdridge, Platt and McKinley, to the Foreign Minister Chi P'eng-fei. He referred warmly to his conversations with Secretary of State Rogers here and in New York, commented on the importance of the Shanghai Communique of February 27, 1972, and the desirability of animating the principles set forth in it.

Chi P'eng-fei, in his sixties, has been Minister of Foreign Affairs since the death of former Minister Ch'en I in January 1972. At first hesitant to assert himself, Chi matured greatly during 1972. He has helped reorganize the Ministry and filled key diplomatic posts. Chi held substantive talks with Secretary of State Rogers in China during President Nixon's February 1972 visit and in Paris in February 1973 as leader of the PRC delegation to the International Conference on Viet-Nam.

A member of the Chinese Communist Party with an early background as a military commander, Chi has no known party assignments. He has long been associated with the Foreign Ministry, where he was a Vice Minister from 1955 until April 1971, when he became Acting Minister.

Chi's career has focused on Northeast Asian, African and Western European affairs, but he also served as Ambassador to East Germany during 1950-55. While there he attended opening sessions of the Big Four Foreign Ministers Conference on the settlement of the Laotian question. Chi is scheduled to visit Europe in the fall of 1973. Apparently he has no knowledge of English.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tonight Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua was the cordial host to our entire delegation (including all except two Marine Guards who were on duty at the office) and their wives at a banquet in the International Club. E. was unfortunately unable to attend, because of a severe cold and fever.

At 7:30 we congregated in a vast reception room, there to meet an equivalent number of Chinese men and ladies, for tea drinking. Then we proceeded into a still vaster dining room, to be seated at round tables, each for about twelve places. Geniality speedily prevailed. The food was delicious and, as evidenced by the following menu, freely translated from the Chinese original, varied: Six Cold Plates, Quail Egg Soup, Braised "Three Delicious", Prawns in Two Tastes, Squirrel Fish, Saute Mushrooms and French Beans, Crisp Duck, White Fungus Syrup, Crisp Twins, Ice Cream and Fruits. To me the most notable dish was the silver fungus concoction made with rock crystal sugar, and a rare expensive fungus, grown on trees at high altitude which are split to induce this delicacy to grow.

A sweet vin rosé and two kinds of excellent Peking beer were available, but the guests confined themselves largely to imbibing Mao Tai, the justly popular overproof sorghum-based spirit. It is potent; its effects have been likened to swallowing lightning or a red-hot poker. Served in small liqueur glasses, constantly kept brimming, a host offers numerous silent toasts by raising his drink and catching the eyes of those near him. One has the option of sipping the potion, or of downing it bottoms up. The latter fashion causes much hilarity; the Vice Minister observed that the Chinese do not drink alcohols before or after, but only during meals.

Near the conclusion of dinner, the host gave a formal toast to good fellowship and friendship between our two peoples, to which I responded.

When we left the tables at ten o'clock, every one went immediately home.

It is impossible to overstate the cordiality of these people. The austerity of their personal lives gives place to lavishness in official entertainments. On the whole, as a superficial observation, they are, high and low alike, the politest people I have ever encountered, and often the most jocular.

There is little motor traffic in Peking, since no private individuals own automobiles. Drivers of those in use blow horns almost incessantly to warn pedestrians and cyclists. A bicycle is a prized possession; although they cost about $80 American apiece, the equivalent of several months pay for citizens whose annual incomes average about $200, there are tens of thousands of them in this city of seven million inhabitants many of whom have to traverse long distances to reach their localities of worth. There are a good many trucks, often with small trailers attached.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, May 17, 1973

I cannot recall doing anything today worth noting.

Friday, May 18, 1973

There have been sunny blue skies, with sunny weather and minor dust storms for several days. The temperature and the clothes we wear are about as they would be in Washington.

This morning I went with several associates to see Mr. Wang Meng, Chairman of the Physical Culture and Sports Commission. A voluble, jolly man he gave the expected spiel on the importance of the Shanghai Communiqué, adding an expression of his belief that one of the most fruitful fields for the cultivation of friendship between our peoples was that of sports. He hopes exchange tours of athletes can be magnified. We spent a harmonious hour with him, drinking much tea.

This afternoon, I called on Charles John Small, the Canadian Ambassador, to thank him for his really invaluable and cheerful help in enabling us to use his communications channels for our coded messages. This must have been a troublesome imposition on his staff, for we have sometimes been forced to rely on them for transmissions on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, as well as on a twenty-four basis during the week. By next Monday we expect to have our own system in operation.

Small, aged 53, born in China, became Ambassador to the People's Republic in October 1972. He had previously served since 1969 as High Commissioner to Pakistan and Ambassador to Afghanistan, with residence in Islamabad.

After receiving a B.Sc.A. degree from the Ontario Agricultural College and a B.A. degree from the University of Toronto, he joined the Federal Department of Trade and Commerce in 1949. He was Assistant Commercial Secretary at The Hague until 1955, when he transferred to the Department of External Affairs. After working in the Department's Far Eastern Division and studying the Chinese language at the University of Toronto until 1958, he became the Canadian Government's trade commissioner in Hong Kong. While there he took part in a Canadian trade mission to the PRC. Returning to Ottawa in 1962, he worked in the Far Eastern Division again until his assignment as Counselor at the Canadian Embassy in Karachi in 1963. During 1965-69, he served as Canada's Permanent Representative to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris.

U.S. officials have been impressed with Small's analytical powers and his judgment on current affairs. Married to the former Jean Kirby McNeel, he has four daughters.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, May 18, 1973 (Continued)

I received a visit of courtesy this afternoon from Professor Yuen Ren Chao, Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of California. He was accompanied by his wife. This famous teacher of linguistics submerged me in his utterances on the niceties of the Chinese written language.

We had an unexpected telephone message from Premier Chou En-lai's office to say he would expect me at 6:30 p.m. at the Great Hall of the People. Jenkins, Holdridge, Platt and I were overjoyed to respond to this, and presented ourselves on time. We started off being photographed with him and his companions before settling down to a fairly intimate conversation.

The Premier, considered one of the most remarkable statesmen of our time, is a handsome lean man, of erect carriage, with a distinguished face, meticulously dressed in a grayish uniform of the customary style (unadorned except for a single ribbon, perhaps a Long March one), with easy, graceful manners, and quick to laugh or express himself humorously. One would not have suspected that he works eighteen or more hours a day, and is said to sleep only a few hours in the morning. He has the reputation of sometimes looking over-fatigued, but never being mentally hazy. Clement Atlee after meeting him, many years ago, remarked that Chou was the most impressive political figure with whom he ever had dealings. Henry Kissinger entertains the same opinion of him, but adds that Chou is also the most attractive man he has known.

When we left his office, we went to the Peking Hotel where we dined well (commencing with Chinese caviar and vodka) at a price so low as to seem almost incredible in comparison with costs in Washington restaurants.

We were all elated at having talked to the Great Man, visits to whom are so coveted.

Saturday, May 19, 1973

The diligent "boys" (as I call them to myself), having reviewed the notes taken by Platt during our interview with the PM had, during the night, beaten out a telegram. I reviewed it with them early this morning, and sent it off as follows: SECRET

"1. On May 18 Chou En-lai summoned me on short notice to call on him at 6:30 p.m. at Great Hall of People. Following is summary of highlights our hour-and-twenty-minute conversation. I was accompanied by Messrs. Jenkins, Holdridge and Platt. On Chinese side major figures were Ch'iao Kuan-hua and Huang Chen. Memcon follows.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"2. After pleasantries and expressions of satisfaction that relations had developed faster than outside observers had predicted, Chou asked about my plans for Mission activities. When I said I was prepared to discuss any substantive questions of mutual interest, Chou referred to Shanghai Communiqué. He said we should exert vigorous efforts to implement 'speedily' agreed stipulations in this fundamental document so carefully formulated.

"3. Chou then spoke of Indochina, hoping Dr. Kissinger would succeed in his negotiations with Le Duc Tho at Paris. I assured Chou that no one desired success in this endeavor more than the President. Chou observed that to 'drag out' the negotiations would affect progress on other issues. He mentioned the problem Viet-Nam had always posed for a satisfactory PRC-US relationship, which he had frequently called to Dr. Kissinger's attention.

"4. He then asked me to convey following to President: 'The DRV and the PRG ardently wish to comply with all the clauses of the agreement. It is necessary for the situation in the South to stabilize before political negotiations can proceed. The North must also have time to recover.'

"5. Shifting conversation to Cambodia, Chou said the only way to find a solution was for the parties concerned to implement fully all the subsidiary clauses of Article 20. We agreed that although respective viewpoints differed USG and PRC shared goal of peaceful, neutral and independent Cambodia--'more peaceful, neutral and independent than ever before,' Chou added.

"6. Chou hoped that Dr. Kissinger's talks in Paris would find a way to settle the Cambodian problem; if not 'we should discuss the issue later'. Noting that Huang Chen would leave Peking May 25 and arrive Washington by June 1, Chou invited me to pass to Ch'iao Kuan-hua ideas that the U.S. might wish to convey before then. Any further Chinese ideas would be passed by Huang Chen in Washington. Chou expressed concern that Cambodian issue might be submerged due to President's concentration on summit meetings with Pompidou and Brezhnev during June. I assured him that June meetings would not detract from primacy that President ascribes to achievement of settlement in Indochina.

"7. Chou then praised Sihanouk along familiar lines, describing his trip to Angkor as courageous act. He cited recent New York Times interview with Sirik Matak as evidence that Sihanouk would win over Lon Nol in a referendum.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"8. Comment: Chou used occasion to convey significant substantive message:

"-- His stress on speedy implementation of Shanghai Communique (Taiwan was not specifically mentioned) was a most emphatic and authoritative statement on that theme, which has been recurrent in each conversation I have had with PRC officials since arrival. It is evident he is seriously preoccupied with subject.

"-- There was a broad hint of inquiry as to whether I would be prepared to meet Sihanouk. I did not react.

"-- He is deeply worried about Indochina, and feels particular urgency over achieving solution in Cambodia. I do not know content his talks with Le Duc Tho on latter's way to Paris, but he may have expressed such views to North Vietnamese.

"-- His care in designating Ch'iao as my contact (he did this three times), and Huang Chen as PRC channel in Washington, when juxtaposed with his announcement Huang's May 25 departure, suggests that he hopes for prompt Washington-Peking follow up on items raised in this conversation."

Sunday, May 20, 1973

We lunched as guests of Jane and Marquis Childs, in company with Mr. and Mrs. John Burns (he represents the Canadian Toronto Globe) and James Pringle one of the Reuters' men stationed in Peking. We ate a delicious meal in a restaurant that was formerly a private house, with several courtyards and many attractive but dilapidated rooms. It was a festive group.

On the way home, E. and I purchased a considerable quantity of ordinary blue and white china for table use, as well as a modern reproduction of a large glazed Tang horse nibbling one hoof--it cost about 50 U.S. dollars; an original would, I guess, command upwards of $25,000.

The weather continues dry and sunny at about 70° F., with cool nights requiring one or two light blankets. We have had no hot water in our apartment, for the pipes are being cleansed in this quarter of the city, and the flow cut off for a two week period.

Monday, May 21, 1973

Vincent Sheean came to see me this morning. We had met seldom since our frequent expeditions to the White Cliffs of Dover during the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

dramatic air battles in the summer of 1940. He is 73 years old, slightly incommoded by arthritis but in good general health. He spent a considerable time in China about 1926, was, and has always continued to be, a close friend of Madame Sun Yat Sen. Since arriving here he has made repeated attempts to get in touch with her, but to no avail. Though she is known to reside in Peking, he cannot obtain her address, and feels especially frustrated because she had written him this year urging him to come. He is also baffled since she has always been treated with great respect by her deceased husband's successors in power.

Jimmy had one piece of advice to proffer regarding foreigners in China--never walk indoors or out in bare feet, because of the danger of picking up germs! His wife Diana (daughter of the great British actor Forbes-Robertson) has been ill since they came here from some form of stomach disorder--we hope to see her; she was once a striking beauty; I hope she still is. Jimmy, in the forties, an incessant smoker and stout drinker, no longer indulges in either pleasure. They now live largely in Italy on the proceeds of his successful literary works.

This afternoon, John Holdridge, Brunson McKinley and I went to call, at his invitation, on Hsieh Hua, Responsible Member of the Ministry of Public Health, which is now the titular equivalent of Minister of Public Health. A stocky, rotund, bland faced man in his early sixties, he greeted us courteously, offered the usual tea and cigarettes, and recited the litany of the importance of the Shanghai Communique, the friendly sympathies of the American and Chinese peoples toward each other, and his availability for consultation. He has had frequent contact with visiting American Doctors, and is a leading member of the Chinese Medical Association. I noticed he had four outside pockets on his tunic, about the only permitted distinction between high officials and those of lower degree. He is proud of what he termed the virtual elimination, since the Revolution, of virulent diseases in his country.

Tuesday, May 22, 1973

Michael Morgan, the Number 2 at the British Embassy, came this morning to see Al Jenkins, and afterwards called on me. He was stationed here for several years once before, and seems an agreeable, experienced diplomat. His Ambassador, Sir John Addis, in London on leave and consultation, will return here in mid-June, when I hope to talk with him about Chinese art matters, in which field he is considered an expert.

This afternoon, I called on the French Ambassador, Etienne Manac'h. Career diplomat Manac'h, 63, became Ambassador to the People's Republic of China in May 1969, after having served for nine years as Director of Asian Affairs in the Foreign Ministry. A supporter of France's recognition of the PRC in 1964 and long an advocate of PRC entry into the United Nations, he has been extremely well received in Peking.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Manac'h has always been a strong critic of U.S. policy in Viet-Nam, but apparently played a quiet, though important role in furthering the recent peace negotiations between the United States and the Vietnamese. Known for his lucidity, frankness, and candor in dealing with foreign officials in Paris, Manac'h impressed U.S. Embassy personnel while at the Ministry as being objective about both North and South Vietnamese, despite his underlying sympathy for the cause of Hanoi, and the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front.

Educated in literature and philosophy, Manac'h entered the Foreign Ministry in 1945. Prior to his appointment as Director of Asian Affairs, he had served in Prague and Bratislava, as well as on the personal staff of the Foreign Minister (1957-58) and the Minister of State (1958-59). Manac'h speaks Slovak, Turkish, good English and Italian. Married to Italian-born Nella Masutti, he has three children.

Manac'h is an eloquent conversationalist, with wide knowledge of international affairs. His house in Brittany was once the atelier of Paul Gauguin. We had an interesting talk about the differences between Soviet and Chinese systems of Communism. He has been here four years, but expects to leave in 1974.

Tonight, Jane and Mark Childs came to dine with us. They delayed their departure from Peking, in the hope of being received by Chou En-lai. After one appointment with him was cancelled, they were in despair. Sunday night, however, after they had gone to bed they were awakened by a summons to visit him at 11 p.m., and had an interview lasting three and a half hours. Mark is jubilant over this good fortune. He is reporting their wide-ranging interchanges in his syndicated columns. He succumbed completely to the Prime Minister's charm.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, May 23, 1973

Dr. George J. Harrar, former President of the Rockefeller Foundation, came in this morning. It was for me an informative talk. He is a member of the United States National Academy of Sciences Group, presently guests of the PRC Government. An expert in agricultural, and other fields of interest to this beneficent Foundation, he is fascinated by Chinese efforts to improve their economy and life generally. He fully recognizes that the prewar Rockefeller activities in this country cannot be revived, and any future assistance extended by them must take a different turn. Their extensive physical establishments were confiscated and devoted to other uses. He was in agreement with me that they should allow the PRC time to assess whatever contributions they might make here to the welfare and health of the masses, and merely evince their desire, if called upon, to participate in operations where their own experience could be beneficial.

This afternoon, Jenkins, Holdridge, Platt and myself went to call on Ambassador Huang Chen, Chief of the PRC Liaison Office in Washington. He departs Friday via Shanghai, Paris, for Washington.

I took him aside to tell him of my receipt of a message from Henry K., informing me of his briefing of Huang's Deputy, Ambassador Han, on his talks in Moscow with Brezhnev et al.

Huang's biography is:

On March 30, 1973, official Chinese sources announced the appointment of Huang Chen, who had been Ambassador to France since 1964, as the first Chief of the Liaison Office of the People's Republic of China in the United States. He is expected to arrive in Washington in early May, concurrent with the arrival of his U.S. counterpart, David Bruce, in Peking.

China's senior diplomat, Huang is also an important Chinese Communist Party (CCP) figure; he was one of only two Ambassadors serving abroad who became full members of the Party Central Committee in April 1969. He thus brings to his new post enormous personal prestige and undoubtedly the authority to negotiate on a wide range of issues. With the exception of the Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Huang Hua, Huang Chen is the only Chinese Ambassador who is currently known to have full powers to negotiate diplomatic recognition of other countries. Since 1972 he has formalized diplomatic relations with Australia, New Zealand and Spain.

CLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Role in Sino-US Rapprochement

Huang has been involved with Sino-US relations for more than a year. Following President Nixon's February 1972 trip to China, during which he and Premier Chou En-lai chose Paris as the site for future official contacts between their countries, Huang became the Chinese contact point in the West for the accelerating Sino-US rapprochement. Since then he has frequently met with U.S. representatives, and in April 1972 he went to Peking for two months to help prepare for U.S. Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger's June visit.

Early Life and Career

Huang Chen was born on December 1, 1908 in Anhwei Province. He attended school in Anching, Anhwei Province, and later graduated from the Fine Arts Academy in Shanghai. He joined the CCP in 1931 and entered the Kiangsi Soviet. By the time of the Long March in 1934, he was a regimental commander in the 3rd Army, led by P'eng Te-huai.

During the Sino-Japanese War, Huang was a political officer in various units of the 129th Division of the 8th Route Army, commanded by Liu Po-cheng, from at least 1938 until 1945. At the end of the war, he held the rank of Major General. During 1946-47, he was assigned to the Peking Executive Headquarters, the tripartite mediation organization set up under the auspices of the U.S. Marshall Mission to help end the Chinese civil war.

Soldier Turned Diplomat

Huang's initial diplomatic assignment was as China's first Ambassador to Hungary. In Budapest from 1950 to 1954, he was then transferred to head his country's Mission in Indonesia. His seven-year tenure there was unusually long for an Ambassador; personal friction with Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio and serious difficulties concerning the problem of Overseas Chinese in Indonesia marked his tour. Huang was recalled to Peking several times for lengthy consultations.

From June 1961 to April 1964, Huang served in Peking as a Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, a post in which he was quite active and traveled extensively. In November 1962, he visited Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, the United Arab Republic, Ghana and Guinea to explain the Chinese position on the Indian border dispute. He also accompanied then Chief of State Liu Shao-ch'i to Indonesia in April 1963. From December 1963 to February 1964, Huang was one of the leading members of the group that accompanied Premier Chou En-lai on his much publicized 14-nation tour to Europe, Africa and Asia. In April 1964, Huang was the number-two man in a delegation led by the late Foreign Minister Ch'en I that went to Indonesia for the preparatory meeting of the abortive Second Afro-Asian Conference.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Politically Effective Wife

Huang is married to Chu Lin, who is 12 years his junior. She has accompanied him to all of his diplomatic posts. Before their return to China in 1967, Chu was the responsible CCP official for both Embassy and NCNA personnel in Paris. She presided over the obligatory Party meetings and acted as the Ambassador's monitor for the information reporting of both the NCNA and the Embassy.

They have seven children.

In appearance he is chunky, veil-eyed, and at times has a somnolent look. His bearing is military, and I surmise he would be a formidable opponent in a physical altercation. Today, he was genial and humorous, to a far greater degree than on the other two occasions we had seen him, which was when he was suffering slightly from bronchitis. He always has a fan handy, and plies it in brief waves.

of the Daily Mirror, etc. in London
This evening Sir Hugh Cudlipp/and his wife Jodi came for drinks with us.

Thursday, May 24, 1973

As scheduled by the Protocol Division of the Foreign Ministry, Holdridge, Platt, McKinley and I called this morning on Wu Yu-hsun, Vice President of Academia Sinica, the Chinese Academy of Sciences. He is rather deaf, but without any impediment of speech, for his discourse which he termed "brief" lasted, including interpretation, almost uninterruptedly for an hour and a quarter. It was agreed we would meet again to hear an elaboration of the Academy's activities, which embrace superintendence over research in pure science, biology, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and other fields. It does not engage directly in industrial research. He believes his people have developed a synthetic insulin for the treatment of diabetes, but its efficacy has not yet been fully proven.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wu Yu-hsun has been Vice President of the Chinese Academy of Sciences since at least February 1952. In 1954, he was one of 21 deputies from Kiangsi Province to the National People's Congress, and in 1959 he became a member of the National People's Congress Standing Committee. Also in 1954 he was labeled a "non-partisan Democrat" in a meeting of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Committee. In 1958, he took on the additional title of Vice Chairman of the Scientific and Technical Association. He has been identified by one or more of these titles in his frequent public appearances over the years including the Cultural Revolution period. He has met with previous American scientific visitors, including the Delegation from the Federation of American Scientists in June 1972.

Wu is about 76 years of age and received a doctorate in physics from the University of Chicago in the 1920's before returning in 1926 to China where he taught physics at Tsinghua and Peking Universities.

This afternoon Dr. Conrad Henkel, with a letter of introduction from Georg Weidenfeld, came to see me. He is an Industrialist from Duesseldorf, Germany. He was accompanied by Gerd Ruge, the Peking Correspondent of Die Welt. Henkel is one of a varied group of German industrialists and bankers who are assessing the potentialities of increasing trade between their country and China. He brought me as a present from Berthold Beitz, Chairman of the Supervisory Board of the Fried. Krupp works, a necktie made by Dietel of Berlin, the best haberdashery in Germany when I lived there.

Worked late tonight on a telegram concerning the admission of American journalists to the PRC.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

euphoria in our newly developed relationship means an abdication by the Government of the PRC of the instinct to resist any attempt by us, or others, to persuade or dictate to them the terms on which they will make their own decisions. These people are zenophobic, homogeneous, and nationalistic, sensitive to any moves they might even wrongly construe as smacking of intervention.

"4. I think the suggestion of attaching AP and UPI correspondents to an American Congressional delegation is deplorable. The Chinese Government appreciates, I am sure, the importance to them of entertaining members of our Congress, and of discussing mutual problems with them. But if such meetings are to be publicized for home consumption in the U.S., I believe it would prevent the otherwise confidential intercourse with their visitors that they anticipate.

"5. If the Department decides it is imperative to use pressure for the admission of AP and UPI would it not be preferable for them to concentrate their attention, for the time being, on fields where officials of the PRC would feel less inhibited? We now have in Peking a group of distinguished American scientists. They will be followed by other delegations, representative of many facets of American life. Interest in sports, for example, has an almost abnormal appeal in this nation. A constant refrain is the desirability of people to people contacts. Surely reporting on these areas is better suited to the enterprise of our journalists than what has been suggested in State 098510.

"6. Up to now, the PRC has indicated an unwillingness to admit American journalists on other than a temporary basis. I do not think the time is yet ripe to try to find a solution to the establishment of permanent bureaus in Peking for American news media. Before we reach a determination on this subject, the PRC Mission in Washington should be closely consulted.

"7. I strongly recommend that we not display impulsiveness in making what might become definitive decisions on the matters here mentioned."

At 3:15 p.m., E., a contingent from our office, with wives, and I went to the airport to say farewell to Ambassador Huang Chen and his wife who left for Washington to assume his duties as the Chief of PRCLO there. I told him I had just received a private message from HAK to say he would see the Ambassador upon his arrival, and might introduce him to President Nixon the same day; otherwise the President would receive him immediately after their return on June 1st from Iceland where he is to meet President Pompidou on May 31st.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

There were numbers of big shots to see off Huang Chen; amongst them were the Foreign Minister, and Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua, a singularly sympathetic individual, who once was suspected of having cirrhosis of the liver, a diagnosis that fortunately proved to be incorrect.

We had tea and hot towels in a large reception room, before the voyagers took flight on an even larger Soviet-made plane, headed for New York by the Paris route. There were foreign reporters in evidence such as John Burns of The Toronto Globe and Mail, Pringle of Reuters, Romensky of Agence France Presse, David Bonavia of The London Times, and a couple of others. Huang Chen gave no formal interview nor was there television.

After return from the airport, we received members of an American scientific delegation composed of:

Harrison Brown - Represents Academy Population Studies Program at Caltech and is Secretary of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences.

Frederick Burkhardt - President of the American Council of Learned Societies.

Elbert Feuerwerker - Director of Chinese Studies at the University of Michigan, and Chairman of the Social Sciences Research Council.

Glenn Seaborg - Former Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Eleanor Shelden - President of the Social Sciences Research Council.

Emile Smith - Chairman, Biochemistry Department, UCLA Medical School.

They made interesting comments on what they had observed thus far in China.

Venereal disease has been almost completely eradicated in China, a feat in which penicillin played a large part, as well as a social system under which brothels were eliminated, sexual promiscuity frowned upon and sometimes punished, and a general atmosphere of Puritanism prevails. Great strides have been made in controlling malaria, and exterminating mosquitoes and flies. Yellow fever does not seem to be a problem, nor is cholera. Population control has resulted, according to Chinese authorities, in reducing the annual birth rate to a figure between 2.1 and 2.3 percent, or roughly an increase of about 15,000,000 per annum. Statistics on this subject are, however, probably unreliable, especially those from rural districts where birth control apparatus is less used than in the cities.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

One of our gests observed that the development of synthetic insulin for diabetics was not a new discovery, but had been made previously in the United States and elsewhere; the product would be much more expensive than the satisfactory insulin now available; he thought it had been publicized here for purposes of prestige. The same expert was favorably impressed by the ability of those few Chinese researchers in medical matters whom he had met. They had suffered a setback during the Cultural Revolution; their laboratories were deficient in numbers and equipment, and would benefit by amplified exchanges of medical personnel between our two countries.

All seemed agreed in preferring to keep, on the U.S. side, arrangements for such exchanges within the jurisdiction of private associations and organizations. They believe strongly in the necessity for fostering language studies in Chinese and English on a large scale, and also in the case of individual scholars of fairly long stays in our respective countries.

They also agreed that we should not propose over-ambitious programs to the Chinese, but should encourage them to take the initiative in suggesting what seemed to them practicable.

It is always pleasurable to listen to the views of such scientists and scholars as visited us today. Their professions incline them to a global rather than a parochial outlook, and, having traveled and observed widely, they are usually aware of the necessity for not offending the pride of foreign nationals.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, May 26, 1973

After a spell at the office, I went shopping; the results were meager, but satisfactory in that I succeeded in buying an umbrella, and wicker waste-paper baskets, a commodity of which the U.S. Government has not been prodigal to us. My inability to speak Chinese does not make these forays productive, nor is the attitude of the natives helpful. In the quarters I frequented this morning, I encountered no foreigners, but much enigmatic staring from those who noticed my attempts to locate shops from guide book directions. Nevertheless, the politeness which my faltering attentions were greeted was cordial.

Peking despite the pedestrian flow of seven million inhabitants, and a goodly assortment of buses, trucks and bicycles has a modicum of traffic congestion. The streets are wide, some of them more so than any I have seen at home, and the principal ones are lined with four rows of trees on both sides, planted since 1949. There has been continued reforestation I am told throughout the country; we remarked on some of it on the train journey from the border to Canton where formerly barren mountains and eroded land had been planted with pines. In Peking, they serve as windbreaks and for protection against the almost incessant flurries of dust, as well as being ornamental. Even inside the compound, where we presently live, every inch of earth space is planted in something edible. Beneath the window of my bedroom, sweet corn and climbing beans are growing. Along the sidewalks, there are fresh vegetables for sale every few blocks.

This afternoon, E. and I made our first visit together to the Holy of Holies. The old Imperial City had as its kernel the Imperial Palace once called the "Purple Forbidden City," that color symbolizing the North Star, and used to connote that the Emperor's Residence was a cosmic center. "The Forbidden City" was gradually made accessible after the Republic was founded in 1912, and is now called the "Palace Museum." It covers an area of 250 acres, surrounded by high walls and a moat. The whole complex of the Imperial City is much more extensive.

There are many quaint and pleasing names to mark edifices in this conglomeration, such as The Gate of Divine Military Genius, The Hall of Supreme Harmony, The Hall of Perfect Harmony, The Hall of the Preservation of Harmony, The Palaces of Heavenly Purity, of Earthly Tranquillity, of the Culture of the Mind, of Abstinence, of Peace and Longevity, the Halls for the Worship of the Ancestors, of Imperial Supremacy, the Gate of the Culture of Character, the Temple to the God of Horses.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

No account had prepared us adequately for the gloriously picturesque aspect of these buildings, architecturally harmonious, utterly exotic to Western eyes. They seemed fantastic, the products of extravagant dreams, magnificent in conception and design, unlike what an Occidental, except for a Samuel Coleridge, imagination could engender. They represented a sanctum where a huge imperial family, with many thousands of retainers, including concubines and eunuchs, who seldom had occasion to venture beyond the unscalable walls, lived in opulence and intrigue. E. and I were amazed, indeed dumbfounded, by the stupendous beauty of these establishments, only the exteriors of which we glimpsed.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, May 27, 1973

Both morning and afternoon, I attended in the office to arrears of correspondence, took a walk in a minor dust storm, and thereafter relaxed. The wind blows constantly at this time of year, which bends the trees into graceful curves, but makes the dust eddy and swirl to a degree causing bronchially-inclined citizens to wear gauze masks.

Workers in our vicinity were busied in constructing buildings. Saturday is just another work day but in theory Sunday is not, though idleness on our Sabbath is not complete in China either in town or country.

Monday, May 28, 1973

Memorial Day, an American holiday. The office is officially closed, but I went at his summons this morning, accompanied by Holdridge, Platt, and McKinley, to see Pai Hsiang-kuo, Minister of Foreign Trade. This intelligent individual is "one of many military men" who assumed high civilian positions toward the close of the Cultural Revolution. He came from Canton along with former Canton Military Region Commander Huang Yung-sheng when Huang became PLA Chief of Staff. Huang was purged in September 1971 along with Lin Piao, but there is no evidence that Pai suffered from his connections with Huang and (through Huang) with Lin Piao. From all appearances Pai appears to have made a highly successful transition from the military to civilian bureaucracy.

Early on, Pai had a reputation for his authoritative bearing and ability to make good use of staff assistants who were more knowledgeable than he in trade affairs. Since October 1971, he has functioned increasingly well on his own and has made a number of trips abroad, including visits to Italy, France, England, Canada, Chile, Algeria, Egypt, Sudan, Burma, Sri Lanka, and Romania. It is expected that he will visit Australia next fall.

SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

His facial skin was unusual because of its underlying rosiness.

Pai talked realistically about his Government's plans for a massive increase in their exports to finance imports for industrial modernization purposes. he prospective imbalance of their trade with us will this year greatly exceed the figures for 1972. Our statistics indicate that Sino-U.S. trade in 1971 was $4.9 million. In 1972 it was $92.4 million (U.S. imports $32.2 million, U.S. exports $62.2 million). In 1973 it will reach $300-400 million (possibly more), heavily imbalanced in ou favor. These figures are somewhat inaccurate because of the non-inclusion of certain shipments made via third countries.

The problem the Chinese face is political, as well as financial and economic. When a settlement is reached with us on American claims and frozen Chinese assets, the PRC will have neither external nor internal debt. They are now entering into contracts for purchases on deferred or installment terms, as well as, of course, for immediate cash, but have reached no announced decision whether or not to negotiate for medium or long term credits. Their experience in the servicing of foreign debt charges in the detested century of 1840-1940 makes them suspicious and wary of incurring debts. Proponents of rapid industrial modernization have not and may not win the day. The dismal failure of the Great Leap Forward also influences them toward being patient and cautious.

When we left the Ministry, I picked up E. and we gathered up Martha and Sarah Jenkins (Al has probably already reached Washington), the McKinleys, John Holdridge and Bobbie Brooks at the Peking Hotel for an expedition to the Ming Tombs, a trip, which like that to the Great Wall, we are permitted to make without prior clearance. Amply stocked with boxes of provisions

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

and beer from the hotel, we motored out for about 30 miles before entering the famous avenue, leading to the tomb area, lined on each side with gigantic marble beasts and male figures. These huge rather grotesque figures are perfect picture post card and photographic material. They appeared to be unscarred by the elements or humans. In any other country, they probably would have been defiled, chipped by vandals, or at least scrawled with graffiti. They are unguarded and may have been so for hundreds of years.

There are thirteen tombs of Ming Emperors spaced over an area of several miles. Only one has been thoroughly excavated, a difficult engineering feat, and its contents of porcelains, jades, gold and silver dishes of rare quality fully disclosed. Another burial mound has been worked upon, then there will be eleven more to explore. It is doubted that any of these sepulchral fastnesses have ever been penetrated by robbers owing perhaps to the general reverence in China for the dead, and for cultural monuments.

During our trip out we had passed through heavy winds and dust storms so thick as at times to obscure the road.

We picnicked in the wonderful tomb compound of Ching Ling with no one else, native or foreign, in evidence, on hamper attractions that included excellent Chinese caviar, then strolled around the grounds and pavilion, from the top of which the views over green valleys and onto mountains were magnificent.

We returned, two carloads of us, much contented with our foray. Despite the small number of automobiles (except trucks) on the roads, motoring is not placid in or outside Peking. Our own driver shares the propensity of chauffeurs here to blow a horn almost constantly, saying it is necessary

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

to avoid killing bicyclers and walkers, whom he regards with non-egalitarian contempt. He handles his car skilfully, but recklessly. I wish I could learn enough Chinese, before he involves us in a brawl, to tone him down.

Men and women work together in fields, factories, and in other occupations. Their clothing, usually of blue cotton (coupons permit each person to buy 13 to 20 feet of cotton a year, depending on the region, enough perhaps for two suits) makes it tricky at a distance to distinguish the sexes except for their hair which on female heads is usually bobbed or else depends over their backs in plaits. Occasionally one sees old women, whose feet had once been bandaged, tottering unsteadily along the streets. This custom was considered sex-inciting for men, but is not now practiced. Long fingernails, once a sign of scholarship, gentry, or affluence, is not in vogue, and the anonymity of garments contributes to classlessness. There is no appearance of luxury amongst the native population--frugality and austerity are norms. If secret longings for adornment exist, they are not evident.

How people with such limited bathing and sanitary facilities keep clean taxes the imagination. Yet when we look begrimed, and are perhaps smelly, they appear comparatively clean, and, though my senses may be impaired by tobacco smoking, are not unpleasantly odorous. I understand the Chinese find the body smell of Whites repugnant and liken it to "mutton fat", or ascribe it to eating butter.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, May 29, 1973

Serge Romensky, representative of Agence France Press, visited me for an off the record talk. I contributed my mite on economics, and other topics. He is a keen enterprising journalist. I enjoyed his remarks on the differences in temperament and character between Soviet and Chinese politicians. He is not an admirer of Soviet diplomatic style. He said a rumor was current that since our arrival our staff had lured domestic servants away from their previous employers. I told him that, with the exception of E. and myself, our personnel lived in hotels. We found three servants already installed in our apartment when we entered it. I suspect, although neither of us were sure of it, that our amiable cook Mr. Lieu had been summarily purloined from Romensky by the Protocol Service Bureau. If true, Mr. R. does not mind for he immediately found a satisfactory replacement.

Last Tuesdays and Wednesdays copies of the Paris Herald Tribune were delivered to us this morning. The former carried the news of the resignation of Tony Lambton in London as Undersecretary of the Air Force, because of his recent association with a call girl, whose alleged husband had tried to sell to newspapers photographs of the couple engaged in amorous sport. George Jellicoe, Leader of the House of Lords, has resigned because of a like peccadillo. They are both friends of mine. Lambton's indulgence in what he called "a sordid affair" is somewhat surprising, for his successes with women of the non-call girl type were probably the most widely noted in contemporary English society, and many a famous beauty had played the fool with him. Political life magnetized him; he had given up his title

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

of Earl of Durham to continue in the House of Commons. Now at fifty I suppose he will have to retire to private life, superintend his large fortune that includes 30,000 acres of agricultural land, and exercise his skill as one of the greatest bird shots in the world. An attractive, eccentric, gifted, spoiled man, he is a first cousin of Foreign Minister Alec Home.

I paid a courtesy call on the West German Ambassador, Rolf Pauls, this afternoon. The popular former West German Ambassador to the United States, Rolf Pauls, 57, was designated the Federal Republic's first Ambassador to the People's Republic of China on February 9, 1973. A tried and tested diplomatic blockade breaker, Pauls is no stranger to "pioneer" assignments. He was West Germany's first Ambassador to Israel (1965-1968) and is given much of the credit for the establishment of friendly relations between the two countries. At the time of his assignment to Washington in 1969, some Bonn commentators described Pauls as the most successful German diplomat of the 1960's.

Pleased by his Washington appointment, Pauls worked hard for more intimacy in German-American relations. Considered pro-American, he took special interest in US-European cooperation within NATO and urged the Europeans to show support for the maintenance of US troops in Europe.

Pauls is known for his ability to get to the heart of a matter by investigating problems personally. He insists on reading files himself rather than relying on diplomatic subordinates. Quiet and unassuming in manner, he is friendly and courteous, a good conversationalist, fluent in English, and a good listener.

A former General Staff officer, Pauls lost his left arm in World War II. He is married and has three sons. Pauls is a keen horseman and collects classical records.

DECLASSIFIED

I passed an agreeable hour with him. He is, I think, the most engaging German Ambassador, with the exception of Johnnie Herwath, I ever met.

This afternoon we revised, to send off tomorrow, this telegram to the Department and White House on the policy of this Mission toward attendance at Diplomatic Corps and other official functions.

> "1. My inclination not to attend National Day celebrations was based to a considerable extent on expressions of concern by Dean of Peking Diplomatic Corps that USLO attendance might lead to embarrassment. Although press continues to speculate as to whether we will attend National Day receptions, those members of the local Diplomatic Corps whom I have met thus far appear to approve the position USLO has adopted. Most diplomats here consider full-scale National Day receptions primarily to be Corps functions. Having already regretted several National Day invitations, I believe it wise to continue to do so. Consistency would seem to demand that our junior officers follow suit, with which they agree. As Department rightly suggests, our policy will also be to regret invitations to any other functions attendance at which implies full diplomatic status. Socializing among foreigners resident here, including the Diplomatic Corps, is brisk. Therefore, I do not think we will miss valuable contacts by not participating in Diplomatic Corps events. I am told that presence of PRC officials at formal functions is considered by them burdensome and boring, attitudes which they barely conceal.
>
> "2. At present, I believe it best in the absence of contrary guidance to give a Fourth of July reception for Americans only. (Diplomats would not receive invitations, since we are not on the Diplomatic List.)
>
> "3. Above represents view of what seems appropriate to deal with situation in Peking. Think PRCLO should have explanation that our treatment here of various protocol problems should not influence their judgment on procedures there, since environments so different."

Tonight, E. and I dined with Richard C. Samuel (warmly commended to us by the Joseph Alsops); the other guests, all from the British Embassy, being Miss Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. We had a genial evening in the course of which we drank white and red wine plus champagne. Samuel,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

a bachelor, is leaving soon to become Head of Chancery at the British Embassy in Washington. Richardson had once attended in London the informal annual lecture I used to give to the Young Entry Class of the British Foreign Office. We broke up late and happy. At home we found hot water was with us again after a two week lapse.

Wednesday, May 30, 1973

My first visitor this morning was Ada Principalli (could that improbable name possibly mean Prince of Wales?), representative of ANSA, the Agenzia di Stampa Italiana.

To my surprise, she told me she had attended Sunday mass at a Roman Catholic Church in Peking, a practice permitted by the authorities. Buddhist rites are also allowed in the Lama Pagoda, cared for by Thibetan monks. We trifled away an hour.

I lunched today at the Turkish Ambassador's, where he entertained NATO Nation Chiefs or Acting Chiefs of Mission. Our host made an impassioned plea for "togetherness" and regular meetings here of the NATO diplomatic group, swamped in numbers by relatively unimportant countries. Like last night, the food was Western as was the Bloody Marys, Moselle and Champagne. These are the only times I have eaten Western food since we reached Hong Kong, and hope to return this evening to chopsticks. The French Ambassador Manac'h made a flattering reference to me in his faultless toast to Unity in the West. The Ambassadors or Chargé d'Affaires of all the NATO nations were present. We lingered until 3:30, and I picked up useful information about housing and antiques. Some of these chers collegues expressed discontent with life here because of lack of amusements and diversions, and thought Chinese officials negligent in not promptly catering to their needs.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, May 31, 1973

Dry weather, gusty winds, and dust storms persist.

David Bonavia, Resident Correspondent of the London Times came to see me this morning for an off the record interview. I answered many questions. John Holdridge was with us.

He seemed especially intent on learning why we had so "lean" a mission. I told him we felt that certainly in the beginning at least we had enough skilled officers to cope with present business, and one competent expert was equivalent in value to ten relatively incompetent persons. As long as the top echelon was small the "tail" (the curse of many armies) could be kept low; also we had no need of representatives from other Government agencies whose legitimate interests we believed we could satisfy.

We do not consider that the composition or objectives of our Mission should necessarily closely resemble those of the PRC Liaison Office in Washington; the environments are different.

He spoke of mutterings alleging favoritism to our establishment over other countries represented here, mentioning in that connection the air-lifts to Peking for delivery of some of our furniture and equipment. I told him that as far as I had perceived there had been no especially favoritism shown us, though the Chinese had been generously cooperative in their treatment of us. The German Embassy (and probably others) had received similar airlift treatment.

I told him our staff was prepared to deal with all official relationships between our two countries, political, economic, cultural, etc.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I liked Bonavia, and hope to see more of him. He was once stationed in the Soviet Union but prefers China. He was commended to me by my old friend, Louis Heren, now Foreign Editor of the Times.

We had invited for cocktails today in our apartment the members of the University of Chicago group. They were otherwise taken during the afternoon but came to drink at noon with E. and me, and Holdridge, Platt, the McKinleys, Jones, and Miss Brooks of our confraternity.

I have seldom met a more congenial and pleasing lot of people. They were:

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Alsdorf: Mr. Alsdorf is President and Director of Cory Corporation and a Trustee of the Art Institute of Chicago. They are connoisseurs of Oriental art.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Block, Jr.: Mr. Block is the retired Chairman of Inland Steel Company and a Trustee of the University.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Brown, IV: Mr. Brown is President of Illinois Bell Telephone Company. He is a Trustee of the University of Chicago, Loyola University and Lake Forest College.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Davidson: Mr. Davidson is the author of The Death and Life of Germany and The Trial of the Germans. Mrs. Davidson is a typographic designer and is former President of the Women's Board of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Dick: Mr. Dick is Chairman of the Executive Committee of A. B. Dick and Company. Mrs. Dick was a Representative to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, Special Advisor to the U.S. Delegation and an alternate representative to the 18th Assembly of the United Nations.

Mr. Earle Ludgin: Mr. Ludgin is Chairman of the Board of Earle Ludgin and Company, an advertising agency. He is a Life Trustee of the University of Chicago and a former Chairman of the Ravinia Summer Musical Festival.

Mrs. Frank D. Mayer: She is an active civic worker.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Ranney: Mr. Ranney is Vice Chairman and Director of Inland Steel Company and a member of the Board of Trustees of the University. Mrs. Ranney is President of the Women's Board. She is also a member of the Board of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Mrs. Lyle M. Spencer: Mrs. Spencer is the widow of the founder of Science Research Associates and Trustee of the University.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harris Ward: Mr. Ward is Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Commonwealth Edison Company and a Vice Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University. Mrs. Ward was the founding President of the Women's Board of the University of Chicago and is Chairman of the Visiting Committee to the Department of Music.

My liquor purchased in Hong Kong--about $2,200 worth--arrived yesterday. Until then I had been dependent upon borrowing from Al Jenkins, except for the excellent local vodka and beers. There are two breweries in or near Peking which produce German types of beer, and there is also available beer from Tientsin, where the water is considered especially suitable for brewing, established there during the period of the German concession on the Shantung Peninsula.

I had a bill today from the Mandarin Hotel in Hong Kong, where we spent a week, for $932. It illustrated the contrast in costs between the booming Crown Colony and the Peking Hotel which would be about 5 to 1 in favor of the former.

This afternoon John Holdridge, Brunson McKinley and I, carrying out an appointment arranged by Protocol, presented ourselves to Mr. Miao Hai-ling, a Deputy Director of New China News Agency (NCNA).

We had a session of an hour and a half. A goodly amount of tea was consumed. The discussion commenced by Mr. Miao laying down the party line common to our ministerial meetings thus far: the importance of the Shanghai Communiqué, the great friendship between the great Chinese and the great American people, the benefits of exchanges of personnel between us, and the necessity for improving our already happy relationship. From that Olympian height we descended to a useful dissertation on journalistic activities

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

in China, the organization and scope of NCNA (its reference news letter has a circulation of 6 million daily), and other matters of mutual interest.

Back at the office, John Holdridge and I talked over a private message from Henry K., an encouraging report on some of his current preoccupations.

Friday, June 1, 1973

My first visitor this morning was Professor Ezra Vogel, a close associate of John K. Fairbank at Harvard. He seemed to me brilliant, and balanced in judgment to what might be constructively done between the Chinese and ourselves in such areas as the sciences, libraries, the humanities, archaeology and others. He believes, as I do, we must not rush our fences.

I called on Abbas Aram, Ambassador of Iran, a friend from London days. He is a benevolent veteran of politics and diplomacy. He had sent me a letter from Ardeshir Zahedi, ex brother-in-law of the Shah, formerly Ambassador in London, then Foreign Minister, now Ambassador in Washington, an amiable, gay blade, conspicuously generous in gifts of caviar. Aram has been here a year. He said he had little business to transact. He expects the Iranian airline to have direct service, within a few months, between Peking and Tehran. His immediate preoccupation is the importation of an Iranian architect to construct a new residence and chancery on a plot of land set aside for him by the PRC, which will be more spacious than his present premises, which, however, appeared to me larger than those intended for us.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

E. and I lunched with the companionable Leitners. He, the Austrian Ambassador here since only a few weeks, had once been posted in Japan, Canada, and other countries. Their friendliness was heartening. They are off to Hong Kong tomorrow to buy furniture for their sparsely equipped house; we are informed it is difficult to do so here.

I met in Holdridge's office three American replantation surgeons who have been visiting hospitals in China. They were convinced, against earlier scepticism, of the virtues in many cases of acupuncture. On transplantation of crushed and severed limbs, they consider the Chinese are experts. They mentioned the condition of one girl who now has two right feet, of another where a badly damaged elbow had been joined to healthy tissues at the shoulder, creating a weird effect.

Saturday, June 2, 1973

E., the McKinleys, and I motored out this morning to see the Summer Palace, a 45-minute drive. This congeries of buildings was constructed in the 1880's by command of the old Empress Dowager to serve as what became her favored retreat. They also proved useful for the incarceration, for ten years, of the next to last Manchu Emperor who had incurred her displeasure. He was lucky, for she often expressed her enmities more speedily and painfully. The count of those she had tortured or murdered is unknown, but she was pitiless about retaining her authority. After the Emperor, her own son, died of smallpox (called the "Visitation of Celestial Flowers"), she replaced him with her nephew, a child of three, and became Regent as before. Her vast expenditures on this area, including those to create a huge marble boat, were partially covered by diverting the funds allotted for the renovation and expansion of the Navy.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Although the space included in the grounds exceeds six hundred acres, the majority of which is taken up by an artificial lake, the number of houses, courtyards, reception halls, covered corridors, marble bridges, terraces, gardens, and miscellaneous quarters constitutes a vast complex. The interiors of those rooms we were permitted to visit were deplorably deficient in taste, the furniture and objects a combination of the worst in European and Chinese decorative art of that period. Controlling warehouses bursting with superb collections the old lady disdained their use, and lived with a medley of junk that would not have graced a conglomeration of brothels.

The exteriors, however, were pleasing, and some of the courtyard bronzes of peacocks, lion dogs, cauldrons, were magnificent antiques.

This palace is distant from its predecessor, once filled with artistic treasures, deliberately burnt by Lord Elgin about 1860, in the course of his punitive expedition with the French against the hapless Chinese Army. Some of the contents were sent to Queen Victoria and to Napoleon Third, many were looted, others put to the torch, an irreparable loss.

This afternoon, Ameen Kasenally, Ambassador of Mauritius to China and West Pakistan, called on me. His country of about 750,000 people, annually produces almost that same figure in tons of sugar, and has, essentially, a one crop economy, 90 percent of its inhabitants being dependent on agriculture. I found his description of conditions in the Island interesting. French and English are compulsory courses in the schools, and because of many ethnic strains most of the Mauritians are at least trilingual. They are trying to diversify their production, attract tourists, increase industrialization, but it is a slow process. The high literacy rate—about 95 percent—has resulted in too many professional men and women, and

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

too few citizens willing to engage in manual labor, especially the cutting and loading of sugar cane.

Kasenally, a Moslem, well educated both in England and at home, has travelled widely. Though accredited to two countries, he spends most of his time at Islamabad.

He finds the Chinese Social Experiment fascinating. He has met many Chinese officials during his present trip here in company with his Foreign Minister. Mauritius has only five Ambassadors, and cannot afford a larger diplomatic establishment.

About 30,000 Chinese in his home country form a tight community, and are individually more prosperous than citizens in other segments of the population. Many of them, he says, profess loyalty to the Nationalists on Taiwan, but their allegiance is eroding.

He feels, as I do, that the PRC Government presently prefer self-sufficiency to rapid industrialization, and are reluctant to indebt themselves heavily in order to move more swiftly to modernization.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, June 3, 1973

A little rain today, the first since we arrived in Peking. Afterwards, the sun reasserted itself.

Spent some time, morning and afternoon, in the office answering correspondence. At present mail from England and France, consigned via our Fleet Post Office number in San Francisco, goes to Hong Kong, then here. The average time for that I have received from the date of posting in Europe and receipt at Peking has been ten days to two weeks. This is partly due to the infrequency of couriers. Mail addressed directly to Peking is swifter in delivery, and may appear within a week. Newspapers such as the Paris Herald-Tribune have been known to arrive in seven days; perhaps they were conveyed on an Air France flight to Shanghai. Our own diplomatic pouch leaves for Hong Kong each Saturday. We get some important items from the American press reporting by telegram, and foreign newsmen permanently stationed here are generous in lending us their publications.

We brought with us many books on China, and have more coming in our heavier baggage. I despair of learning or retaining much about the long history of this country, but find what I have read fascinating, a word which can be so aptly applied to almost innumerable features of life here. The Dragon Wakes, by Christopher Hibbert, published at London in 1970, representing events in the Empire from 1793 to 1911, is an especially instructive account of how Chinese Governments reacted to the efforts by Western nations to open the Kingdom to foreign trade. It is a dreadful tale of the cupidity, brutality, and insensitivity of most Westerners, and of the military impotence, corruption, pride, and insularity of the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

rulers of a closed society. The "red-haired Barbarians" who forced unequal treaties, enriched themselves in the opium trade, carved out juicy slices of the country for themselves, killed, looted and burned, were not a pretty lot. Their actions and privileged positions during the "Century of Shame" are still excoriated in public speeches, and beneath the outward forms of courtesy and amiability I should imagine that many Chinese still regard us with moral contempt and suspicion. At any rate, they are in no mood to welcome an unrestricted influx of foreigners. A May report from the Boston Globe states that since the renewal of Sino-American official relations only 3,000 visas have been issued to U.S. citizens, and a mere 175 Chinese have been invited to travel to America. I question the accuracy of these figures, but the determination of the PRC to admit only those of our compatriots who might contribute something of value to them is evident.

I wonder if we now know much more about the true psychology of these people than we did in past times. Thomas Babington Macauley, then Secretary of State For War in England, observed in the House of Commons in April 1840: "What does anybody here know of China? Even those Europeans who have been in that Empire are almost as ignorant of it as the rest of us. Everything is covered by a veil, through which a glimpse of what is within may occasionally be caught, a glimpse just sufficient to set the imagination at work and more likely to mislead than to inform." Similarly in 1793, Lord Macartney, after the failure of his Mission, remarked: "Nothing could be more fallacious than to judge of China by any European standard."

I wish I had still more time to read, study, interrogate, and ruminate. I would like to know how the Chinese disposed of the great numbers of dogs,

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

condemned to extermination because they ate enough to affect an essential supply of food to humans. Also, how did the cat population come near to extinction? Citizens though ready to consume either flesh when cooked could not have disposed of so many in stewpans or griddles. Why does one in Peking seldom see birds other than swallows? Report has it that the city was formerly plagued with sparrows, or their kin. The people beat drums, and gongs, and created all manner of noises for 48 hours until the poor feathered ones, unable to find tranquil roosting places, flew away completely exhausted, to fall dead by the tens of thousands. How can one account for a policy founded on the belief that the British would not violently interrupt trade that included exports of Chinese rhubarb to England, where unless it were regularly supplied the British would die of constipation?

Monday, June 4, 1973

I called on the Japanese Ambassador this morning. Heishiro Ogawa, 56, was named Japan's first Ambassador to the People's Republic of China in February 1973. One of the Foreign Ministry's senior China experts, he has never been associated with either the handful of Taiwan sympathizers or the pro-Peking elements in the Foreign Office. Ogawa served as President of the Foreign Service Institute in 1972-73. During that year, he was intimately involved in Foreign Office decision-making for normalization of Sino-Japanese relations, although he is not known to have put forward any grand design for Tokyo's move toward Peking.

Ogawa, whose father was a friend of Sun Yat-sen, joined the Foreign Service after graduating from Tokyo Imperial University in 1939; his first post was Peking. He has since had a series of assignments related to China,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

including those of Consul General in Hong Kong, Head of the International Research and Analysis Division of the Ministry, and Director of the Asian Affairs Bureau. He has also served in Washington, Jakarta and Copenhagen.

Competent and likable, Ogawa has a good sense of humor and an informal manner. He is well disposed toward Americans. He and his wife, who is an expert on Oriental history, have two daughters. Ogawa plays golf. He will take a drink but is not especially fond of alcohol, nor is he particularly interested in such social games as bridge or poker. He speaks excellent English and is fluent in Mandarin.

We talked about many matters, especially trade. He said his countrymen had completed a contract to sell the Chinese a synehetic fibre plant, and hope later to receive orders for others. This would eventually reduce the Chinese necessity to import such expensive supplies of cotton. He also discussed the Civil Airline negotiations, in which the Japanese desire to maintain their profitable operations in and out of Taiwan had proved a serious obstacle, but one he thought would be overcome. Their purchase of 1 million tons of petroleum to be shipped from China in 1973, has run into delivery troubles because of inability to load it onto other than small tankers.

Ogawa is obviously an activist. He thinks the tone of Sino-Japanese relations has altered almost unbelievably during the past eighteen months. His Government is no longer officially accused of being militaristic.

Glen Leet, President of Save The Children Foundation, Norwalk, Connecticut, came to see me with an introduction from Joan Braden. He is making a tour, by invitation of the PRC, in company with a Japanese,

SECRET DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

a Frenchman, a Venezuelan, and a Moroccan. He said they have made impressive achievements in his field of interest. He was amazed by the excellent physical health and freedom from disease of the children they have studied and encountered.

Tuesday, June 5, 1973

I started the day by receiving Sidney G azier, a big shot in the film industry at home who has been invited by the PRC for a visit of four to six weeks. He is travelling with Han Suyin, a well-known writer and frequent visitor to China—he was once married to her daughter. She has been consistently pro-PRC for many years, and it was probably her influence that made his trip possible. I am glad he came, for he is in a position to help here in giving advice on the procurement of modern projectors and other equipment, and technical counsel.

I liked his personality and want to see him and Mrs. Han Suyin upon their return from an extended trip. His film "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story", written by Archie MacLeish, won the Academy Award for the best feature length documentary in 1965.

E. went out to lunch and witnessed parts of the celebrations in honor of Le Duan and Pham Van Dong (of North Viet-Nam) who have arrived for a two day stay. I trust Premier Chou En-lai will give them sound and stern advice to have Le Duc Tho, who will be meeting Henry K. in Paris tomorrow, sign the agreement, without further ado, on which the two negotiators are already fundamentally in accord.

Flags flew from all mastheads, gigantic banners billowed over the streets, which were lined by thousands of children and adults, as these personages passed by to be received at the Great Hall of the People.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I assume there will be a well reported banquet tonight, and speeches against U.S. Aggressors and Imperialists.

The Iranian Ambassador Abbas Aram, politest of men, paid me a return call this morning. He gave me miscellaneous information. I now know where to locate catering services, have a haircut, take a swim, and am instructed in the protocol of National Day observances in Peking. Anent the last item, I sent off this message to the Department:

"1. In connection with reftel, we have been considering further what invitations should be issued for the Fourth of July reception. I think it would be well for Jenkins during his visit to Washington to give his opinion on subject.

"2. I am now inclined to believe that, in addition to asking Americans, we should add at least all Chinese officials, including Chou En-lai, with whom we have established relations, and perhaps others we will not by then have met. Those who do not wish to attend can decline, but some would certainly accept. The Premier rarely appears at such functions.

"3. According to the experienced and amiable Iranian Ambassador, these occasions are somewhat quaint from a Western viewpoint, for they are not expected to be convivial. The reception lasts precisely one hour, the guests are expected to arrive and leave exactly on time. As soon as the ranking Chinese official has shaken hands with the host, the latter leads him to a row of chairs at the end of the room, and offers the one on his right to the honored one. The other Chinese are then seated and remain so during the ritual hour.

"4. The foreign guests used to stand for sixty minutes conversing with each other, but presently some Embassies, depending on what they have budgeted for expenses, may offer them recreation at small tables. There is no bar, but drinks are served, as well as cakes and the like. The drinks are native Mao Tai, pink wine, beer, and fruit beverages, to which are added, when the Embassy can afford it, imported whiskey, champagne and brandy.

"5. Formerly, the host concluded the ceremony with a speech, and offered a flattering toast to which a Chinese dignitary responded. A few months ago, speeches were eliminated, and only toasts remain. Then good manners require a general exodus; afterwards the culinary and bibulous debris is trundled off by the caterer.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"6. This procedure leaves little, if any, opportunity for those other than the host to converse with local officials, but perhaps we might find a way to abate such formality in the case of important visitors.

"7. I would appreciate Department's guidance."

Wednesday, June 6, 1973

Again a pellucid sky. The atmosphere here when not sullied by dust storms, or in parts of the city by heavy clouds of smoke from coal-fired furnaces, is wonderfully transparent. It reminds me at times of Provence, that blessed region.

John Holdridge, Brunson McKinley, and I went this morning to drink tea and smoke cigarettes with P'eng Hua, Director, Information Department, Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Deputy Director of the Information Department since November 1971, he became, at the age of 53, Director in August 1972. Some sources state that he is also a member of the Investigation Department (ID) of the Chinese Communist Party Central Committee. The ID is the foreign intelligence and espionage arm of the Peking regime. P'eng was among those who participated in discussions with General Haig's delegation in early January 1972.

During 1971-1972, P'eng was active in greeting foreign delegations. In May 1971, he cohosted a private dinner for Tillman Durdin, a New York Times correspondent, and Mark Gayn of the Toronto Star. On that occasion P'eng stated that the Taiwan issue, the five principles of coexistence, and the Indochina situation were the main points of contention that would have to be resolved on Peking's terms before Sino-US relations could improve.

Earlier, P'eng served as Counselor of Embassy in Switzerland (1950-1957) and as Deputy and later/Acting Director of the Yunnan Provincial

DECLASSIFIED

Culture Bureau (1959-1965). He led a Yunnan song and dance group to Burma in 1957; accompanied the Chinese delegation to the Geneva Conference on Laos as a press adviser in 1961; and was a member of a delegation to Mexico, led by Kuo Mo-jo, President of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, in 1963.

P'eng is married, speaks excellent French, and often laughed before our English was translated into Chinese.

He is evidently a sophisticated self-assured operator, a man of power, ready to exercise it, an agreeable person whose authority will be important to the expansion of Sino-American mutual interests. Journalists and cultural exchanges lie within his wide domain. He keeps in close touch with desk officers in the Foreign Ministry; moreover, he is more or less the counterpart of our Chief of USIA.

When one calls on Chinese officials, the visitor is received on the steps by one of their officials, then usually greeted in an antichamber by the host before preceding him into his sanction. Upon departure, the same etiquette is followed except that the host shakes hands, sees his guests into their automobile, and waves as they drive away.

E. and I lunched with the Belgian Ambassador and Mrs. Groothaert. The others were the Iranian Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador, his wife, and brother, the attractive Finnish Ambassador and his wife (they had been stationed in Bonn when we were). The Finn has been here for six years; he started a snuff-box collection but is not adding to it because of the precipitous rise in prices of antiques. (The resourceful Chinese lady director at the Mandarin Hotel in Hong Kong told me that at the Canton Fair the prices of good antiques unsold the previous year had been marked up by 1,000 percent.)

DECLASSIFIED

The general impression I receive from diplomats in Peking is that most antiques offered them are inordinately overpriced. They ascribe this to a diminished stock of articles, to extravagant Japanese buying, to reports of the tremendous demand in European auction markets, and to the previous undervaluing of things allocated for foreign purchase.

We had a pleasant luncheon party; the food was Western, the drinks vodka, vin rosé, and champagne.

This afternoon, John, Brunson, and I called on Wu Te, Chairman of the Peking Revolutionary Committee. He, a jolly extrovert, was born in 1914 in Hopei Province. While still in his twenties, he led a workers' strike in Tangshan. He was Political Commissar in the Eighth Army.

Mr. Wu has held various positions in the Party and in the Government since liberation, including Vice Mayor of Tientsin. His only travel out of China was to North Korea in 1963.

He came into the several important positions that he now occupies at the beginning of the Cultural Revolution. He has been Acting Mayor of Peking since September 1966, First Secretary of the Peking Municipal Committee of the Chinese Communist Party since March 1967, and a member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party since April 1969, the date of the Ninth National Congress.

We enjoyed our hour with him, and cracked many jokes. He queried me on whether there were distinct differences between the English and American language. The great lexicographer, Henry L. Mencken, would have applauded my patriotic statement that American was the richer, because of the incorporation in it of so many foreign words due to the ethnic origins of our mixed population.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

He discussed the organization of the Peking Government, which deals with a total district population of seven million nine hundred thousand people, the central heating plant (it is almost incredible that it can meet the demands on it even though, as he observed, it sometimes breaks down), the central distribution of electricity, the yet unfinished subway system (already 20 kilometers have been completed during two years, and three or four more sections will be developed), and other urban questions. He asked whether I had been to the Forbidden City and the Imperial City complex, with the maintenance and restoration of which he is charged. I said I had made only one short inspection there but hoped to return many times. He advised us not to try to visit all the rooms, there are 999,999 of them. The Manchu Emperors would not permit the addition of one more for they considered nine a lucky number. He said he was pestered by contentious architects of two schools; one wished new buildings to be in traditional Imperial style, the other ~~of~~ proposed contemporary design. He favored the preservation of historic buildings and monuments, but believed the modern city needed more compact structures, preferably with tiled roofs, and not more than four stories high.

Before we left, he gave a short dissertation on the Shanghai Communiqué of February 27, 1972, which is quoted by officials almost as often as the sayings of Chairman Mao.

We were sorry to part with this smoothly running dynamo.

All our people except ourselves live at the Peking Hotel. A room and bath, until a few days ago, cost seven American dollars. A peculiarity

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

is
~~was~~/that if a room is occupied by two people, as in the case of the McKinleys, the charge is the same as for single occupancy. Lunch used to cost approximately 80 American cents and dinner $1.25. All these rates have been raised by 50 percent. It is believed that the majority of those staying at the hotel are guests of the Government and their bills paid by it, a hospitable old Chinese custom commented on by Lord Macartney when his large and unsuccessful mission to China in the 1790's was not allowed to defray its own expenses. Similarly, the present Government whose members are frugal in their own habits, is extravagantly generous when banqueting foreigners.

CLASSIFICATION

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, June 7, 1973

The North Vietnamese have departed. Their visit was a jubilee performance. No such jamborees are ever given for non-Communist guests. They were received by Chairman Mao, widely dined and wined, and ~~more~~ generally treated like Royalty. The United States was roundly denounced by them and by Chou En-lai as an imperialist aggressor, and their great victory over its brutal armed forces extolled. By tonight, we may know whether Le Duc Tho has reached an agreement with H.A.K. in Paris. What Dr. K. has proposed seems to me entirely reasonable.

Maya de Montaudouin is expected to arrive this afternoon. We have always thought her taste and efficiency in interior decorating by far the best in the State Department. At our request, they are sending her here from Rome; unfortunately, this cuts into the leave she had intended taking, but I doubt she will mind. She is an old friend from Bonn days, attractive and talented. Without her, the furnishing of the new residence would present almost intractable problems, for somebody with the knowledge she possesses of where to acquire essential fabrics, carpeting, to superintend painting, building of cupboards and bookshelves, to draw sketches for tables, chairs, and other equipment to be made locally, will be invaluable.

We have not yet been informed when the house will be ready; work on it has been almost miraculously rapid, but the Chinese are accustomed to present the finished product as a surprise, and do not like intermediate queries about its progress. Meanwhile, E. and I are established across the hall from the office, in an apartment later to be occupied by the Jenkinses. We have two bedrooms and baths, a small dining-room, kitchen

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

and pantry, a living room, and still bare areas. The accommodations are snug, comfortable, and unpretentious. As is true of all stock Government furniture and decorations I have ever seen, there is a deplorable lack of good designing and craftmanship. The bastard non-style of our present furnishings would not be appropriate for an isolated motel at home. Not having anticipated the difficulty of procuring things here, we brought almost nothing from Georgetown to supplement what our Government has provided.

Great interest centers on crop prospects for 1973 in China. Harvesting of rice has commenced in certain districts. As in agriculture everywhere, there is complaint of too little or too much rain. It would be lamentable, but not disastrous, if China should again this year have to devote substantial foreign currency sums to the purchase of food imports. That would necessitate changes in their plans for industrialization imports.

It is, however, extraordinary what has been accomplished toward self-sufficiency in agricultural products. Their irrigation projects have vastly extended the yields and extent of plantings. Reforestation is on a Homeric scale; millions of trees are put-in each year, as windbreaks, to lessen erosion, to retain moisture, or eventually to be useful for construction purposes.

The daily Government press bulletins invariably contain examples of the Mao Cult. This morning, I read of an 83 year old overseas Chinese, who having been blind for ten years, came to the Mainland after a 48 year absence. A medical team went to his family house, diagnosed his blindness as caused by cataracts, operated forthwith, using "the couching technique",

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

and having been successful, were greeted by him as follows: "My sight has been restored in my old age thanks to the wise leadership of Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party."

One is frequently regaled by tidbits of Chinese medical gossip, especially when it represents, as it often does in our own Southern states, an old faith or superstition; one such is "the best contraceptive is the swallowing by a woman of live tadpoles."

Mr. Ely Kahn of the New Yorker magazine, introduced by Dr. Louis Bishop, interviewed John Holdridge and me. Like so many other people, he seems intensely interested in matters of protocol, as, for instance, what would I talk about, or would I talk at all, if I found myself seated, at an official banquet, next to a representative of the Palestinian Liberation Movement. I told him I thought this an unlikely conjunction. He was surprised at the small size of our Mission. I thought most of his questions shrewd and penetrating, and enjoyed his visit.

Chinese appellations are amusing and often flowery. An exception was Lord Napier, Chief Superintendent of Trade at Canton in 1834, who bitterly disliked by the native officials, was called "Laboriously Vile."

The Empress Dowager Tz'u-hsi, who only relaxed her hold on power when she died at 73, was undoubtedly a picturesque charmer, notorious for arrogance, toughness, intrigue, a murderess, probably a poisoner, in some respects the very embodiment of evil, but known to her subjects as "The Loving-hearted and Fortunate, Upright and Aiding, Happy and Careful, Bright and Pleasant, Earnest and True, Longlived and Serious, Reserved and Good, Exalted and Brilliant."

DECLASSIFIED

56A

United States Liaison Office
Peking, People's Republic of China

June 8, 1973

(My dear Jean:)

I have delayed an almost unconscionable time in answering your letter of May 8, and in acknowleding Silvia's and your always cherished thoughtfulness about Evangeline and myself.

The chief reason for this delay was due to the wish to orient myself in Peking, even for a brief time, before attempting to outline any impressions of the situation here.

Before doing so, I would like to make a brief comment on the Action Committee's Resolutions of May 3, 1973.

a. To my mind, the single most important of its recommendations is the suggestion of designating two independent "wisemen" to draw up an inventory, etc. The selection, however, of two such individuals by the U.S. and the community is of paramount importance, because unless they are men of exceptional character, ability, personality, and reputation their findings would be worse than useless.

b. I heartily agree that there should be, as stated in Paragraph III, 12, of the Resolutions a limitation on the tendency to the development of excessively large urban concentrations and the consequent deterioration of the urban environment.

The remaining articles of the Resolutions appear to me desirable and feasible.

Now to China. You have infinitely more comprehension of it than I shall ever achieve, but I have formed, in less than a month's residence, a few preliminary impressions.

The Social Experiment now being conducted here is on a scale so grand as almost to stagger the imagination. About 800 million people have, for a considerable time, been comparatively unthreatened by the fear of starvation, disease, hopeless poverty, and flood devastation. A puritanical egalitarian system has been created where there is no conspicuous difference between rich and poor. Service to the state, rather than to the family or oneself, is an accepted norm of conduct; if the ambition exists to better one's material position, it is dangerous for individuals

M. le Président Jean Monnet
Comité d'Action Pour les Etats-Unis d'Europe
83 Avenue Foch
Paris 16, France

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

56B

not to suppress it, and if they wish to outshine their fellows they would be well advised to do so through bureaucratic preferment.

The strategy, teachings and philosophy of Mao exalt the importance of the peasant portion (80%) of this huge population, and I believe is essentially far different from the Lenin conception of urban proletarian revolution. Whether this doctrine of discipline, and almost complete austerity, can last after the formidable combination of Mao and the remarkable Chou En-lai eventually ends is beyond the wisdom of even a sensible soothsayer to predict.

But think of the change from conditions in China as you last saw it. There is no luxury, no unemployment, no outward manifestations of dissatisfaction, no begging, no tipping, no graft, little violence, no thievery, no ascertainable corruption, and an overwhelming, pervasive feeling of national pride. The theology and the ideology are authoritarian, but they are instruments of state policy, and through incessant propaganda are widely accepted.

It is a fascinating scene, but as I previously said, one would be rash to guess at the ultimate outcome. On the surface, there is calm; if lava is boiling beneath, there are no signs of impending eruption.

I shall write you again after I have progressed in my novitiate. I am presently baffled and fascinated by this stupendous human spectacle.

With love as always to you both from Evangeline and me, I am,

Ever yours,

David

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Age here has its honor and its toil; retirement on that account is seldom practiced. I notice on my official calls I am treated as if I were physically brittle; my health is solicitously inquired about, and when I rise from a couch support is offered to my elbows, and I am cautioned to walk carefully on marble floors.

The compound of the nine-story building, in which we temporarily reside and have offices, is inhabited by diplomatic families of many nations. The largest single racial element at present appears to be African. Each such child, and they are numerous, seems to have a bicycle, and their boisterousness as they dash around in gay raiment contrasts with the quiet demeanor and conformity clothing of the 1,700,000 native cyclists.

The German Ambassador, Rolf Pauls, returned my call this afternoon. An attractive, well-informed man.

Friday, June 8, 1973

There was, during the night, a thunder and lightning storm of considerable noise and proportions; unfortunately, not enough rain fell to refresh the dry earth.

This morning we talked in the office with W. Michael Blumenthal, Chairman, Ambassador Charles W. Yost, President, and Everett Case, a Director, of the National Committee on United States-China Relations. They have proposed to the PRC Government an ambitious program for exchanges of various categories of individuals between the two countries, but during their brief stay in Peking have gained no commitments from the local officials. We enjoined them to be patient and pertinacious, counsel of little comfort to them, but I believe they will follow it. They are a high-powered trio, and the other members of their delegation are well-known Americans. Case, the son-in-law of Owen Young,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

is writing a biography of that rightly eminent deceased individual.

This afternoon I had recourse to a Chinese chiropodist, a practice in which the professors of his art are reputed to excel. He works in a slum surgery of sorts, but everything was clean and orderly. First, I soaked my feet in a tub, liberally dosed with a disinfectant like lysol, then lay on a couch while he ministered to my supposed needs. The language barrier closed all communication between us--he deftly attacked my nails with the scalpels designed for that purpose, without causing pain. Finally, I was able to attract his attention to the purpose of my visit, a sensitive area on the palm of my right foot caused, some years ago in Paris, by a nail extruding into it from my shoe. The specialist at last comprehended me, vigorously wielded his knives on the offending flesh, and pronounced me ready for walking again. My call--probably the first in a long time by a Westerner--in this remote locality was viewed by nearby loungers with marked curiosity.

Saturday, June 9, 1973

To the office this morning. Telegrams uninteresting except for a troublesome blast from the Department insisting on drastic alterations in our new office building for security reasons. We have believed such changes unnecessary. They will probably require weeks of additional construction to be accomplished by Seabees sent from Washington.

A recent Foreign Office listing of Ambassadors and Chargé d'Affaires at Peking shows seventy-one countries represented, amongst them both Yemen and South Yemen, East and West Germany. Neither ourselves nor the Palestine Liberation Movement are included. On the whole where preferences have been given in residential and office accommodations, they are said to have been accorded to those nations who first recognized the PRC, or were faithful subscribers to Communist doctrines, such as Albania and Poland. The Soviet

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Union, now Enemy No. 1, has the largest diplomatic personnel, and land holding. The latter is due to the PRC in 1949 having allowed the USSR to establish its Embassy in a prize location of 100 acres near the Imperial City, a plot that had long belonged to a Russian ecclesiastical establishment. The rest of us are, or will be, in two large sections developed by the Chinese Government. For the present the Swiss and Danish Embassies--perhaps the Romanian also--are still in the old Legation Quarter, but have been ordered out as soon as suitable places are available for them. That quarter, associated by the Chinese with detested memories, will be entirely renovated for other uses.

In our talks with Chinese officials, they never have referred to the Watergate Affair, nor is it mentioned in their controlled news media. Visitors, however, including foreign journalists, believe they are generally informed about it but interested almost entirely in what bearing it might eventually have on the Nixon Administration's relationship with China, and its ability to carry out its foreign engagements.

I now have a clearer understanding of how the Viet Minh ran their military logistics during the campaign terminating in their victory at Dien Bien Phu. It was difficult at the time to believe that a considerable army's needs could be met by bicyclers and porters, but after viewing the tremendous loads carried here by cyclers and footsloggers, I shall not again be surprised over what human transport can handle. I remember in 1919 in Constantinople being amazed at seeing men bent double bearing pianos on their backs, and at huge burdens wangled manually by Turkish longshoremen, but such feats can be witnessed daily in China. They do, however, have transport other than human, such as railroads, boats, and beasts. Oxen and water buffalo are visible in the fields, many horses, mules, and donkeys are

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

encountered on the roads. I do not know the reason for the linking of certain animals for draught. One sees a tandem of donkey in front, mule second, horse third, or a mule and horse abreast, or even a donkey and horse coupled together.

The few dogs we have noticed appeared to be of the German shepherd type or mongrels. I have not come across a Chow or a Pekingese.

Surprise is often expressed at the small size of our Mission. I hope we can keep it lean and effective. It means doing without a commissary, a large motor pool, and other customary appurtenances of a U.S. diplomatic establishment, but there is no reason why our people cannot live comfortably off the country. The cost of staples is far lower than at home, as is, in general, the cost of living. There are few luxuries to tempt one to large expenditures. Entrance fees, when charged, to museums, and historical buildings are nominal. Also, I believe the example of watching millions of people living so frugally tempers the complaints that well to do foreigners are ordinarily far too inclined to make about a lack of material amenities. Those who crave good Havana cigars are not likely to find them short of Hong Kong.

E's trip to the airport to meet Maya de Montaudouin on Thursday drew a blank. Our unlucky friend arrived too late at Beirut to connect with the ongoing plane and has been stymied there.

She finally arrived today several hours late, from Karachi on a Pakistani liner. E. and Bob Blackburn brought her to town, and she had cold supper with us tonight. This buffet arrangement is now habitual, and solves the eight hour day problem of the domestics.

Maya had been decorating the duplex of our Consul General at Naples when snatched away by us. She had a horrid passage to Peking, but is

DECLASSIFIED

euphoric over being here. We anticipate she will be indispensable in helping to whip our residence into shape. This will, I believe, be the acme of her career in State, from which she retires in December, aged 60, on a modest pension. Her husband, a French stockbroker in New York, has more aptitude for amiability than for making money, so she must face an uncertain future. It is old hat to hear people say: "Anyhow, her husband is a member of the Jockey Club in Paris." So am I but that affiliation has never assisted me financially or professionally.

Sunday, June 10, 1973

The first good rain since we came to Peking. This morning Maya, Blackburn, and Morin came from the hotel and we all went to inspect the residence and offices. The first is almost ready for occupancy, requiring only a squad of cleaners, but no intimation has been given as to when we can move. Each time any one visits, he must first receive permission from the authorities to do so. E. and Maya are bubbling with ideas about moving ceilings, inserting book shelves, preparing it for final furnishing and decoration. Because of the nature of the internal layout, the proportions of the rooms, lack of adequate closet space and various incidentals, I think it will be difficult, but by no means impossible, to make the house attractive. The furniture provided from Washington--the Drexel type--is inadequate in quantity, lacking in quality, and, in my estimation, unusually inappropriate and ugly. These deficiencies cannot easily be remedied even if the costs of doing so are disregarded. Hope of having tables, chairs, desks and the like made here have been abandoned; it seems we shall probably have to commission things in Hong Kong, to be delivered in the late autumn. We now regret we did not bring with us some of our own art objects, prints, pictures, and silver, but it is too late to repine; we must reason like Mr. Macawler.

DECLASSIFIED

Our visit was limited strictly by the Protocol Office to an hour and a half. Now E. and Maya are burying themselves under blueprints and sheaves of notes, giving rein to ingenious imaginations, sketching details for improvements.

After lunching on beer and chopstick delicacies, the ladies are hard at it once more; I have sought refuge in the office to ponder over suggestions of my own for furbishing those exotic rooms.

The radio announced this morning the return to Washington of Henry Kissinger after several days of palaver with Le Duc Tho; he expects to rejoin the fray next week in Paris. His delicate negotiation there has undoubtedly been hampered by the Congressional move to deny appropriations for bombing in Cambodia. Moreover, journalistic rats are gnawing away at his reputation, condemning him for allowing phone taps on members of his office staff. This criticism seems to be wholly unjust and harmful. His negotiations on Viet-Nam, China, Russia and in other fields have been conducted in necessary secrecy; none could have succeeded if more than a few persons had been privy to them; they have been a model of skill and discretion. The National Security Council is the repository of the most important secrets of U.S. foreign policy. When leaks occur, damaging to our national interest, divulged by officials to newsmen or others, a search of detection--usually futile--should be made. I esteem it proper that HAK's associates, and indeed himself, should be included in such an operation. I know one of his staff whose wires were tapped, and in retrospect he thoroughly approves the operation. We felt impelled at times during the war to do this in OSS. By other means, equally unorthodox, on one occasion we discovered that several State Department codes had been broken by the enemy.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The truth is that Government officials cannot enjoy all the immunities of private citizens, as Lords Lambtox and Jellicoe have lately learned to their grief in England.

I shall always resent these ill-founded innuendoes regarding H.A.K.

It continued to rain until late afternoon so the menace of a crippling drought has been averted for the time being. The farmers hereabouts will be happy, as I am for them--the country habit still has me by the heart.

I took Maya to the Friendship Store where I made a few trifling purchases whilst her trained eye roved over their variegated stock. I am amazed by the ease with which an expert like her winnows out attractive things from a miscellaneous mass of objects. We tested their animal pelts (the World Wildlife organization has had little influence here) of lynx, mink, sable, fox, marten, leopard, wolf and a dozen other species, sorted through silks, nylons, dacrons, cottons, woolens, bought fruit, sheets, and porcelain, and left few counters free of examination. She thinks there are many materials suitable for the residence.

Monday, June 11, 1973

Holdridge, McKinley, and I, obeying Foreign Office Protocol, made a courtesy call this morning on Li En-ch'iu. He was Counsellor, Embassy in Poland, April 1952; Charge d'Affaires ad interim, Embassy in Rumania, February 1955; Vice President Chinese People's Institute of Foreign Affairs, September 1955; Deputy Director, Treaty and Law Department, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, June 1961; Council Member, China-Poland Friendship Association, July 1961; Sec., Secretariat, Political Science and Law Society, October 1962; Charge d'Affaires, Embassy in the Netherlands, July 1963; expelled from the Netherlands as an unwelcomed personage, July 1966, though

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

not for his own misconduct, but because of the scandal caused by the defection of a subordinate, who was retaken by the Chinese and committed suicide.

Li was present at the reception given for Blumenthal and Yost last week. He is a man in his 60's, and can converse in English.

He evidently understood much of what we said, but operated in Chinese through an interpreter. He is a thin man, looks weary, and has a wispy beard such as one associates with Victorian photographs of Chinese mandarins. He was friendly and explained to us his functions as a "responsible person" in the Chinese Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. The charter of his organization is broad; it deals with exchanges on all continents. He said the policy of his Government was to welcome foreigners visiting China for serious purposes but it had no facilities to accommodate floods of tourists.

Maya lunched with us. This afternoon I called on the Ambassador of Pakistan (Agha Shahi) because he had been good enough to meet us at the airport. Ambassador to China since June 1972, aged 52, he had previously served as Pakistan's Permanent Representative to the United Nations since February 1967. Associated with the United Nations since 1948, he has served, inter alia, as Deputy Permanent Representative (1958-1961) and as Chairman of the First Committee of the General Assembly (September 1969). He is highly regarded by both his government and former UN colleagues from many countries. The Ambassador is friendly toward the United States and admires Chinese culture and customs, but is first and last a Pakistani.

Shahi was born in south India. He joined the Pakistani Ministry of Foreign Affairs in 1951 as a Dep[illegible]y. In 1955, he was assigned to the Embassy in Washington, where [illegible]til 1958.

DECLASSIFIED

Shahi is an intelligent, hard-working, serious and frank man, with a sharp, orderly mind. He is sophisticated, pragmatic and flexible. A scholar, he is interested in reading, photography, music, Islam and Islamic history. He speaks fluent English and usable French. Shahi smokes and drinks in moderation. Unmarried, he is a brother of Agha Hilaly, former Ambassador to the United States.

My bedroom is always dirty from smog and dust. There is no pollution control in Peking of the factory chimneys that belch coal smoke, which is wafted everywhere by almost incessant wind. Dust, however, can never be completely curbed, the ground is not moist enough for grass to take a good hold in it.

The staple lunch of natives here is tea, noodles, and a dumpling stuffed with meat. For dinner another inexpensive dish may be added. The Chinese invented pasta; use of it is common in the non-rice-bearing Northern provinces. A teacher has a salary of about $35 American a month; if his wife is employed, she may add $30 to the family budget. Food costs for them and two children would come to $30 a month; but they would pay only $3 as rental (including light and water) for their apartment. Even so, they are often able to save something from their salaries and may eventually acquire a radio, bicycles, a sewing-machine.

This system must provide by native production and foreign purchases enough food for its enormous population. Chairman Mao urges that a family limit its children to two, but the increase each year has been something more than 2 percent, meaning an additional fifteen million persons to feed each year.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

A beguiling girl at the Government's Friendship Store identified me from a photograph, and said my name in Chinese was Bu Lu Suh. I am sure I have put it down inaccurately, but whatever the sound may be, she has supplied it in Chinese characters, suggesting I have it cut into a seal to stamp letters.

I found the Pakistani Ambassador well lodged in a large house. In the garden is a children's school run by his Embassy with over a hundred publics over 30 percent of whom are Paks.

I learned to my regret that this intelligent man is leaving China soon, having been appointed by President Bhutto Head of the Foreign Office.

He is critical of the Indians and their failure to comply with United Nations resolutions on Bangladesh. He says there are over seventy million people in former East Pakistan and about sixty-five million in his own country.

He hopes, and in this he states the same feeling is entertained in Chinese official circles, the President and Kissinger's ability to maintain their constructive and remarkable foreign policies will not be blocked by the reverberations from Watergate.

Ambassador and Mrs. Small of Canada came for drinks with us this evening.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, June 12, 1973

I continue sometimes to receive mail through State Department facilities as late as a month after posting. I suspect the bottleneck is Hong Kong with which we communicate by courier once a week. Air mail letters and newspapers addressed directly to us here from Europe and the United States usually arrive within a week, since they are routed through international airlines.

One is struck in Peking by the quantity of curved concrete slabs laid out alongside many streets. They are intended for the air raid shelters built in almost all new construction projects. They are probably more effective for building morale than they would be against nuclear bombardment. We shall have one in our new house; I intend to use it as a wine cellar.

Another precaution against war is the existence of a strategic grain reserve. One does not know how large it is, but it is stressed in propaganda as a protection against starvation in case of foreign aggression.

We had lunch today at the Peking Hotel for Maya, Martha Jenkins, John Holdridge and Bob Blackburn. Excellent fare, about $5 for the six, also convenient for us as it is the cook's day off. Afterwards, we inspected "Little America," the half floor of the establishment where our personnel are living and where some four offices are located. Long before World War I, Le Grand Hotel de Pékin was a favorite place for foreigners. In 1955 an addition was made in execrable Soviet style, and now another huge wing is under construction.

Each night I read fragments of Chinese history. I am now engaged with Sir Reginald Johnston's Twilight in the Forbidden City, (1934). The author was tutor and friend for fifteen years to the last Emperor P'u-Yi,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

whose vicissitudes were really appalling. For years, like some of his predecessors, he infrequently left the Forbidden City but was allowed to remain isolated there in regal splendor with, as a near neighbor, the President of the Republic Yuan Shih-K'ai, whose attempt, when aborted, to mount the Dragon Throne put an end to the anomaly of a Dynasty coexisting with a Republic. Johnston's estimate of the Son of Heaven's intellectual and moral qualities should be contrasted with the recital and confession of his lack of them as related in the unlucky monarch's autobiography. Three years old when he inherited, his life illustrated the Chinese saying: "Everyone is willing to give a push to a falling wall."

It might be constructive, certainly amusing, to speculate, even investigate, whether the restrictions on female adornment, and coquetry of any sort, in China have aroused resentment or disappointment amongst the women. Actually, their amorphous clothing makes them almost indistinguishable at a distance from men. I have seen none wearing lipstick, rouge, or with nail polish. Many of them have charming faces, beautiful complexions and teeth, but from the neck down are shapeless. I assume they have breasts but there can be no visual verification of that. It is difficult to determine the approximate ages of women or men. They used to call foreign devils, especially the British, "red-haired barbarians"; as a rule, their own hair is black.

The John Burns of Toronto, and Jim Pringle of Reuters came tonight for drinks with us.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

These observant newsmen had been at Peking airport a few days ago when a number of Government officials were seeing off a delegation of their compatriots going abroad. They said the Chinese were gleefully joking and sardonically laughing over the crash of the Soviet supersonic plane at the Paris Air Show.

Wednesday, June 13, 1973

Herbert Horowitz, our Economic Chief, reported for duty today.

Palace life under P'u Yi continued to be marked by traditional ceremonies, even after the Republic was established in 1911. ~~The deposed Emperor resided~~ Within the precincts of the Forbidden City, ~~Within~~ the courtiers enjoyed their customary honorifics and perquisites although there was a steady erosion of revenues. A Great Mandarin, amongst other visible signs of status, was entitled to wear a sable robe and double-eyed peacock feathers, as well as to enter the Forbidden City in a chair or palanquin. Certain Princes could cavort about the courtyards on horseback.

As much as the equivalent at that period of a million American dollars a year is known to have been taken by one or more corrupt court officials through bribes, gifts, stealing and selling art objects from the imperial warehouses. The Palace Administration was one of the most venal and extravagant in history. In spite of the emphasis and glorification of higher education, few men of mandarin rank had even a smattering of mathematics, or pretended an interest in supervising their own finances. Their private fortunes were handled for them by bailiffs or parasites, many of them swindlers. Three thousand eunuchs lived high on the hog, clinging tenaciously to their curious privileges and large emoluments.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I called on the friendly Italian Ambassador this morning. A career diplomat, Folco Trabalza, 60, is the first Italian Ambassador to be accredited to the PRC since World War II. Diplomatic relations between Italy and the PRC were established in November 1970, and Trabalza presented his credentials in May 1971. He had previously served since 1967 as Ambassador to Yugoslavia.

A native of Rome, Trabalza obtained a degree in law in 1935 and entered the Foreign Service in 1940. He subsequently served in Zurich, Athens, Washington (1950-1953) and Afghanistan (Ambassador 1958-1961). During 1962-1967, he was Director of Personnel at the Foreign Ministry.

In 1943, U.S. officials in Switzerland reported that they had found Trabalza, then a Vice Consul in the Italian visa office in Zurich, friendly, cooperative and reliable. At the time of his departure from Belgrade in May 1971, U.S. Embassy officials reported that he had been a straightforward, responsive and reliable colleague and a good friend.

Trabalza and his wife, Elena, have several children. A son-in-law, Daniele Occhipinti, is currently serving as an Italian Vice Consul in Hong Kong.

We drank tea, smoked, and discussed Chinese foreign policy.

Maya lunched with us.

The pressures from individuals and organizations at home to intervene with the Chinese Government for the grant of visas have accelerated. We have adopted a formula for replies stating we are not in a position to make representations in this respect to the Chinese authorities, and they must pursue their applications through normal Chinese channels.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, June 14, 1973

In the late 1880's, there was a general disinterest among the court elite in international politics; one of whom remarked to another: "Do men of rectitude care to engage in foreign affairs?"

"The Middle Kingdom" was to them the center of the world, and throughout their history had been; all other nations were tributary to it and inhabited by repellent barbarians, from whom nothing desirable was to be learned, and whose exports in humans or commodities were unheeded and unwanted.

Despite Chairman Mao's slogan in 1957: "Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend," his and the Communist Party's interpretation of this exhortation was that the work of artists should express a revolutionary message, and that artists must spend more time living and working with peasants, soldiers, and industrial laborers. Too much art, and its themes, were directed at bourgeois tastes; it should depict a classless society.

The Cultural Revolution, beginning in 1966, destroyed the creative independence of artists, many of whom were purged, and it stifled all freedom of expression. Feeble signs of relaxation of this doctrinaire attitude are said to be appearing, but thought control is stringent.

It will be interesting to observe, over the course of time, to what extent the Mao Revolution has really replaced the Confucianist ethic of Propriety, of the Family as the foundation of the State, of the Ruler possessing the Mandate from Heaven, of Filial Obedience and Respect for Ancestors, and of unquestioning support of a Dynasty. Much depends, I suppose, on the succession after Mao's death. He is already almost deified; no Chinese author has ever had his sayings, instructions, poetry, so widely circulated or his photographic image so familiar.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Chairman is about eighty; he concerns himself politically, it is said, solely with Government matters of major importance, about which he is faithfully and closely consulted by Chou En-lai. Mao is ill but not crippled. He has been married three times; his first wife died; he divorced his second; the third, formerly an actress, active in the Party, is considered ultra leftist. It is known he has had two sons, and possibly a daughter. One son, a pilot, was killed during the Korean War, the other is believed to occupy an inconspicuous position in the bureaucracy. In any case, even if his wife, after his death, should have ambitions for quasi dowager status, it is believed his kin will be respected but not powerful.

John and Brunson had this morning an entirely successful talk at the Foreign Ministry about consular activities, a complicated problem. They also reached a satisfactory agreement on couriers. The Chinese officials concerned were notably forthcoming.

Another sensitive question has been one regarding U.S. escort officers to be attached to visiting American delegations. Yesterday that was favorably settled for the nonce; we sent off the following telegram:

> "1. I appreciate Department's assurances that Committee on Scholarly Communications representative welcomed proposal to attach USG escort to Hogness Medical Delegation. Please let us know results of your discussions with Harrison Brown, which may be important for our future policy on escorts.
>
> "2. In our coordinated approach to this question, it is important not to forget that primary beneficiaries of escort program are escort officers themselves. China Travel Service and the various Chinese reception organizations have proved more than competent in their handling of administrative arrangements for visiting delegations of all types. They have been able to find technically qualified interpreters even for highly specialized groups, including a recent North American medical delegation much like Dr. Hogness' in numbers and seriousness. Addition of USG escorts in no way alleviates Chinese burden of responsibility to their guests. On the U.S. end, Department is doubtless

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

correct in thinking that private or semi-private organizing groups will often accept presence of USG escort only if it does not cost them a visa space to do so. Our escort program is therefore a kind of concession by both Chinese hosts and American guests to USG interest in exposing its China officers to travel in the PRC--an interest which is totally legitimate, but nevertheless secondary to the purpose of current cultural exchange programs. The MFA here understands all this perfectly, and, given proper notice, should prove flexible in accommodating requests for small changes in composition of U.S. delegations, especially since Department does the same for PRC groups entering U.S. If our planning is timely and our requests reasonable, there is no reason why every professionally competent State Department officer cannot, over a period of time, have his turn to visit China. In case of objection from any quarter to duplication of USG escort officers, however, I wish to emphasize my conviction that, for several reasons which Department will readily understand, USLO officers should be given first priority as escorts."

Maya lunched with us. The office is to be closed this afternoon because of the arrival of a huge freight plane transporting household furniture and communications equipment from Washington.

Immediately after luncheon the three of us went to the Peking Hotel to pick up Mr. Liu, an interpreter, then proceeded to the Chinese Handicrafts Factory where we were joined by several ladies from the Mission.

We were invited by the Director--an obviously capable woman--to drink tea while she described the establishment. There are 1,300 workers of both sexes, who turn out objects in jade, lacquer, ivory, wax, hard stones, filigree, cloisonné, and scrolls of painting. They do not create articles in bronze or porcelain. I have never seen such concentration on detail as practiced by these skilled artisans. Most of the products require more intense and careful application than does the finest needlework. The products are all destined for export, or for sale to foreigners in Friendship Stores in China. The only possible criticism might be directed against unattractive designing, a fault committed so freely elsewhere such as in the Murano glassworks at Venice.

It was a most rewarding tour, and a reminder that the old skills still existed. The Director and her associate were dedicated persons, faultlessly cordial. One noticed that exacting as was most of the work, with polishing, cutting, and painting often in fractions less than a millimeter, few artisans except the "Old Masters", wore spectacles.

The only place I had done any real shopping was at the Government operated Friendship Store. Only Chinese produced goods are there; its facilities are reserved for foreigners, payments are made in Yuan, one of which is exchangeable into about fifty cents American.

There is a prodigious assortment of wares for sale: arrays of liquors, toiletries, porcelain, snuff bottles, furs, jades, straw objects, cheap

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

jewelry, clothing materials (there is also a small tailorshop), flowers, shrubs, fruits, fish and meat, dried conserves, chocolates and sweets, nuts, sporting apparatus, shoes, cameras, bolts of silk and cloth, bicycles and umbrellas, etc. Even encrustated lacquer screens, badly designed, are on sale at high prices, as are hideous chests and unappealing modern scroll paintings.

The store is heavily patronized by diplomats. Arab representatives are, I am told, the largest buyers, next Eastern Europeans who "never had it so good at home." The salesmen and salesgirls are models of politeness. All sales are for cash, with bills figured by abacus, a swift and intriguing process.

Inspired by the sight of Chinese handicrafts, and, since after two hours at the factory, a remainder of interpreter Liu's time was at our disposal, he guided us to non-Friendship territory. A narrow street, once almost entirely faced by antique shops, still harbored two of them. They were not filled with treasure trove, but did have ampler stocks than any regular Government stores, and are worth visiting. Prices, controlled and set by the real owner--the Republic--are fixed and not subject to the chaffering so enjoyed or derided by foreign tourists in prewar Peking. I thought these prices were considerably higher than they would have been in London, Paris, or New York, but nonetheless bought a couple of late nineteenth century porcelain sugar bowls, a brush pot (for pencils), and a marble plaque of a Chinese cavalryman. In the shank of the evening, we went to the Marco Polo store; for $302, I acquired a picturesque Inner Mongolian rug.

We scarcely had time to change into fresher clothing before dashing to the Horn of Plenty, a touted restaurant in the old Chinese city, where

DECLASSIFIED

Mike Blumenthal, Charlie Yost, Everett Case, and others of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations proposed to feast the officials with whom they have dealt here.

As wives of Chinese officials seldom attend functions, the guests supplied a few of their always intelligent and presentable female interpreters.

It was a merry evening. Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua, who cannot abide a vacuum in conversation or badinage, soon enlivened us. There were toasts and speeches, course after course of mysterious looking, delicious dishes, accompanied with quickly replenished glasses of Mao Tai and beer, or for those who wished it, a sweet red wine. I have come to prefer the Chinese preference for not drinking before or after dinner, but copiously during it.

Ch'iao is not only a man of outstanding ability, but also of indubitable charm. In variety of experience and curiosity, he is perhaps the most cosmopolitan of present Chinese officials. Seemingly carefree, almost boisterous at table, uninhibited in speech and companionship, he is reputed to be a tough but fair customer in controversy, and a master of pungent sarcasm.

We broke up before ten o'clock having assembled at 7:30.

Peking is an early hour city at both ends of the day. Even in Imperial eras, audiences were given soon after daybreak. Now a few individuals, such as the Prime Minister, receive visitors and habitually work after dinner, even after midnight, while most of the population is abed.

Nick Platt, shepherd of sports, returned to our fold today, with the American swimming team to which he has been affixed during their travels. In China, interest in sports is strong. In the suburbs of Peking, there is a Physical Sports and Culture Institute, in which enrollment is coveted. No wonder, for boys and girls entering it at the age of ten or eleven, have a

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

chance of becoming professionals for life. In the past, there were not many games played, but at present there are few in which the youth do not aspire to gain prominence. The Mexican champion of ping-pong is said to have confessed to having been easily defeated by children at the Institute. Archery is practiced there, baseball diamonds have been laid out, basketball, ice hockey, swimming are universally popular, as gymnastics and acrobatics have always been; these people are readying for participation in Olympic games. Chairman Mao strongly favors physical exercises; calisthenics are an integral element in school curricula.

Friday, June 15, 1973

It is raining softly but steadily. This morning, beneath our windows, cyclists pass, sheltered by light blue umbrellas, or inexpensive short plastic raincoats. The unwary are soaking wet, a serious mischance in a two suit economy. It is pathetic to think that the cost of a suit from any American tailor is more than the annual income of the average Chinese family.

Clothes remind me of a letter I received a while ago from my friend Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus at Dallas, Texas. At the Canton Fair this year, he said he had bought wildly, stocking up, for example, with old Mandarin robes, each to be retailed from $1,500 upward. Having commissioned an artist at home to make a series of lithographs of Mao Tse-tung, he asked if I would ascertain if the Chairman would be interested in buying them for $6,000! I looked at the photographs of this lot, and had I not been informed I would have thought them caricatures.

The American delegation with whom we dined last night is being received this afternoon by Chou En-lai.

Indomitable Kissinger has concluded his agreement with Le Duc Tho and others in Paris, and has gone home to battle with Comrade Brezhnev.

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, June 16, 1973

While we idle here, the boys in Washington must be agog with excitement over the Soviet visit, which is viewed by the Chinese with apprehension. They particularly fear a deal over nuclear weaponry and a reduction of forces in Europe that would ultimately strengthen the Russian menace to them.

It is interesting to study the assiduous courting by the Chinese of Third World countries, especially those in Africa. Since Government leaders steadily assert they will never aspire to hegemony, and regard small nations as on a parity with the great, their popularity with the former is undoubted. The zany rulers of Uganda and Burundi have just sent Ambassadors here. The overburdened Prime Minister will devote long hours to their reception and entertainment.

The number of diplomatic establishments at Peking is still increasing. The New Zealanders will open up officially in September; we have offered them the use of our communications facilities until their own can function.

At least two of our officers go to the airport to greet incoming American delegations or VIP's. Such waste of time seems necessary because of the Chinese practice in this respect. Numbers of them are always attendant for this purpose, also for departures. When Nick Platt left Washington to come here, he said members of the advance party of the Chinese Liaison Mission appeared, but seemed disconcerted by the absence of any U.S. officers to tell him good-bye. He was seen off by his wife.

I went from the office to the Friendship Store this morning to try on a jacket of tropical wool they are confecting for me. Light summer materials are the only ones suitable for this climate. I have no formal suits except a dinner coat; one of the Western Ambassadors told me he had worn a dinner coat only once in three years.

DECLASSIFIED

Tap water in all capitals is usually hard. In Peking, it is said to be safe for drinking, but I dread the results on one's insides, for I notice that a drip in bathtubs forms a patch like cement. There is a good local mineral water, strongly alkaline.

I travel always with a fly swatter; I killed a bloated specimen with it this morning. I hope it was the lone fly officially proscribed.

There is much speculation by visiting Americans, and newsmen in Hong Kong, over Chinese reaction to Watergate disclosures. It is evident that Peking is not worried about morality, but fears President Nixon's and Henry Kissinger's ability to continue U.S. policy toward China may become eroded. Moreover, they are apprehensive lest ~~their~~ secret negotiations with the United States Government become public. Scandals are readily disregarded here, breaches of secrecy are not.

American and Chinese swimming and diving teams staged an exhibition this afternoon in Peking at an Olympic sized pool, with subsidiary ones for children and high diving. It was an outstanding success. The Chinese are enthusiastic over aquatic event[illegible]ecially since Chairman Mao a few years ago, to demonstrate hi[illegible]th, was photographed breasting the Yangtze River, an incredib[illegible]t at even more incredible speed.

The formality on this occ[illegible]ically Chinese. E., I, and our party were met by officials, r[illegible]ng sports, friendship, and other agencies of Government at the entrance steps, inducted into a room harboring more functionaries, to drink tea. We emerged shortly to sit at a trestle table, facing the pool, on which cigarettes, tea, and hot cleansing cloths had been placed. The respective teams, the Chinese in long red robes,

DECLASSIFIED

our own in red, white and blue, lined up below us to interchange courtesies. The rostrum privileged descended, shook hands with the athletes and were photographed with them. The several thousand spectators, who jammed the stadium, applauded; others perched on rooftops outside the enclosure to glimpse the show.

Back to tea. Because the PRC does not belong to the International Swimming Association (probably on account of Taiwan being a member), the national teams did not compete against each other, and raced as two separate groups. There was, therefore, no competition.

The American contingent contained many well known figures. In spite of the strenuous tour they are now concluding, they looked in prime physical condition. The Chinese, both men and women, were well built, and sturdy. Our own people, when preparing for a supreme contest such as the Olympics, are said to practice twice a day, swimming 5,000 meters each time, or approximately seven miles in all.

There were relay, back stroke, breast stroke, butterfly and free stroke races, all generously applauded. The American swimmers captivated the crowd by their joking calls of encouragement to each other, and especially by their assisting the young Chinese from the water.

The final scene was diving. Our star was Micki King, a Captain in the Air Force Academy, Colorado. She was an Olympic gold medalist in 1972. It was miraculous how she manipulated her body in high dives. Her no less talented companion was Bernie Wrightson of California, a 1968 Olympic champion, and eight times American diving champion.

This pair have been coaching Chinese divers who gave a creditable performance, including that of minuscular boys.

DECLASSIFIED

I would have regretted not witnessing this spectacle; we felt proud in every respect of our compatriots, impressed by the proficiency and sportsmanship of the Chinese participants, and by the friendliness of the audience. Great banners were displayed with Chinese characters meaning: "Friendship Through Sports."

After two hours, the show was over. Later, we had a congenial cocktail party at home for the American team, their coaches, managers, interpreters, and a number of Chinese officials.

Another needed rain tonight, reminding one of the Chinese Emperor who "prayed to Heaven to have confidence in him and send him rain."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, June 17, 1973

Another air cargo plane, ferrying furniture and equipment from Washington, arrived at Peking airport this afternoon. The efficiency with which Bob Blackburn and his staff manage these mammoth shipments--indeed all the multifarious administrative operations of our mission--is admirable. Chinese trucks and workmen are employed to supplement the tireless activities of our own people, and by the end of the day the material has been safely housed for later distribution.

There was a spate of telegrams last night from H.A.K. in Washington, on the eve of conversations with Brezhnev.

Went to the Residence today to inspect it and the offices. Floors were covered with packing cases, unopened crates, trunks, and furniture. A squad of Chinese women were scrubbing floors and everything else, at a fast pace. Blackburn and Morin with a golden horde almost emptied our apartment tonight, leaving us a table on which to serve drinks to the amiable and intelligent Samuel of the British Embassy who is leaving here, after a three year turn, next Tuesday.

The weather was perfect but I did not savor it, being occupied indoors most of the time, collecting my belongings for transfer.

I continue to remark the absence of birds and dogs in Peking. Gone are the old days when Mandarins, as they walked in parks, swung birdcages to give their songbirds air and exercise, or when melodious bamboo whistles, sounding up to eleven notes, were attached to pigeons' tails. I have not seen a rickshaw except in Hong Kong and Canton where a few still function.

The other night at a restaurant, located in a former private palace, I asked why the passageways were slightly crooked, and was informed it was because evil spirits can only travel in a straight line.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The rental per annum for our whole compound has been fixed at about $60,000, a price that would seem ridiculously low at home. Labor is, of course, cheap; our skilled chauffeur earns 130 Yuan a month ($56).

Monday, June 18, 1973

Up at seven o'clock to finish packing. Completed move to new residence this morning. Army of natives there to fetch, carry, and scrub. There will be two or three months of Seabee work before the communications system can function in its destined ballroom; meanwhile, it will have to make do in the tower.

We have had two gardeners assigned to us. Their current occupation is watering dead plants. We hope soon to stock the greenhouse and to plant grass seed. Tens of thousands of trees along the main Peking avenues are being sprayed from tanks containing insecticides. One of the fastest growing of all trees is the Chinese poplar. I planted some years ago at Staunton [illegible]. They flourished for a generation before being attacked by parasites that killed them, but did not affect the native Virginia poplars.

E. and I lunched today with the Ambassador of Pakistan, Agha Shahi. His residence at 21 Jai Chin Road is in the old Chinese city. Initially, it was rented from a formerly rich Chinese merchant, but taken over, after the Cultural Revolution, by the State. Almost all the entrances of houses of such consequence are insignificant on the street side. One enters a heavenly courtyard, with the dwelling on one side, and a long colonnade, said to have been for wives and concubines, facing it. The Paks have been accredited here since 1951; they have been well favored by the Chinese Government. Within the house, there are a series of rather small rooms with a goodly array of Peking antiques.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The other guests were the Iranian, Turkish, and Norwegian Ambassadors, the Austrian Ambassador and wife (with a good-looking son), ditto for Australia and Kuwait, and the knowledgeable Pak Counselor. The newly arrived Australian Ambassador is fluent in Chinese. The Western food was good, as were the Rhine and Bordeaux wines.

Tonight we sorted things out at our new residence. E. and Maya, assisted by brawny henchmen, under the guidance of Blackburn and Morin, had done yeoman work. The Drexel furniture from the Department is hideous; the unfurnished downstairs rooms present a challenge for the distant future.

Tuesday, June 19, 1973

Rose betimes this morning after a satisfactory first night in our new house. We have placed whatever furniture was supplied by the Government on the second floor; the downstairs is entirely bare. As there is a subsidiary kitchen above, we can patiently await the arrival of our mammoth entertainment stove, a duplicate of one Bob Blackburn espied yesterday in the Kuwait Embassy. We are short of shelving; wood is scarce here and must be procured, like everything else, through the overtaxed Diplomatic Service Bureau. It is fun unpacking one's belongings after living out of suitcases for over a month. I find myself as amply prepared for the winter as if I were about to spend years in the Arctic, but short of summer suits.

John Small, the Canadian Ambassador, paid me a return call this morning. He said he would probably have to cancel the dinner he was giving for us on Thursday night, since it was likely Chou En-lai would be banquetting the Diplomatic Corps that evening in honor of a high official from Mali. Such summonses are generally issued on short notice and considered commands.

He said he had invited the Algerian Ambassador to the dinner for us, but on reflection wondered if that would be embarrassing to me. I told him

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

frankly it would, because we no longer had an official relationship with Algeria, and our problems there are being handled by the Swiss. Since the Algerian Ambassador had evinced to him a desire to meet and talk to me, I replied that I would, of course, be polite but was not ready to engage in substantive discussion with him. I did not tell Small of having been informed that the Algerian, said to be intelligent and friendly, had hinted to others his willingness to act as a go-between with Prince Sihanouk with the objective of bringing hostilities in Cambodia to a close. Our Government wishes the establishment of an independent, neutral Cambodian state, and has been working to that end; but the affair is extremely delicate and does not require a North African intermediary.

In the course of his present voyage through Africa and Europe, Sihanouk has emphatically stated his refusal to negotiate directly, or through his representatives, with any of the "Lon Nol clique of traitors." When the volatile Prince returns to Peking toward the end of June, the affair may take on another shape, especially in view of the constant Chinese pressure for a settlement.

This afternoon we had a cocktail party for the high-powered women's group from the United States in which Marge McNamara is an active participant. Those attending were:

Miss Jane Creel - Director of Home Economics, Lever House
Dr. Sylvia Head - Marine Biologist
Mrs. Caroline Ahmanson - Committee on Cultural Activities, U.S. Commission on UNESCO
Mrs. Shana Alexander - Editorial Newsweek Staff
Mrs. Alison Stillwell Cameron - Artist, Author, Teacher
Mrs. Carolyn P. Camp - Educational and Community Resource Consultant
Mrs. Margaret Durrance - Photographer, Photo Journalist
Mrs. Esther Peterson - Consumer Economist-Giant Foods
Mrs. Alison Lanier - Author, United Nations Consultant
Mrs. Bernice Hemphill - Secretary, International Institute of Hemotology
Miss Narciarose Shestack - News Documentarian
Miss Mary Ripley - Vice President, Child Welfare League of America
Mrs. Robert McNamara

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

They gathered, ate, and drank in our desolate drawing-room, amused by the litter of packing cases surrounding the house, cluttering up the courtyard, and spilling over every accessible space. The scene resembled the dismantlement for reparations of a small German factory after the war.

The ladies were a well-informed group; a potpourri of professions and interests. One, a marine biologist, was surprised by the work being done in her field at a 200 man and woman station near Tientsin; another, a specialist in blood banks, had been allowed to inspect that in Peking, some of which was gathered for shipment to overseas Chinese; another, the daughter of General "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell, born in Canton forty or more years ago, asked for her birth certificate and it was found; still another, an art expert and picture restorer, had been taken around the Palace Museum and its cellars. She was amazed by the quality of the treasures housed there. She said reproductions of the best objects were being made, not for sale, but to be shown in case the originals were destroyed or had to be removed if war were threatened. They had spent three hours with Mrs. Chou En-lai--a rare honor.

The basketball game turned out, to our astonishment, to be in addition to sport a fairly major political event, presided over by Madame Mao (Chiang Ch'ing, pronounced Jong Ching). She is seldom seen in public, but on this occasion sat in the front row of the stands, descended into the arena, shook hundreds of hands, clapped vigorously, and played hostess admirably. At the conclusion, she invited the entire American basketball and swimming teams to be her guests at the opera tomorrow night, which

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

was estimated by China watchers to be an unprecedented and significant gesture of amity.

With her, in the room where we were initially received, was a host of top brass civilian officials including the ubiquitous Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua, with whom I later had a substantive conversation. Chinese ceremonies seem always to commence exactly on time; perhaps it is a throwback to the saying: "Punctuality is the politeness of Kings."

Chiang Ch'ing made a long speech about Sino-American friendship, a theme developed by several of her colleagues; responses by the leaders of our basketball and swimming teams were, I thought, felicitous. A couple of cups of tea later we adjourned to the stadium where over fifteen thousand fans had gathered.

After the ritualistic performances, live on local television, terminated the games commenced. I sat next to Madame Mao with Nick Platt behind us as interpreter. On my other side was a jolly Vice Premier addicted to cigar smoking. From time to time, prominent functionaries came to present their respects to Chiang Ch'ing. In repose, her flat-featured face was impassive; when she laughed, as she often did, it became mobile and sympathetic. Her reputation for inspiring fear may be justificd, but certainly last night she gave the impression of being thoroughly feminine, carefree, hospitable, and with a keen sense of the ridiculous. She has beautiful hands and feet, and challenging eyes.

When we dispersed after the games, Madame Mao and the officials lined up and insisted I precede them to where the cars were waiting. More handshaking and farewells. To bed after midnight.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, June 20, 1973

We reported last night's happenings in this telegram:

"1. High ranking leaders of the PRC, most noticeably the top leftists, turned out in force for the first Sino-American basketball games in Peking June 19. I was greeted at the gymnasium by Chiang Ch'ing, Yao Wen-yuan, Li Hsien-nien, Li Te-sheng, and Wang Hung-wen among a host of others including Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua and ranking PRC sports official, Wang Meng. Madame Mao, neatly attired in a grey Eleanor Roosevelt length dress with white shoes and matching purse, was most welcoming to all the visiting team leaders at tea before the game. She asked the coaches and me to convey her best wishes to President and Mrs. Nixon, Dr. Kissinger and Secretary Rogers, adding that the American leaders had been brave enough to come and see for themselves that the Chinese were not 'freaks and monsters.' Praising sports as a vehicle for international friendship, she told the swimming coach that she had slipped out of a meeting two nights before to watch the swimmers train and then had returned to the meeting which 'lasted until dawn.'

"2. Yao Wen-yuan, who has always in the past been conspicuously absent when Americans were around, made a point of chiming in at this juncture to say how happy he was that the Sino-American relationship was developing, and how important sports were in the development process. He displayed some knowledge of English, having full command of the terms for basketball and table tennis, and appeared to understand some of what had been said in English before the interpretation. He was relaxed and smiling throughout the evening. Wang Hung-wen made polite remarks during the half to USLO officers who accompanied me.

"3. During the games, Madame Mao, who sat next to me, made quite spontaneous gestures of friendship to the visiting teams. Presented with souvenir emblem pins by the basketball and swimming team leaders, and having nothing similar with which to reciprocate, she fished in her pocket and brought out a handerchief full of jasmine petals. She asked me to divide the petals into two equal piles and present one to the girls of each team, so that they could make tea or porridge. Hearing the head of the basketball delegation express an interest in opera, she invited his team to attend a special preview showing of two new Peking operas the next night. She included the swimmers in the invitation, asking them to stay another day in Peking to attend. She said laughingly that she would not invite me because she did not handle foreign policy and worried that her neighbors to the North would scold us both. I would have an opportunity to see the operas later, she said.

DECLASSIFIED

"4. Madame Mao watched the games with interest and good humor, taking delight in the victories of both the American men and the Chinese women. She worried good naturedly to me about the unremitting fourness of the basketball delegation leader who sat on her right hoping that the victory of the Chinese girls had not 'made him tense.' She also displayed a knowledge of English in exchanges with the USLO officer who interpreted for me.

"5. COMMENT: I do not know whether the long meeting June 17 that Madame Mao mentioned had any link with developments tonight. Clearly, however, an important top level discussion which in itself is a significant matter has been underway. In any case, the attendance of Madame Mao, Yao, and Wang transformed this international sports show into a major political event, with important domestic implications. Media coverage has been prominent (the games were televised live) and will demonstrate to the Chinese that all the leftists, including Yao Wen-yuan, fully support the new relationship at its current stage of development. The leadership is at last united on what has long been a divisive subject. This, of course, is the message for us as well."

My first visitor this morning was the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, Ranadhir Subba. Our talk was different from the previous one which had been essentially restricted to points of protocol. Subba believes the emphasis on agriculture is the most successful of Mao's accomplishments. He cited the construction and shoring up of dikes on the Yangtze River as an example of what can be done with almost unlimited manpower. For example when, some years ago, that unruly torrent threatened to burst its banks, one million laborers were commandeered to carry sandbags for seven days to a menaced portion of it, and succeeded in curbing its ravages. Similarly, 100,000 people were assigned for an indefinite period to divert parts of rivers from their natural courses. This achieved a dual result; first, the strength of floods was diminished; second, the new river enabled irrigation to be made available to theretofore non-arable land. He spoke also of how millions of trees are planted in winter by farmers who would otherwise be idle at that season. A four kilometer wide, 400 mile long

DECLASSIFIED

stretch of Inner Mongolia was forested by the same method, resulting in the reduction of dust storms from the Gobi Desert. Almost every Chinese boy has the responsibility for planting and tending six trees; for this, he receives work points.

I cannot fathom how this Government supervises such a multitude of activities essential to survival, and betterment of living conditions. Chou En-lai seems to interest himself in most facets of national life. When the Canadian Ambassador took a delegation of energy experts to see him, the Premier questioned them magisterially about environmental and pollution control.

This afternoon, Jenkins, Holdridge and I called on Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua to deliver a letter from the President to the Premier. This type of communication is handled with utmost secrecy.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, June 21, 1973

E. is disconsolate over not having attended the basketball game--she was once captain of her school team. Her height of 5 feet 9 1/2 inches is no handicap in that sport; though it dwindles to insignificance compared with the stature of some members of our male team. One Jack the Beanstalk was an even 7 foot, another 6-11, ten ranged from 6-3 to 6-8.

This morning, I called on the sympathetic Netherlands Ambassador, Mr. Vixseboxse. Their residence was constructed many years ago, and contains most of the contents of their former house in the Legation Quarter. These articles were under the protection of the Swiss during the Japanese occupation, and were never disturbed by Revolutions, Cultural or otherwise. Like a true Hollander, he is a keen gardener. He says the Peking soil and climate is especially favorable to roses, but inhospitable to tulips. E. is to obtain from him information on what does well or ill hereabout. He advised me to make a trip to the Hunting Park only an hour from Peking. I passed a delightful hour with him.

Ruminating over Chinese habits and customs has at least given me a scanty vocabulary. If one wishes to sip Mao Tai one can say "Sui Bien," whereas a more full-blooded toast is "Ganbay" (no heel taps). If toasted, you drink at the same time; if one claps you in congratulation, you beat your palms simultaneously. In Taiwan, Peking must be called Peiping, since Peking has the meaning "Capital."

Chou En-lai, talking to an American friendship group a few days ago, observed: "China is only trying to develop a defensive nuclear capability. Nuclear weapons represent an enormous waste of money. You can't eat them and can't wear them."

UNCLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, June 22, 1973

The Pakistani Ambassador called on me this morning to say good-bye. I was an eager listener to his tale of the troubles besetting his country. He says the Indians are not satisfied with having dominated Bangladesh, but want to humiliate Pakistan still further by making demands which President Bhutto cannot accept and survive in Government. The principal sticking-point at present is ~~xxxxxxxx~~ insistence that the Pak military officers (some 190 men ?) still held by Bangladesh be tried on criminal charges in the courts of their captors.

He believes Indian economic, social, and political problems insoluable on a permanent basis, and that some day the country is likely to fragmentize into several regional states.

Our office was closed this afternoon; the disgorgement of its furnishings for transfer to our new location has commenced. Bob Blackburn and Mo Morin, with Marine Sergeants, Seabees, and interpreters, command a veritable army of Chinese workmen and workwomen who toss about large desks and tables as if they were nine-pins, nor do our people spare themselves equal physical effort. I am a zealous admirer of our Administrative Section.

At our residence also there was no idling, with E. and myself up to our ears in crates. Our sweet little maid undertakes more than two hands can do. While laundering and pressing this afternoon, she blew out all the fuses twice, and barely escaped incinerating herself in the subsequent flames. It was devilish hot in the early evening, and called for a sluicing down in beer.

Saturday, June 23, 1973

We are still on the move. I put in most of the morning at my office, furnished like its predecessor, but with the welcome addition of an incipient air conditioner. E. and Maya de Montaudouin are nipping through catalogues

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

of wallpapers, fabrics, chairs, tables, mirrors, accessories, flown here from Bangkok, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Washington. The process of selection is well advanced, but delivery of whatever is ordered cannot be expected before Thanksgiving or Christmas. Maya strikes me as being most imaginative and efficient, and it is a boon to have here a friend with such taste and resourcefulness.

This afternoon the three of us visited The Temple of Heaven. I was unprepared for the exotic beauty of its buildings and the extent of its park. It is surrounded at a distance by dwellings and factories; one emerges from a busy street down a thousand yard avenue of trees to face marble-balustraded steps leading upward to a huge promenade, at one end of which is a gateway, embellished with red doors, studded with outsize round brass nails. Through it one sees the great temple, flanked by long buildings with blue roof tiles of exceptional attractiveness.

The colossal three-tiered temple is fantastic for architectural novelties. Wooden pillars almost as large as centenarian redwoods, intricately gilded, tower skyward, and it is not evident how the ponderous mass of the dome is supported.

It was resorted to each spring by Ming and Ching emperors who offered prayers and sacrifices to invoke a propitious year. Its subsidiary buildings, and features such as echoing walls are masterpieces of harmony and ingenuity.

E. says that as a child she and her sister were sent to this park each day to ride their Mongolian ponies, with an American Marine as a companion. This was in the early twenties.

It is frustrating to be unable to discover what ancient buildings in Peking are still extant. Except for the Forbidden City, the Summer Palace,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

the Temple of Heaven, and a few other places open to the public, the modern Chinese guidebooks are largely silent on the fate of hundreds of temples, palaces, and pleasure grounds mentioned in old Baedekers. Most have been destroyed in wars, revolutions, or to make way for contemporary housing or office developments. Others are "under repair and restoration," behind closed gates and sentries. Such is the case with Coal Hill, and Peihai Park, with its large lake, and Tower of Ten Thousand Buddhas.

Official brochures for tourists lay down a stern line of propaganda. The Palace Museum (i.e., The Forbidden City) is "the largest and most complete existing ensemble of traditional Chinese architecture," where "for 500 years a succession of 24 emperors, by oppressing and exploiting the working people, lived a life of extravagance and debauchery."

Meeting Madame Mao (Chiang Ch'ing) at the basketball game last week piqued my curiosity to learn more about her. I have just read an intelligence report on her containing information and gossip, some of which may well be apocryphal. It seems that the Chairman has been married four times not three, that Chiang Ch'ing had been married once and perhaps twice before connecting with him, that one of what the author delicately calls her "paramours" occupied a sufficiently powerful position to advance her stage and film career, for which she was not especially gifted except for being "a very pretty young woman." There is a good deal of such bilge in this report, but the figure emerges of a strong personality, engrossed in cultural affairs, with ultra leftist political leanings, feared for her influence, but curbed by Mao after her activities during the Cultural Revolution. She and Mao have two daughters, not merely one as usually ascribed to them.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tonight, we dined with the Iranian Ambassador. He had as guests the German Ambassador, the Swiss Ambassador, his wife, and charming young daughter (Mademoiselle Natural), the Doyen Ambassador of Nepal and wife (she wore a small diamond on her nose), the Belgian, the Austrian, the Australian, the Canadian Ambassadors and wives, and others. It was a feast of many courses and wines. We commenced with Caspian caviar and vodka.

The ladies chattered about Madame Mao; they thought there must be some significance in her coming to the basketball game and the following night to the opera in a long dress, as well as wearing a small piece of jewelry, which is generally taboo. I cannot fathom this mystery if significance there be.

The men were more given to speculation over the Brezhnev visit to the United States. He has already stayed at Camp David, Blair House, San Clemente, and will shortly revisit Washington. Although there have been threats of attacks on him, nothing untoward has happened. He is pictured as unruffled by the crowds; he probably is too accustomed to security precautions to mind being ordered about by our and his own Secret Service people. Wasn't it King Alfonso XIII of Spain who said, "Assassination is the trade of Kings," and never showed fear of it?

Our postal service continues at tortoise pace. I received batches of letters yesterday emanating from Paris, London, New York, and Washington, some sent by international air, others by pouch. The minimum time in transit was ten days, the maximum seventeen.

Sunday, June 24, 1973

Tonight, we took Martha and Al Jenkins to dinner at a restaurant selected by those experienced China hands. There were many delectable courses and no lack of Mao Tai and beer. The Jenkinses are such good company. When he

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

went home a couple of weeks ago to receive a well-deserved honorary degree from his university in Georgia, he stopped in Washington to make a speech and for consultation at the State Department. In Washington, he found conversation centered almost entirely on Watergate--the journalists seemed disappointed at the lack of comment or coverage of the subject in China.

Al had a Chinese friend who became an American citizen. When he questioned him about his life in the United States, the new citizen said he had only one embarrassment in connection with it. As an athlete he showered after games with American men who regarded him curiously because he had no body hair. In turn, it shocked him to view how much the American students resembled bears. I suppose this difference accounts for the Chinese referring to foreigners as "the hairy ones."

Before dinner, E. and I had spent our time puttering around the house and office, writing and reading. I did wander down to the Friendship Store, open seven days a week, to buy another copy of a glazed Tang horse.

Sunday is an unsatisfactory day for sightseeing because the crowds in places of public interest are so enormous and tightly packed.

Monday, June 25, 1973

Our cargo plane was again delayed in Tokyo. It is now due here at noon. Meanwhile, we are in a state of suspension qua routine work. John Holdridge and Nick Platt are leaving today or tomorrow to fetch their families from Hong Kong; invaluable Morin is off to Washington for the same purpose.

For the past few days the Chinese Government has been glorifying its official guests from Mali. Chou En-lai met them at the airport, discoursed with them at his office, and entertained them at a splendid banquet. They

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

were received by Chairman Mao, those congratulatory words to them were enshrined in the Daily Bulletin. I saw a couple of their wives at Friendship; they were of gigantic stature, crowned by lofty headdresses, and clothed in their native, varicolored cotton dresses.

On Saturday night, the waggish Belgian Ambassador told a story of the tribulations of some unmarried foreigners stationed here--it reminded me of the complaints of one of our own Marines. It seems that an African diplomat, baffled after several months of sexual continence in Peking, and the rigid Puritanism of Chinese society, decided to address himself to the Diplomatic Service Bureau of the Foreign Ministry. He stated his case, expressing his alarm lest his mental and physical vigor had not already passed beyond any hope of return. He was listened to with sympathy, notified that his presentation would be taken under advisement. The next afternoon he was summoned at three o'clock to the Foreign Ministry, and sent off in an automobile with an interpreter. They were delivered at a large building where he was conducted to a room simply furnished with chairs and a couch. While he was consuming a cup of tea a grave Chinese man, in a long white coat, entered, asked that he elongate himself on the couch, where he was jabbed in his backside with an injection. Completely puzzled, unenlightened by the interpreter, he was driven home. His present mental state is normal; physically he has none of his former stirrings or cravings, but is still mystified.

This afternoon at five o'clock I received a peremptory summons to call on the Prime Minister at The Great Hall of the People. Accompanied by Messrs. Jenkins and Holdridge, we presented ourselves in that political stadium at 5:45. The Prime Minister had with him Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Chang Wen-chin, and several other officials.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

There ensued a conversation of an hour and a half of an amiable and fascinating character, prompted by Chou's receipt of a letter from President Nixon about Brezhnev's trip to the United States. John Holdridge took notes and we will send off a telegram tomorrow. As such reports are properly classified Top Secret, I never quote from them.

Chou is certainly almost as impressive and charming as a man can be. His coal black hair is abundant, his black eyebrows as bushy as ever were those of John L. Lewis, his face impassive except when joking, his elegant manners, courtesy, immaculate dress, comport with his fine appearance. He reminds me somewhat in physiognomy of Humphrey Bogart, but a much more aristocratic type. On leaving, he said he had enjoyed our conversation and wished it could have lasted longer. Although it did not range from A to Z, it did go from cancer to the USSR.

Tuesday, June 26, 1973

I paid a call on the Belgian Ambassador this morning. He is an enterprising diplomat with a pragmatic approach to professional problems, intrigued by what he calls the greatest of all social experiments.

Afterwards I was shorn in the International Club barber shop, by a deft manipulator of comb and scissors. This extensive edifice is often used for entertainment by Chinese officials, but is primarily a haunt for foreign diplomats and their families. There is an eight table billiard room, two indoor tennis courts as well as others outdoors, an Olympic swimming pool, a movie theater, dining-rooms, banquet areas, and probably other amenities. It is considerably larger than the Racquet Club in New York.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tonight, we had a cocktail hour for a group of 20 or 25 visiting American doctors. None could sit down since there are no chairs in our commodious reception room nor are there likely to be before Christmas.

At 8:00 a.m. this morning, there was a flag-raising ceremony in the courtyard. The six Marines were in full fig, looking ready for any action. The Stars and Stripes were smartly run up the pole, photographs were taken, but no alcohol served. For a time, the right of the Marines to wear uniforms hung in the balance; they hold proudly to this privilege. We made a satisfactory Solomon's judgment; they change into uniform when on duty in the office building and back into mufti before leaving it.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, June 26, 1973 (Continued)

Our cocktail party tonight for the visiting American Medical Delegation was enjoyable. It was pleasant to witness how the sight of Bourbon whiskey inspired the few Southerners present. Both the American and Chinese doctors were distinguished practitioners from whom even in brief conversations one gathered a miscellany of intriguing medical information. Mr. Petrie of the M. W. Kellogg Company, whom I had known in London, was enthused over having just secured a large order from the Chinese Government. Every one was vivacious, and captivated by their experiences here. I found Dr. George Lythcott of Columbia University, a friend of Ray Jones, especially informative about health conditions in certain African countries. A Black, a man of imposing appearance, he had met Ray in Liberia. Subsequently, he was in Ghana and Nigeria during their respective revolutions.

Our guests were:

Dr. John R. Hogness (Head of Delegation)
President, Institute of Medicine, National Academy of Sciences

Dr. Walsh McDermott (Deputy Head of Delegation)
Chairman, Department of Public Health, and Professor of Public Affairs in Medicine, Cornell University Medical College

Dr. John J. Bonica
Chairman, Department of Anesthesiology and Anesthesia Research Center, University of Washington School of Medicine

Dr. Martin Cherkasy
Director, Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center

Dr. John Ingle
Former Dean and Professor of Periodontics and Endedontics, University of Southern California School of Dentistry

Dr. Seymour S. Kety
Director, Psychiatric Research Laboratories, Mass. General Hospital

Dr. Philip R. Lee
Director, Health Policy Center and Professor of Social Medicine, University of California, San Francisco

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Mrs. Ruth Watsoslybic
General Director, Maternity Center Association, member, Institute of Medicine, National Academy of Sciences

Dr. George I. Lythcott
Associate Dean for Urban and Community Health Affairs and Professor of Pediatrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University

Mr. Leo A. Orleans
China Research Specialist, Library of Congress; member, Population Association of America, International Population Union

Dr. Eugene A. Stead, Jr.
Professor of Medicine, Duke University Medical Center; member, Institute of Medicine, National Academy of Sciences

Dr. Myron E. Wegman
Dean and Professor of Public Health, School of Public Health, University of Michigan

Mrs. John R. Hogness

Mrs. Walsh McDermott

Mrs. Eugene A. Stead, Jr.

Mr. Never Gim, State Department Escort Officer

Chinese Guests

Wu Wei-jan, M.D.
Head of Surgery, Capital Hospital

Kuo Hsing-kuo, M.D.
Chinese Medical Association

Weng Yung-ching
Editor, Chinese Medical Journal

Wang Hsiang-t'ung
Chinese Medical Association

Mr. and Mrs. James Petrie
Senior Vice President of M. W. Kellogg Company

Mr. Phillip Liu
Vice President, stationed in Tokyo

Mr. McKinley
Mr. Rope
Mr. Jones

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, June 27, 1973

A worthwhile call this morning on the Swiss Ambassador. He and the Danes still inhabit houses in the old Chinese quarter from which they are to be dispossessed the end of this year. One enters through a narrow red door with a People's Liberation Army soldier on guard, proceeds down a narrow lane, with flower beds and high walls on either side, to emerge into a grassy courtyard enclosed within a series of Chinese pavilions. This complex was built by a retired missionary who relinquished his heavenly profession for earthly gratifications after marrying a rich wife. The Swiss acquired it about 1950. The Ambassador's study was attractive almost beyond compare, garnished with antique Chinese furniture, carpets, and scrolls. Adjoining this room is another house for the Diplomatic Couple, another for their daughter, and one more for a Secretary, all opening onto a lushly flowered garden. Down an areaway is circumscribed, within walls, the Chancery. Upon leaving, I was shown into the departure courtyard, a thing of beauty, with lustrous grass, a tiny temple, and lounging spaces with chairs and tables. I envied him, but there was an ointment fly in that he had no reception room large enough to contain more than a handful of visitors.

We had much converse about the winds of change, and the shape of things to come if there were a struggle over the succession to Chairman Mao.

Peggy and David Rockefeller came to lunch with us, and it was a treat to talk with them because of their keen interest in such a range of subjects. They are travelling as a party of eight--all connected with the Chase Manhattan Bank--and are being shown unusual attention by the Chinese Government. I would esteem David to be the most vari-talented of the remarkable Rockefeller

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

brothers. He is the best known banker in the United States, and I would guess the same opinion would prevail internationally. He kindly offered us on behalf of the Modern Museum of Art in New York paintings and prints for the vacant walls in the residence, and sculpture for the courtyard. We are to send h pecifications.

He told me that the rumors were untrue of his having been asked to become our Ambassador to Moscow. He has never been approached officially about it, and if he were would not accept it. I reminded him that to my own knowledge he had refused Cabinet appointments tendered by at least three Presidents; he did not deny this but said Moscow made no appeal to him as either a duty or an opportunity for constructive public service. Peggy was emphatically of the same mind.

Tonight, E. and I attended a dinner given by Ch'iao Kuan-hua for the Rockefellers. It commenced at 7:30 in Guest House No. 3, once the Austro-Hungarian compound in the Legation Quarter. It was a hot evening, so the host invited the men to shed their coats. We sat at two round tables with ten persons at each, equally divided between Chinese and Americans. Whatever cooks planned and prepared this meal should be decorated with gastronomic medals. There was a profusion of courses, including sea slugs, slivers of octopus, jelly fish, rare and expensive silver fungus. Tiny glasses of Mao Tai were kept brimming by assiduous Ganymedes; beer flowed faster than water, pink wine was decorative but neglected.

Our genial host had his customary Elsa Maxwell touch for enlivening a party, passing easily from grave to gay. David Rockefeller offered a short but eloquent toast to friendship between our two peoples. At 9:45, the Vice Foreign Minister bade us farewell; he had spent a total of about five hours today with the Rockefeller group.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, June 28, 1973

I spent an hour this morning with the Turkish Ambassador, Nuri Eren. When he was at the United Nations in New York, he made many American friends. His English is perfect; he ascribes this to his Father, a tobacco grower and merchant, having lost his fortune during the depression of 1933, and deciding his son should train for the Foreign Service. As the first step toward this, he went to an English language school in Turkey.

I may have been lucky in my associations with members of the Turkish Foreign Service, but I have not yet met one who did not seem to me a man of merit. Eren is intelligent, observant, well-informed, intrigued by the complexity of the Chinese Governmental system. He thinks the Chinese dislike and distrust of the Soviets is deep-rooted, but it would be dangerous to assume that an aggression against one of them by a third nation would not rally the other to a rescue operation.

He propounded again his thesis about the importance of NATO representatives here meeting regularly to discuss mutual problems which he says is done by the African diplomats.

There was a flap this morning when we learned of the suspension of air traffic in China. Diplomatic rumors were rife, some ascribing this action to the large atomic test yesterday in Northwest China, others to a possible high ranking defector trying to escape from the country, and the more morbid speculating that Chairman Mao had died.

By the end of the day, we knew no more about this than at the beginning.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, June 29, 1973

Air travel from Peking has been suspended again today, but is expected to resume tomorrow. The consensus amongst Western foreign diplomats is that the shutdown was probably caused to permit Chinese airforce planes to inspect the results of the hydrogen bomb test on June 27. This took place in the atmosphere at the Lop Nor area in the Northwest. It was in the two to three megaton yield range--a megaton is equivalent to one million tons of TNT, and this was the fifth of that size. Also, it was China's first recorded test since March 1972, and the fifteenth since it joined the nuclear club in October 1964.

There has been no official reaction in Moscow, but it is predicted that the Soviets will regard this demonstration as a "provocation" directed against their foreign policy, especially since it followed so closely the Nixon-Brezhnev agreement. The Secretary General of the United Nations has condemned it, which will not disturb either France or China, the only atomic powers who are not signatories of the international treaties on the partial outlawing of nuclear tests.

The Chinese have announced that their testing is defensive, aimed at shattering "the monopoly of the super powers," and pledged that they would never be the first to use nuclear weapons.

The Italian Ambassador, Folco Trabalza, called on me this morning. He said Chinese officials with whom he has recently talked view the Nixon-Brezhnev agreement askance, thinking it will further an already dangerous feeling of détente. They believe the Soviets are "Social Imperialists," and still aspire to world hegemony.

DECLASSIFIED

I read a letter in a London Times of last week by a well-known British journalist, de Toledano, in which he bitterly assails The Washington Post for its biased coverage of Watergate. This was subsequent to a London Times editorial on June 5 or 6, criticizing American news media for usurping the duties and functions of the law in the same case, and of character assassination by allegation and gossip. I was amused in the same issue by clever Bernard Levin's article on his own retentive memory which stored up odd bits of fact or folklore such as "Camels cannot walk backwards and horses cannot be sick."

I used to think Georgetown noisy in the mornings but find Peking far outstrips it in that respect. Daylight now breaks between 4 and 4:30 a.m., the citizens are early astir. Cranes, tractors, earth-digging machinery, construction activities commence to thunder from five onward. A considerable amount of building work is done in four shifts of six hours each; our residence is a product of such enterprise.

The area around our house is as bare of vegetation or planting as Mother Hubbard's nook, so E. and I ventured out this afternoon with Don Anderson as interpreter, and Mesdames McKinley and Riley in our train, to see what might be obtainable from the so-called "Flower Commune," a forty-five minute drive from the office.

UNCLASSIFIED

We went not to one but two flower communes. They were alike in their neatness, and the uniformity of their management. Those who tended them were peasants of all ages. It was a warm afternoon; about half of the male workers wore no shirts. The land in use was closely intersected by irrigation streamlets, a few inches wide, with eighteen inch pot holes at intervals, used for filling long watering cans, kept in unremitting play. All was verdant but the blooms were few. A pleasant sight was the congregation of white butterflies clustered about whatever flowers they temporarily favored. We bought tubs of pond lilies, small fig trees, wistaria, oleanders, other flowers, and greenery that might be appropriate for the Fourth of July reception next week. Each commune had a superintendent and a head gardener, the latter wrinkled and heavily sunburned ancients. The number of their assistants was difficult to estimate, perhaps a dozen in each case, but a crowd of boys and girls followed us everywhere, at a distance, staring impassively but, when addressed, quick to break into smiles. The business part, a matter of two hundred odd American dollars, was settled after abacus reckoning; we shall have to send a truck next week to collect our purchases, for with their pots they are bulky and heavy. The countryside through which we passed was like an endless market garden, well watered, closely cultivated, with giant hollihocks and sunflowers rearing their heads in unexpected places. As everywhere here, one cannot help remarking the physical sturdiness of men, women, and children who appear to be well-nourished. Along our crowded route from the capital, I saw no television aerials and heard no radios. About six o'clock, when we started homeward, the streets and country roads were encumbered with cyclists, horse, mule, and donkey propelled wagons

UNCLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

carrying produce, a few trucks and passenger buses. It was a peaceful, pastoral scene such as one might view in a remote farming community anywhere, except for the antiquated shapes of most transport, and the conical straw hats worn by a minority of peasants.

Tonight was one to remember. We were guests of the Austrian Ambassador and his wife--the Leitners--at a dinner in honor of Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua. I was dressed in light white linen, the other men in more sombre clothing. The balance between Chinese and foreigners was even, about seven of each. I sat between the Deputy Chief of the Information Bureau, and Ch'iao's male interpreter of whom he made only occasional use for his own English is fluent.

I thought the Western custom of a long wait before dinner the only flaw in a stimulating evening, for I prefer the Chinese custom of going immediately to table as soon as the company is assembled. When there the men doffed their coats and ate in shirt-sleeves.

There were no chopsticks, but there was an abundance of Mao Tai, as well as of European wines.

The guest of honor soon dominated the conversation that vacillated between levity and gravity. He has a really notable personality, is quick of wit, and a master of expositions. His charm is undeniable, his appearance impressive, with a fine sculptural head and well proportioned tall figure, marred only by deplorable teeth, perhaps a relic of his active revolutionary days.

The conversation was active and unrestrained, relieved by many quips. To the astonishment of all, the Vice Foreign Minister stayed until after eleven o'clock, at least an hour more than Chinese officials customarily linger. Our cordial host and hostess were evidently pleased, as they should have been.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, June 30, 1973

At office this morning. Most of our personnel are engaged in uncrating and delivering furniture and equipment to permanent destinations. The telephone system in our office should be in full function tomorrow.

Brunson McKinley is in charge of preparations for the Fourth of July celebration. We anticipate inviting about 200 people of whom over 90 will be Chinese officials with whom we have transacted business; the others Americans, including the Congressional Delegation and straphangers estimated to be about 30 persons; they are due to arrive July 2. The International Club has been employed by me to do the catering for this occasion. Since the time will be from 6 to 7 p.m., we think it advisable to have sufficient hors d'oeuvres to satisfy the hunger of those who will not sup afterwards. This especially applies here since the dinner hour is usually 6:30. The Club will supply food at 8 Yuan (about $4) a head, also waiters, waitresses, chairs, tables, soft drinks and other necessities. I shall furnish all liquors from my own stock. My desire is to have only those imported goods we cannot buy on the local market.

E. and I went to the Friendship Store this afternoon, where she bought flowers to send to certain wives of Mission members. She also purchased furs for covering sofa cushions, as well as hard stones in egg shape for decorative purposes.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, July 1, 1973

It rained last night; it continued to do so this morning. I had been reading in snatches an enthralling book by Marina Warner, wife of William Shawcross. This attractive English couple is now living in Washington. Her work is a biography of the Dowager Empress Tz'u-hsi (1835-1908) who dominated Chinese court and political life for half a century. Starting as a Class Four Concubine, she worked her way to imperial status. Her six inch long nails were encased against breakage in jade guards at night; in photographs, their exposure is terrifying. Being a Manchu, like other women of that origin her feet had never been bound as were those of many Chinese ladies, who as a consequence had only three inches of footage and suffered agonies as a result. When the wrappings were occasionally removed, the stench of putrefying flesh was said to be almost intolerable, but these tiny extremities were considered erotic. The Chinese and the Manchus were alike given to mysticism and superstition. A bat was the symbol of Happiness; certain chroniclers assert that the tortoise is an odious reptile because of its supposed homosexuality.

I awoke at six this morning, washed my hair, read, breakfasted, went to the office.

We lunched today with the Australian FitzGeralds. Stephen FitzGerald, 34, became Australia's first Ambassador to the People's Republic of China in the spring of 1973. An enthusiastic admirer of the PRC and a student of Chinese affairs for eleven years, he has long argued for closer relations with Peking. He attacked the policy of Australia's former conservative government as a "tangerine blend of red menace and yellow peril." Prior to his appointment, he was a fellow in Far Eastern studies in the Institute of Advanced Studies at the Australian National University (ANU).

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

After completing an honors degree at the University of Tasmania in 1960, FitzGerald joined the Foreign Affairs Department. While assigned as a Political Officer to the Australian Trade Commission in Hong Kong (1963-1965), he received a Certificate of Chinese Language from Hong Kong University and one for advanced Chinese from the British Civil Service Commission. By 1966, FitzGerald had become frustrated with his government's Asian and China policies and felt that his acquired skills in Chinese language, history and general area knowledge were not being fully utilized. He reentered the ANU for a three-year course on Peking's policy on Overseas Chinese; he received a PhD in 1970.

The personable and affable young diplomat visited China in 1968 and accompanied Gough Whitlam (now Prime Minister) there in 1971.

This luncheon at the Chang Lu Restaurant was in honor of Australian Opposition Leader and Mrs. Sneddan. The others were the Smalls (Canadian Ambassador and wife), an Australian doctor, and the alert First Secretary of FitzGerald's Embassy.

The restaurant, closed during the Cultural Revolution, was well patronized today. It is in a large compound, said to have once been inhabited by Yuan Shih Kai, whose ambition to become Emperor was thwarted in 1916; he died shortly afterwards, it is hinted of distress over the unfilial interference of his son with his project. There is a maze of courtyards, houses, corridors, and dependencies, forming a picturesque example of a luxurious Peking family house.

We ate in a private room with an almost endless succession of succulent dishes, the best of which was, I thought, shark fins, almost gossamer in texture. The luncheon was qua food the best I have yet attended.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Afterwards, E. and I walked in the park across from us, named the Altar of the Sun, a large, lovely retreat, well-wooded, adorned with a number of temples and tile-roofed dwellings of considerable antiquity.

Monday, July 2, 1973

The rain has not abated. July is reputed to be the least desirable month climatically in the Peking region on this account; also, it is generally hot and humid.

I called this morning on the Ambassador of Denmark, J. A. W. Paludan, and conversed with him for an hour. He is a passionate bird-watcher, which engages much of his free time. It is an engrossing pastime; I was surprised to hear of the variety of species he has observed near Peking, especially in the migratory seasons, though there are few in the capital. In the autumn and winter, one can purchase in the markets pheasants, partridges, snipe, ducks, even swans. He has noted hock/falcons nesting in the Ming Tombs region, and hopes to catch sight of eagles. I found him conversable on NATO, nuclear weaponry, Chinese Marxist Maoism, and other topics. His office is a few steps away from the Swiss residence, his house nearby in the same street. He is expected to quit these premises as soon as his new compound, now a-building under the supervision of a Danish architect, is completed. I much enjoyed this visit.

Another U.S. cargo plane, freighting heavy equipment, arrived today via Tokyo. Holdridge, his family, and dog, as well as the Platt ménage came in last night from Hong Kong. John said the dog, caged in the hold of the aircraft, barked incessantly during the trip with a voice so authoritative it penetrated to the passenger cabins.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The unloading and dispersal of effects in heavy rain has taxed our people and retainers to the utmost. The streets are filled with persons wearing raincoats, or sheltering under blue or other tinted parasols, less forbidding looking than Western umbrellas, gay enough for garden parties. Able and ubiquitous Bob Blackburn is scurrying hither and yon.

At 4:30 p.m., E. and I, the Jenkinses, Holdridges, McKinleys, and others sloshed by car to the airport to meet our Congressional Delegation, which was transported by an American Air Force plane with a Chinese pilot and attendants picked up at Shanghai.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, July 2, 1973 (Continued)

The Congressional Delegation plane arrived exactly on time. Its occupants descended onto the tarmac upon which rain fell in sheets. The Chinese and American greeters shook hands with all the passengers before hurrying them to a bus that sped us to the terminal building where steaming green tea was hospitably served. The passengers had spent the preceding night comfortably at Guam, so were not as fatigued as they would have been on a ~~minim~~ regular civilian route. Travel on a special Uncle Sam flight has much to commend it.

The delegation consisted of:

Honorable Warren G. Magnuson (Leader) and Mrs. Magnuson
Senator (Democrat) - Washington

Honorable Thomas E. Morgan (Deputy Leader) and Mrs. Morgan
Representative (Democrat) - Pennsylvania

Honorable John Sparkman and Mrs. Sparkman
Senator (Democrat) - Alabama

Honorable John J. McFall and Mrs. McFall
Representative (Democrat) - California

Honorable Robert P. Griffin and Mrs. Griffin
Senator (Republican) - Michigan

Honorable Gale W. McGee and Mrs. McGee
Senator (Democrat) - Wyoming

Honorable William S. Mailliard and Mrs. Mailliard
Representative (Republican) - California

Honorable Jerry L. Pettis and Mrs. Pettis
Representative (Republican) - California

Mr. Tom Korologos, Deputy Assistant to the President for Congressional Affairs

Mr. Richard H. Solomon, Staff Member, National Security Council

Mr. Alan D. Romberg, Officer-in-Charge, PRC Affairs, Department of State

Dr. Charles E. Klontz, Medical Officer, Department of State

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Mr. Charles Baquet, Administrative Officer, Department of State

Mrs. Joy Korologos, Escort for Delegation Wives

Mrs. Carol S. Solomon, Escort for Delegation Wives

The Mission's duty done, we left for home; thenceforth the visitors were under the jurisdiction of their official hosts, the Chinese People's Institute for Foreign Affairs (CPIFA), the same organization that had sponsored the David Rockefeller visit last week. A cluster of automobiles was ready to take them to their quarters at the Peking Hotel; passports, customs formalities were dispensed with.

Tuesday, July 3, 1973

Richard Solomon, National Security Council staff member, who now occupies John Holdridge's former position, came to talk to us this morning about the Congressmen's itinerary and plans. Later, I discussed the unsatisfactory situation in Cambodia with him. The House did not overcome by a two-thirds vote the veto by President Nixon of legislation to stop bombing in Cambodia; instead a compromise was reached enabling him to continue it, if he thought necessary, until August 15. Prince Sihanouk is expected to return here next week and Kissinger in early August. Perhaps it may be possible to enter into some negotiating preliminaries before HAK's visit, but during his African and European trip the mercurial Prince has made many intransigent, though sometimes contradictory, pronouncements.

Solomon had generously sent me recently a copy of his well-regarded book, Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture, which I have not yet had an opportunity to read.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

We had a "dry run" this morning at the Residence of procedures to be followed tomorrow at the National Day reception from 6-7 o'clock. Brunson McKinley has done admirable and imaginative planning for this event; now we must hope none of the actors will forget their lines.

I shall be debarred from sporting my favorite summer suit, an Italian s[illegible]lden job bought in Venice. It was bespattered by sauces during our lunch [illegible]h the FitzGerald's; at my age, I should have known better and worn a bib.

Our pots of shrubs, flowers, and a small willow tree were brought in from the communes where we bought them last week, and should make a brave, even if inadequate, show tomorrow.

There are rumblings of discontent, which I had expected, from our Congressional Delegation. As reported to us, they emanate chiefly from Warren Magnuson, its Chairman. He is said to be miffed by the nature of their reception at the airport where no exalted Chinese officials awaited them. Nor was there newspaper (except for Jim Pringle of British Reuters), television, photographic, or radio coverage. Their own publicity attendants, a journalist and photographer each from AP and UPI, had been delayed in transit from Hong Kong, and, therefore, the Congressmen's constituents will not have the benefit of their observations on the party's arrival. Moreover, the Senator is supposed to be slightly irate over the nature of their itinerary, and the deception of his expectancy of their being lodged in Government guest houses instead of at the Peking Hotel. The truth is that the guest houses are not arranged to accommodate so large a party. He does not understand [illegible] an appointment has not been made for him to meet Chou En-lai; for all I know, he may have expected

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

to be received also by Chairman Mao. At any rate, he is contemplating the making of a telephone call to Melvin Laird in Washington to express dissatisfaction. The Delegation was slated to visit Peking University today, after having spent yesterday sightseeing at the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall. In view of the steady rain, this expedition was probably not conducive to mollifying the Senator's ruffled spirits, and he expressed doubt early this morning about wasting his time in a tour of the University.

Magnuson particularly wishes to discuss possibilities for establishing civil air routes between the U.S. and China, Maritime Relations, Financial aspects of Foreign Trade, and energy affairs, including increased production of petroleum and hydroelectric developments.

Wednesday, July 4, 1973

We had completed our scenario, and made all arrangements for the first U.S. Independence Day celebration at Peking after a lapse of twenty-four years when an ominous cloud gathered above us. It is customary on these annual days at Embassies in the PRC for the Chinese invited not to respond to written invitations. A list of those proposed is submitted to the Protocol Section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs well in advance; if any deletions, or suggestions for additions, are made, the cards are then mailed. About a half-hour, or even less, before the 6-7 p.m. function is to take place, Protocol informs the host what high-ranking guests expect to be present. This is necessary because the procedure requires the host to take the guest of honor down the receiving line and the two to sit on a sofa at the end of the reception room, whilst the other participants go down the line, with the more important Chinese officials proceeding, in order of rank, to their allotted chairs, where they will remain for

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

an hour talking, eating, and drinking. The other participants hover around or wander at will. We had devised a minor variation of this convention that promised to make the occasion more informal.

Shortly before noon, Messrs. Jenkins, Holdridge, and McKinley were summoned to the Foreign Office, thinking they would probably be told something agreeable about the composition of the Chinese Delegation, perhaps as a mark of exceptional favor Chou En-lai himself might honor us. What a deception. Politely, but emphatically, Protocol declared that we had violated an agreement made in February that our Marine Guards would not wear military uniforms in China, or bear side-arms. Actually, the Marines since their behoved regalia arrived have used it only when on duty inside the office building, with one exception when the American flag in the compound was initially hoisted. Protocol pointed out that no other foreigners were permitted to appear in military uniforms, and no Embassy had contravened this regulation. Under the circumstances, unless this abuse was immediately corrected, our forthcoming reception would not be attended by any Chinese.

This was bitter medicine, but we swallowed it, and undertook to disrobe our Marines, after Al Jenkins had made a spirited defense of our practices elsewhere in this respect.

When this matter was first mooted over a month ago, we queried Washington about it because we had forebodings on the subject, although unaware of any agreement or understanding being connected with it. The answer was that the Marines should be so attired.

I had a short talk with their Senior NCO, then explained what had happened to all six of them, telling them the decision was definite, and I would report it immediately to Washington. I realized how disappointed, perhaps disgruntled, they must be, but there was no alternative.

DECLASSIFIED

The Congressional Delegation came in for a briefing this afternoon, before leaving with their wives and attendants to visit Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua. They were in an amiable mood, and asked keen questions. Chairman Magnuson will, I believe, be happy if they can eventually be received by the Prime Minister.

We have explained to Chinese officials, whenever there was an appropriate opportunity, the great importance to American foreign policy of their talking frankly to our Congressmen about affairs of mutual interest, and how our Government of three separate powers, executive, legislative, and judicial, functions. Especially, we have stressed the necessity of legislative support for executive proposals. I am not sure that even the most intelligent of them comprehend fully what is to them a strange sharing of power. Here, their own Congress seldom meets and is a rubber-stamp body.

Finally, the fateful hour of six struck. Chinese swarmed into our house, almost in serried ranks and in unexpected numbers. Ch'iao Kuan-hua was the leader. He, Senator Magnuson, and myself occupied the central sofa, Jenkins and Holdridge, with suitable foreign guests, were seated on flanking ones. Interpreters abounded, conversation was brisk, food was tempting, drinks abundant. Senator Magnuson and his cohorts looked well content.

At five minutes to seven, I offered a toast to Chairman Mao, the Prime Minister, the Vice Foreign Minister, the distinguished guests, and friendship between the great peoples of the PRC and the USA. As soon as our glasses were refilled with Mao Tai, Ch'iao responded in kind.

Meanwhile, E. and the Mission ladies had kept the Chinese ladies, of whom, to our surprise, there were more than the customary few, in play.

The exodus commenced sharply at 7:05.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Al, John, and myself lingered until ten o'clock sending, and receiving telegrams. HAK will definitely come here in early August, belted and spurred, I hope, to ride the fractious Cambodian horse.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, July 5, 1973

Compared with yesterday's activities, this has been an idle day. If one did not hear the morning news on Voice of America, one might feel the world outside China had no importance, a condition the Chinese for thousands of years regarded as normal. Most of our letters from home, or from Europe, newspapers, and magazines are about two weeks in transit, though sometimes international air mail may arrive within a week. After a while, one adjusts to this situation, and cultivates one's own garden.

A real joy here is the small scope of social obligations. Restaurants close early, there are no night entertainment haunts, so there is abundant leisure for nocturnal study, reading, and reflection. I despair of wading through the floods of books on China kind friends send us, engrossing though many of their contents are. Today, I received three volumes from Hugh Cudlipp in London, one volume from Washington, and one from New York on subjects that professionally I should be informed about.

Although wages in China are excessively low, this does not seem to apply to those paid to the domestics working at the Residence. I was billed today for our expenses in this category from May 14 to June 30 in the amount of 1,303 Yuan or $670. This will materially increase as more employees assume their duties. They are on an eight-hour a day basis, and receive less than 50 cents an hour for overtime. The present monthly payroll covers in approximate dollar terms $150 to the butler, $150 to the cook, $70 to the maid. It is believed the workers receive only a portion of this, for by local standards it is extremely high renumeration—conjecture is that because we do not pay any of our staff directly, but send a remittance to the Diplomatic Service Bureau, the DSB distributes at its discretion wages to these employees and uses the remainder

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

for other legitimate purposes. This is a tantalizing mystery it is preferable not to fathom.

Prince Sihanouk returned to Peking tonight from what is termed "his triumphal journey." Met at the airport by Chou En-lai, other Chinese officials, and a respectable number of diplomats, he went in a motorcade to his palace, the former French Embassy, in the old Legation Quarter. During a press interview, he declared he would not talk to HAK about Cambodia, when the latter comes to Peking next month. We shall see.

Friday, July 6, 1973

I had a letter from Arthur K. Watson (Dick) asking me to see Messrs. Maisonrouge and Williamson, President and Vice President of IBM World Trade Corporation. They called on me this morning in company with Bill Rogers. Chinese officials have been discussing with them the possible purchase of IBM computer systems. I was struck by the sympathetic and savvy way in which these two men seem to have dealt with the problems presented. There is a Cocom complication in any projected sale of their large equipment to a Communist country.

Before lunch, I called on the British Ambassador, Sir John Addis. An avid student of all things Chinese, John Addis, 58, realized a long-held ambition when he was named Britain's first Ambassador to the PRC in March 1972. A career Foreign Service Officer, Addis had earlier served two tours in China--as First Secretary in Nanking and later in Peking (1947-1950) and as Counselor in Peking (1954-1957). He was an instructor at the Royal College of Defense Studies from 1970 to 1972.

Serious and scholarly, Addis is an honest, fair-minded and extremely competent diplomat. Underneath his calm exterior and unassuming manner, however, he hides a lot temper, and at times allows his emotions to impair his objectivity.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

He is basically friendly toward the United States and has maintained pleasant relations with his U.S. counterparts.

Educated at Rugby and Christ Church, Oxford, Addis entered the Foreign Service in 1938. He served in Algeria, Italy and France during World War II. In the 1960's, he served as Ambassador to Laos (1960-1962), was a Fellow at the Harvard Center for International Affairs (1962-1963), and served as Ambassador to the Philippines (1963-1970).

A confirmed bachelor, Addis is an expert gardener and an authority on Chinese jade and porcelain. He also enjoys tennis, bridge, and reading. He speaks French and has some knowledge of Chinese and Lao."

I had heard nothing but favorable things about Addis from mutual friends, and my impression of him during our meeting at his Residence (located near us with extensive gardens, swimming pool, tennis courts, and other amenities) inclined me to believe them well founded. He is attractive in looks, easy in manner, pointed in conversation. I gave him to read John Pope's letter to me in which he was, as a connoisseur and collector of Chinese art, quoted as saying that Addis had seen this year some modern pieces of "unsurpassed and indeed unsurpassable quality, of its kind." Pope, a friend of his, wanted me to persuade the Chinese Government to give two or three such objects to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, to be shown in an exhibition of Chinese ceramics they are planning for next winter.

Addis said he thought this a difficult assignment. The pieces he had referred to were displayed in Arts and Crafts exhibitions at Shanghai and Peking that terminated before my arrival. Examples from a number of kilns had been on display, some of them of outstanding artistry. None of them were for sale,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

nor did he know for what ultimate destination they were bound. He was not aware of any fine pieces of antique or modern Chinese porcelain purchasable in China.

Coming from such a recognized expert, this opinion confirmed what I have everywhere been told in Peking; the best Chinese antiques are abroad, or in museums here; superior modern Chinese porcelains, jades, etc. are earmarked for export.

Saturday, July 7, 1973

At office. The Congressional Delegation realized its ambition last night, being received by Chou En-lai for an hour or more session. All the wives and other members of the party were present. The American photographers and newsmen took many pictures before and after the meeting, but were excluded from the reception room.

The ebullient Senator Magnuson had a field day in his own estimation, but did not stir the canny Prime Minister to enthusiastic statements about Chinese-American friendship.

Al Jenkins and I met tonight to go over a telegram, reporting on this subject, which we despatched in these terms:

> "1. Premier Chou En-lai received for 1 hour 20 minutes in the Great Hall Friday afternoon, July 6, entire Washington Congressional Delegation including wives and escorts but not newsmen or photographers. Photos were taken beforehand in anteroom. Jenkins also present. Session was dominated by discussion between the Premier and Senator Magnuson on the Cambodian situation.
>
> "2. After pleasantries Delegation Chairman Magnuson stressed his belief that 'trade is a tool for peace' and that US-PRC relations are basic to peace in the world. Chou responded with an analysis of his doubts about a peaceful world. He detailed China's military confrontation with the Soviet Union despite the 1950 Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship, Alliance, and Mutual Assistance which, he said, no longer exists. He went on to call into question the value of the agreement on the prevention of nuclear war recently signed by the President and Soviet leader Brezhnev at the conclusion of the US-Soviet summit.

DECLASSIFIED

"3. Premier Chou then made initially low-key criticism of U.S. bombing in Cambodia, to which Magnuson responded that Congress had just voted to have the bombing stopped by August 15. Magnuson stressed that the bombing halt was the work of Congress, which controlled the purse strings of the USG. He urged Chou to be patient for the next few weeks. Chou responded by noting the Chinese capacity for patience, but adding that this quality was not unlimited, and 'when a problem reaches a certain degree, it will have to be solved.' He cited his recent discussions with Sihanouk, who had returned to Peking from Europe the previous day observing that it was hard to ask the Prince to be patient when bombs were falling on one's head. Magnuson noted there had been some escalation in the bombing in the wake of the Congressional vote. Chou commented that the Shanghai Communiqué called for solution of the Indochina War before the Taiwan situation, and asked Magnuson if he would not agree that China had shown considerable patience on the Taiwan question.

"4. The discussion remained keyed to the U.S. involvement in Cambodia despite efforts of Representatives Morgan and McFall to shift in other directions. The Premier noted with some impatience that the Congressmen had only come to see China, not to talk about Cambodia, and that he did not wish to meddle in U.S. internal affairs. He only had wanted to express appreciation for the Congressional position on the bombing. Chou added that he had to go shortly as he was giving a banquet for Prince Sihanouk. He said that the Prince would 'fire some cannons this evening' because U.S. bombs were falling on his country. As the Delegation left the hall, Magnuson inquired when the Premier might be coming to the U.S. Chou replied in a low voice that he could not come because Chiang Kai-shek had a representative in Washington.

"5. To our dismay, since we had briefed the Congressmen about the delicacy of relations here, especially in respect to press disclosures of conversations the Chinese regard as confidential, Senator Magnuson recounted major points of his discussion with Chou to U.S. wire service correspondents touring with the group. We were only informed of this later in the evening."

The behavior of the Senior Senator from Washington has been so bizarre I felt it imperative to inform HAK in a private communication of certain aspects of this unfortunate visit that should not be publicly known, but of which he should be aware before he debriefs the Delegation upon its return to Washington.

Also, Mr. Smith of UPI, who had been thoroughly instructed in the ground rules forbidding him and the AP representative attached to the Delegation to file reports on anything but its activities, took it upon himself to violate

DECLASSIFIED

this understanding by going to the airport to witness Prince Sihanouk's arrival. He then sent home an account of what the Prince had said; it appeared the next day in United States newspapers and was repeated here in the controlled Chinese press. This will not conduce to lessening the suspicion the local officials have of the discretion and honor of American journalists; they had only reluctantly agreed, under U.S. pressure, to their inclusion in the Delegation, on the distinct understanding they would respect the restriction I have stated.

I told HAK that the Congressional Delegation's stay in Peking had been a disaster due to the attitude and personality of its Chairman Magnuson, who has from the beginning been irritable. He was displeased at their not being met on arrival by more high ranking Chinese officials, and being interviewed by only one journalist. He was disappointed over their not having been quartered in a Government Guest House instead of the Peking Hotel, but especially disgruntled at there being no appointment fixed with the Prime Minister, a matter about which he continued to complain, as he did over his time being wasted in sightseeing instead of discussions of substantive concern. Later on, he commented, after reading the Chinese News Bulletin, that the Prime Minister had met at the airport, invited to his office, and given banquets to representatives from Malta, Romania, and other inconsequential countries, and seemed unaware of the importance of Congress in our political system. The other members were appreciative of the hospitality of their Chinese hosts.

The Senator was more mellow when he attended the Fourth of July Reception. Seated beside Ch'iao Kuan-hua, who had received them the same afternoon, he asked him—but elicited no reply—whether they would be seeing Chou En-lai, for otherwise their trip would have been useless.

I surmise that his obsession in this respect is not unconnected with his craving for news media publicity.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, July 8, 1973

Yesterday afternoon, I went to the Perfumed Mountains, alias the Fragrant Hills Park, once called the "Hunting Park." It was a favorite retreat for the Emperors, and abounded in game as early as the 12th century. It reached its apogee in the 18th century, during the sixty year reign of Ch'ien lung. Amongst other quarry he had imported special deer from Manchuria, of a species now probably extinct in China, but a herd of which survives at the Duke of Bedford's Woburn Abbey in England.

He erected temples, dwellings, terraces, adorned them with bronzes and sculpture (the two gigantic bronze lions with gilded paws at the entrance are still unmarred) and created within what is now less than an hour's drive from the center of the capital a magnificent pleasure ground. Everything there is dilapidated and unkempt, many buildings have vanished, but the forest of secular trees, and a riot of wild flowers, remain to allure a constant concourse of appreciative urbanites. It is the first time since I arrived here that I have heard a variety of birdsong.

This morning E. and I, having arisen betimes, were at the airport by 8:30 to say good-bye to the Congressional Delegation. They were all cheerful, most of the ladies clutching packages containing souvenirs of their stay in Peking. The night before, they had given a restaurant dinner for the officials who had sponsored their visit. Apparently, the florid Senator had on this occasion even excelled his previous performances.

Amongst the nuggets he had sieved at this party was the statement that the Taiwanese had been foolish to allow themselves to be taken over by a small number of Chinese from the Mainland; had they been more cohesive they could have prevented this and established an independent Taiwan.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

In addition, the Senator asked how the Generalissimo and his followers had been transported to Taiwan. "Was it by boat", he inquired? "No," answered his Chinese guest of honor, "it was by American airplanes."

He directed Al Jenkins, who is now attached to the Delegation, to get him, as his first job, a box of Havana cigars from the Cuban Embassy. Al pointed out how improper it would be for an American Foreign Service Officer to contact the Embassy of a country with which we have no diplomatic relations, and the Senator would have to do this errand himself. The latter then dropped the hot cake, after remarking that State Department officers paid too much attention to protocol.

It is a pity the Senator did not see the Cuban Embassy here. On the outside wall is a glass faced cabinet in which is displayed a photograph of a skull with one eye socket covered by an American flag. Incidentally, it seems Mrs. Magnuson had a happy urge to pin small U.S. flags on Chinese guests at the Fourth of July reception, but was dissuaded from doing so.

Monday, July 9, 1973

E. has been listening infrequently to tape recordings of the Chinese language; I have not yet mastered a word of it. Today, Don Anderson inaugurated a class for beginners under the tutelage of an erudite Chinese lady supplied by the Diplomatic Service Bureau (DSB). The students were Bob Blackburn, Bobbie Brooks, Virginia Schafer, E., and myself. Our initial instruction was confined to the pronunciation of consonants; tomorrow we are to proceed to that of vowels. I confess to despair of learning even a smattering of this difficult tongue, but am determined to persevere.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Every American, tourist or otherwise, no matter how short their stay in Peking, excepting us, must have visited the Great Wall, always referred to as one of the wonders of the world. Not to be outdone we set out with the McKinleys, before noon, to have a look at it. After an hour's motoring, the latter part over winding mountain roads, we were within sight of a staggering spectacle. Once over three thousand miles in length, much of "this fantastic serpent in stone," as a French writer described it, has yielded to the ravages of time, but much of it is traceable with massive portions intact or restored. Our astronauts reported it was the only building visible from the moon. It was commenced about the fifth century before Christ, but added to in succeeding generations. At one period 300,000 men worked for ten years on its construction. Its average height was about 25 feet, and its base 21 feet thick. With watch towers, observation terraces, eighteen foot pathways and roadways, it must be the most stupendous single construction by man, especially when one considers the incredible difficulties posed by the topography of the regions it traversed. Even the stellar road constructions of the early Romans pale in comparison with it.

Fortified by a refreshing picnic lunch, we clambered up the heights. I chickened out after the equivalent of climbing Mont Blanc, whilst the others mounted a final watch tower.

On our way home, we nipped into a couple of so-called antique shops, before disbanding. Nothing of moment had taken place at the office during our absence. I smoked a couple of pipes there, read uninformative mail, brooded over Cambodia, then retired to what the military would call my "quarters."

There, for relaxation, I read The Royal Whore (Countess of Castlemaine, Duchess of Cleveland) by Allen Andrews, a merry tale of how a beautiful woman can profit by her body.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, July 10, 1973

Second Chinese lesson this morning. Having despatched the consonants yesterday, we attacked the vowels.

There was a lull in office work today, so I cleared my boxes of accumulated correspondence. E. had enlivening letters from England. One recounted the effort of a politically conscious hostess to lead a charming queer into conversation by asking him what he thought of Red China. He responded: "It's quite pretty if you have a yellow tablecloth." Another anecdote was about the Lambton scandal. The super tart's name is Norma Levy. When asked what London newspapers she reads, her reply was: "One Mail, two Observers, four Mirrors, and as many Times as you like."

John Holdridge and I talked at length about what thoughts we might express on topics to be discussed during HAK's trip to China in August. I worked until late tonight writing a position paper that I thought might have validity.

E. and I went this evening with Ray Jones to visit his apartment, a stone's-throw from our compound. An inveterate antique hunter, he has also a pronounced taste for interior decoration. He drew a prize in obtaining this flat. Located on a corner near the famous ancient observatory, the view from his eighth floor windows embraces Peking in all directions, extending on one side to the Western Hills.

Wednesday, July 11, 1973

Had to abandon language instruction this morning to receive a return call from the French Ambassador Manac'h accompanied by his Number Two, Charles Malo.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

He said he was already busy making preparations for President Pompidou's visit to Peking in September. He gave me the welcome news that an agreement was nearing conclusion allowing Air France to fly passengers into Peking airport. This would abridge the flight time from Paris to fifteen hours, instead of the present twenty-four. (Now Air France stops at Shanghai; the journey from there to the Capital is by irregular Chinese transport.)

Holdridge and I read each other's ruminations on the HAK trip. I thought his excellent, and we shall send them in separately.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, July 12, 1973

Yesterday, Manac'h said Chou En-lai had, in his younger days, spent over two years in France and had traveled elsewhere in Europe. He understands French, probably speaks it, but does not use it in official conversations.

E's mania for plants and flowers is beginning to express itself fully. Our fig trees are flourishing, huge pots of water lilies are on the terrace, inside hibiscus and oleanders are blooming. Our little willow tree, however, is languishing.

A ship containing the Mission's final consignment from Washington (mostly communications equipment, refrigerators, and air conditioners) has just been unloaded at the port of Tientsin, and the goods will arrive here next week. Meanwhile, at both the Residence and office, we are assailed daily by an infernal din. Across the street from our compound, a large area is being bulldozed, for what ultimate purpose we have not been informed. In our own quarters, a door is being constructed to close the yawning entry to our joint bathroom, hooks are being hammered in, clothes poles installed; we even have hopes of shelving a line closet.

Though the PRC bought great quantities of grain abroad last year and this it is being prodigal in supplying grain to six African countries in the drought-stricken Sub Sahara. Mali, Senegal, Mauritania, Chad, Niger, and Upper Volta will receive 35,000 tons of such commodities.

The Mission has received the following anonymous letter from an abusive Californian who had read a newspaper article stating there was little or no social contact between us and the Chinese people:

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"How do you ever expect to bring peace and love to the Chinese people by having such American moral tramps in China? If you don't get out of North China I'll come and kick you out myself. You don't care anything about loving the Chinese people you lousy proud stupid egotists. All you care about is your money and your social position. Why do you think the Chinese started justly hating you in the first place for? What right do you have to isolate yourselves from the Chinese. How do you ever hope to love anybody you proud selfish ego louses? You make me sick. I wish I could vomit you out of my mouth you moral tramps and hypocrites.

"Why don't you try being friends with the Chinese you stupid hypocrites?

Signed: Sincerely,

For the truth, the Catholic Church,
and the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Oh how I wish I could kick you out
of North China. You don't know
anything about loving the people
there."

It is true there is not much social contact, outside of official circles, between foreigners and Chinese; that is how the Chinese prefer things to be, as has been true throughout their history. However, foreigners no longer, as they did especially in the Nineteenth Century, adopt a patronizing attitude toward them; certainly as far as Americans are concerned, we are almost effusively amiable, and reciprocally are treated in our host country with unfailing courtesy and consideration.

This evening, Don Anderson, his wife, and Ray Jones came to drink with us.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, July 13, 1973

The Swiss Ambassador, Albert-Louis Natural, made an hour's call on me this morning. I found conversation with this amiable diplomat easy and pleasant. He has an attractive wife and daughter here.

The Australian Ambassador FitzGerald came on his initiative to see me this afternoon. He said he wanted to discuss Cambodia. Indeed we did, as well as many other matters. Like me, he does not believe Prince Sihanouk's announced refusal to negotiate or meet HAK is final. FitzGerald expects to converse, under instructions from home, next week with the garrulous Prince who spread himself thin in an interview with Romensky of Agence France Press yesterday. One of his picturesque remarks, in the course of a long ramble, was that when he returns to power in Cambodia he will behave like Queen Elizabeth, receive credentials from foreign Ambassadors, and sign legislative acts. If there is any incompatibility between himself and the Khmer Rouge, he will hang up his hat and retire.

We have publicly taken the position that restoration of peace in Cambodia should be achieved through negotiations among the Khmer parties themselves. Sihanouk scoffs at this, saying the U.S. could use Chou En-lai as an intermediary with Cambodian Communists.

FitzGerald considers the Chinese Prime Minister the ablest politician and diplomat of this century, one who has lost skirmishes but never a battle. He dissertated on how Chou will successfully control the Tenth Chinese Communist Party Congress which rumor has it will convene about mid-August. No one can predict such a date in advance for it has been customary to make an announcement only after the delegates are already in session.

The Ambassador, an unusually intelligent man of thirty-four, who has spent most of his adult life studying Chinese affairs, believes there will not be a

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

great struggle over the succession to Mao and/or Chou En-lai, because there are "at least a hundred Chinese officials capable of running the country."

E. gets VOA on her short wave radio early in the morning. Otherwise we depend on press summaries telegraphed from Washington, or week-old newspapers, for reports on the outside world. Watergate is a stock item for VOA. The American news media have opened that almost inexhaustible sewer, and daily disseminate comments on every bit of filth, suspected or real, found in it.

Tonight, we dined at our old Nine Story haunt with Jean and John Small, the Canadians. The Swiss, Lebanese, Sierra Leone, Polish, Austrian, Indian Ambassadors and their wives, the British Ambassador, a Soviet diplomat, and others were there. After dinner, I had a long talk with the Polish Ambassador, Franciszek Stachowiak, who has altogether had eight years of experience in Peking. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Chou En-lai. He does not believe there will be a Communist Congress meeting in August. The PM is not yet ready for it, and still must work out a satisfactory role for the military in relation to the political hierarchy. He thinks Chou will have completed in a few months arrangements for harmony in the Party, Army, and country, then in winter or early spring will call a conference, which amongst other acts will change the Constitution and establish a Parliament. On the latter point, he advised me to read a significant speech by Chou delivered in December 1962.

The Ambassador said I had been commended to him by our mutual friend, and his mentor, former Vice Premier Igilsky (this is far from correct spelling, because I have no ear for Polish names).

This prediction runs counter to prevailing opinion here that the CCP Congress will meet in August. He does not fear a Sino-Soviet war over border disputes.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Chinese will fight, and fiercely, if hostile forces cross their frontiers, will support revolutions but not engage their own troops in them. Mao's dictum, "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun," means the Chinese will maintain a high degree of military preparedness but primarily for deterrent purposes.

From the Canadians, E. and I went to our Marine Corps housewarming in their apartment next to the International Club. It was a lively performance, with much dancing, drinking, and universal good-humor. Many nationalities were represented. The Seabees were in effect the guests of honor, for it was they who had constructed from packing cases, as a gift to the Marines, one of the most beautiful bars I ever beheld. The highly polished wood was inlaid, the surface almost as hard as obsidian. The Marines had the Seabees nail on the wall behind their masterpiece a sign reading: "The Red Ass Saloon." After E. had danced a lot, we left about midnight. The party continued until four o'clock in the morning.

On our way to the jubilee, we drove, under a full moon and star-studded skies, along well lit streets. Clusters of people, including children, were playing cards or other games on sidewalks and curbs beneath the arc lights. I suppose this was not only to onjoy fresh air but because at ten p.m. most house electricity is cut off. The Chinese have always been addicted to games of chance; they still are, but I imagine the stakes are miniscular.

Saturday, July 14, 1973

At the office to read telegrams and chat with John Holdridge on the latest from HAK on Cambodia. The plot can scarcely become more involved than it now is.

Most nations, certainly including our own, have quaint myths and superstitions. This is, however, probably more prevalent in the Orient than in the Occident. In China, so many things are symbolic one can scarcely begin to enumerate them. The same is true, it is said, in Thibet. A lama, commenting

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

on earthquakes, said that after God formed the earth he placed it on a golden frog. Whenever this gigantic frog scratched itself or stretched out its foot, the earth above shook.

I know what happens to most of the tea in China, for it is drunk by the natives. But what becomes of their famous silks? A considerable quantity continues to be exported, but the competition is fierce. It is little used within the country in view of its high price in relation to cotton goods. Woolen clothing also is not in great demand at Peking, because of its dust gathering proclivities. To date, we have not been seriously inconvenienced by dust storms for they have been infrequent, but we have been told they are at their worst in winter. Those we experienced seemed ferocious--dirt permeated the entire house; everything one touched was stained or gritty, even toothbrushes in closed cabinets.

I have seen no poisonous vermin, thus far not a snake, scorpion, or centipede--E. was beset by a trio of spiders--and few mosquitoes; they are more insidious than those at home because they whine less.

At the Small's dinner last night, there must have been some raising of eyebrows by foreign diplomats, for E. and I were respectively seated next to the host and hostess; he toasted us as the guests of honor. Though, when asked, I always say I should be called "Mr. Bruce," this seldom is done except by Chinese officials who seem invariably correct about protocol. The Chinese have two Ambassadors, and so titled, in Washington. I prefer our low profile here.

This afternoon, while E. was deeply engaged in construction and decoration details at the Residence, I went to the Forbidden City. Entering by the North Gate, I wandered through superb courtyards and gardens I had not heretofore seen, amazed by the scope and beauty of the palaces and other buildings

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

stretching out almost endlessly in every direction. Some restoration work was in process, so a determination must have been reached to cherish this unique jewel.

Crowds of natives were there, promenading, drinking tea, many of them hawking and spitting which they do with abandon. They appeared to be a cleanly lot despite what must be their primitive facilities for washing themselves or their clothing. I have been particularly impressed everywhere in Peking by the neatness of women's fingernails. They use no paint or polish on them, but they are meticulously cropped and free from grime.

There was little rubbish about; containers for it are conspicuous; also municipal attendants circulate to spear discarded cartons, papers, or cigarette butts.

The visitors to the Forbidden City are orderly and polite; even the children refrain from rowdiness. One minor criticism might be made; the condition of the public urinals is far from fastidious.

Sunday, July 15, 1973

Nothing exciting at the office. The news telegram confirmed this morning's radio announcement of President Nixon being in Bethesda Naval Hospital with viral pneumonia. The prognosis is for a week in bed, and another seven days afterwards of rest for full recuperation. Meanwhile, he can see people and transact business. No allusion was made to the visits to the White House scheduled for this month by President Bhutto of Pakistan, the Shah of Iran, and the Prime Minister of Australia.

Last night's rain continued today. Most of the wheat in the Peking District has been harvested, but not completely threshed; often one sees it spread across highways so that automobiles, trucks, wagons, even human feet, will assist in that process.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tonight we gave a dinner at home. The guests were Jim Pringle and Jonathan Sharp of Reuter's, Sheila and Nick Platt, the Ruges (he represents Die Welt in Peking, she is American), Miss Bätke (Second Secretary at the West German Embassy), Clare Hollingworth (London Daily Telegraph), John Burns and his wife (Toronto Globe). Helenka, David Osborn, and their daughter were due to arrive tonight from Hong Kong to stay with us, but their plane did not reach the airport until 9:30 p.m. We had Chinese food, but American and European drinks except for Mao Tai.

Nick Platt sang and played the guitar like a professional. Everyone was enchanted with his performance and duets by him and Sheila.

The Osborns arrived in a gay mood and we regret leaving this admirable family so quickly.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, July 16, 1973

Much bustle at the office this morning. Shook many hands, signed papers, drew down adequate stock of Yuan paper money, and in general prepared as if for a journey to Timbuktu. The McKinleys, Martha Jenkins, E. and I finally coalesced in the new railway station, a Soviet-styled edifice as vast as the Great Hall of the People. A blown up replica of Chairman Mao's face and bust hangs over the central entrance, but unlike Tien An Men Square (The Gate of Heavenly Peace) there were no posters of Marx, Engel, Lenin, and Stalin, the revered Foursome.

We boarded a train, all elements of which were manufactured in China. The five of us had two compartments in a carriage, painted on the outside a glistening green. Had it been nighttime, four berths in each could have been drawn into play. There were lace curtains at all windows, and a large fan overhead. We were lapped in comfort. The road bed was in excellent condition as was the rolling stock. The massive steam locomotives we passed had gay red front wheels.

A large thermos of hot water had been provided for the inevitable green tea. We lunched heartily, in an immaculate dining car, on a succession of Chinese dishes, with the famous beer of T'ientsin as a refresher.

It was raining, and to judge by the pools and rivulets we passed there must have been several days of downfall. Every square yard of cultivable land, including station sidings, was devoted to market gardening, fruit trees, grain, or other crops, amongst which were large areas of Indian corn (maize) with ears almost ripe for plucking. The soil was mostly red clay; as we went further north there were many more signs of erosion than between Peking and T'ientsin; also fewer plantations of trees. Literally thousands of peasants, during our trip of almost six hours, could be seen toiling in the fields.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Our destination is Peitaiho, a beach resort on the Yellow Sea, where we are to be lodged at a Rest House, administered by the International Club of Peking. The Manager, Mr. Lwo, met us at the station to transport us to a newly finished hotel whose construction had been accomplished in a hundred days. It is a rambling brick and stucco building having rooms and balconies overlooking the ocean. Beneath us is a private beach with sand stretching interminably on both sides. A shark net encloses a swimming area. This is probably a wise precaution because we were told of a recent incident where a shark weighing between two and three hundred pounds, entangled in a fisherman's net had, upon being dissected, yielded up a human hand with a wrist watch still running. Exposed for sale in the local market, his flesh attracted no buyers.

This is a small village; the chief industry is fishing. At daybreak each morning, a half dozen small sailing barques put out to sea, and return with their catch about ten o'clock. At this period, they net only crabs, and a few small fish; later on there will be jumbo prawns. The crabs are magnificent specimens, silvery in color, and each large enough to satisfy any individual's appetite. They are cooked in several fashions, baking being the most common—they are exceptionally good when encased in an omelet.

Tuesday, July 17, 1973

Still raining. Although this establishment, with another hotel and many guest villas, can accommodate four hundred visitors, only eighty are now in residence. By the end of the month, its facilities will be completely booked.

Peitaiho had for generations been a favorite watering place for foreign diplomats and missionaries; until the liberation, it was patronized by rich Chinese and meditative scholars. The villas seem innumerable, extending from the coast back into mountain slopes. Many of them are said to be used for

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

public or bureaucratic relaxation, as well as for children's holiday camps; others are closed. Near us are the old U.S. Marine barracks, as well as a villa rented when E. was a child by her Mother and Father when he was Chargé d'Affaires at the American Embassy in the early twenties. The most notable reminder of that period is the continued existence of a justly famous pastry shop founded by an enterprising Austrian. Besides delicatessen offerings of many descriptions, they daily bake baguettes of brown and white bread; the air is redolent of their delicious aromas. There are a few small stores on the main street selling groceries, meats, vegetables and fruits, as well as basket wares, shoes, and cheap staples. Two of them have signs in Chinese and English, the latter reading: "For International Friends."

Everyone eats in a restaurant in the hotel garden. The palatable food is Western or Chinese at one's choice, served by domestics from the Peking International Club.

I took a long walk this morning during which I was surprised by an outburst of rain which excused a deep draught of Mao Tai. The popularity of this drink with American visitors has become such that it is now said to retail in Hong Kong for $20 and in Washington for $30 a bottle. In Peking, it costs between four and five dollars, but one is rationod on private purchases. With its sorghum base, it is inexpensive to make; I doubt the demand for export will be sustained over a long period, but the actual curiosity of our people for all things Chinese will give it an immediate wide market.

No one in our group swam today; the gloomy clouds were too uninviting, but there was plenty of footwork and reading. We all breakfast at eight and go early to bed. There are a few flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, but no more than one would find in Georgetown.

UNCLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, July 18, 1973

Raining again. Across from us is a villa built long ago by an American Consul named Franklin; it now belongs to our complex. We did light shopping. I bought straw slippers, two tiny thermos bottles, a couple of carry-all straw baskets, raisin bread, a tin cup for green tea, sandalwood fans for presents. We visited the attractive grounds and greenhouse that belong to the hotel; the Chinese are masters of gardening—there were tubs of standard fuchsias, lemons, lilies, and some craftily contorted shrubs. They excel also in topiary work.

At 7 p.m., we get good reception of BBC broadcasts. The King of Afghanistan, now in Italy, is said to have been deposed. There was no mention of Sihanouk's projected jump to North Korea, or report on Watergate.

This area is patrolled by soldiers of the People's Liberation Army. There are restrictions on our venturing, without special permission, more than a few kilometers into the countryside; I am told there are substantial military installations nearby. We have had to comply with no formalities except the presentation of identity cards. At the Peking station, we were ordered to lock our suitcases, but here we have no locks or keys on doors or windows.

The atmosphere is so humid that clothes quickly mildew, matches do not light, walls sweat, but a day or so of hot sunshine will dry us out. I swam for the first time this afternoon. The water was pleasantly warm, very salty, a dingy color. The gently shelving beach extends out thirty or forty yards, ideal for children. There is a suspicion of surf but no breakers or rollers. The strong undertow is not dangerous.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Letter from Peking:

Summer in Peking

Julian Schuman

Though there's not much anyone can do about it, the weather is a topic of conversation these days in Peking. Oldtimers swear summers just aren't what they used to be 20 or 25 years ago.

Sultry and humid

The change from hot dry summers to sultry and humid, according to one faction, is part of the world's changing weather pattern. The other side points to the vast tree-planting that has taken place over two decades around the capital and the expansion of wet rice paddy in outlying areas and the surrounding countryside.

Dry or humid, summertime in Peking puts to rest, for a few months at least, the common complaint from visitors about the 'blue tide' in Chinese dress.

Menfolk and boys wear short-sleeved white shirts and light-coloured shorts are in vogue. Women and girls are in a variety of coloured and designed blouses, while children continue to be more brightly garbed than their elders. Here and there a new feminine hairdo is to be seen and though trousers are still in a big majority, more skirts are being worn.

Rain the last two weeks of June and the beginning of July brought forth a colourful array of plastic raincoats, umbrellas and straw hats in different shapes. Despite the sunshine shortage, many people are sporting suntans acquired while helping harvest the wheat in mid-June in nearby rural areas. The more bronzed are those back from 'May 7' cadre school stints in the hinterland.

Bananas from Ecuador

Adding to the summer scene are piles of green vegetables, red tomatoes and purple-hued eggplants around street stalls and the seasonal fruit—watermelons, peaches, plums, apricots and the recently arrived big yellow bananas from Ecuador.

Peking's skyline is also taking on a new look, one the urbanite from the occident is more accustomed to. On the biggest scale in 10 years, building construction is going on throughout this sprawling city which could only boast a handful of structures approaching 10 stories.

New buildings

In addition to new apartment housing for citizens, work has been going on day and night at the corner of the city's largest shopping street, Wang Fu Jing, to complete a 20-floor extension of the Peking Hotel. Forty minutes away by car, a new airport terminal is under construction, complete with restaurant, shopping facilities, a banking office and a small hotel.

Other projects thrusting into the Peking sky include tall apartment buildings on Jian Gwo Men Way, east of the railway station, for the growing community of foreigners residing in the city.

New industrial projects are also rising—a large power equipment station complex, and mines and petro-chemical works are being expanded on the city outskirts. The new long-distance telephone building, already seven stories high, will be close to Nationalities Hotel. It will handle domestic and international service (the latter via satellite). Schools, hotels and road overpasses are also part of the new construction spurt.

According to the local press, by the end of May the Peking Reinforced Concrete Structures Plant had filled orders for more than 30,000 pre-stressed concrete slabs

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED 142B

for major projects in the city. 'Seize every second and get them ready for the key projects ahead of time' is the slogan for plants supplying building materials.

Prices for antiques

One aspect of the new Peking look, however, has found diplomats and various resident foreigners accustomed to longstanding dirt-cheap prices losing their cool—the lowering of the curtain on the 20-year-period when Chinese objets d'art and luxury goods like jade, old porcelain and paintings, elegant handicrafts, antiques, silks, furs, carpets, etc. were going for a song.

With China swinging into an era which finds it adjusting prices to worldwide inflation, sounds ranging from howls to mutterings have been heard from the foreign community. The most recent blow came when room and food rates at hotels catering to foreigners were hiked.

Hotel prices

Nevertheless, for visitors unfamiliar with the 'good old days,' prices are still quite reasonable. A single room that had cost 15 or 16 yuan (less than US$8) a day went up 50 per cent at the beginning of June. And even at the new prices in hotels' Western dining rooms a breakfast of 3 eggs, ham, toast, butter, jam and coffee comes to under 2 yuan.

All Peking brands of beer still are 48 Chinese cents a bottle and soft drinks and hard liquors have not gone up. A Chinese dinner for two in hotels frequented by foreigners is less than 5 yuan for four dishes, rice and beer.

Taxis

Rates for taxis, used chiefly by visitors, have gone up, but not all. Until recently the old Polish Warsaw model sedan that had turned up in the 1950s and the older and smaller British Austins served as cabs. Now China's Shanghai model and a fleet of new Toyotas have been added. A ride in a Toyota is 50 Chinese cents a kilometre, 40 in a Shanghai, 30 in a Warsaw and 25 in one of the vintage Austins.

Restaurant dining is still cheaper than in most places around the world. However, the influx of foreigners, particularly those on expense accounts, has had its effect. A visiting West German industrial group was reported to have been eaten gourmet style for the equivalent of US$25 a head. Meals like these tend to bring out the rarer and more expensive edibles, such as pigeon eggs, bird's nest soup, shark's fins and exotic delicacies like *yin mu er* (silver tree ears), an especially prized fungus.

The result of the upsurge in big spenders is that nothing but the best (and most expensive) dishes are served when a group of foreigners shows up in a restaurant. At the same time the overwhelming majority of Peking's thousands of eating places, which visitors rarely if ever get to, continue to charge the same as always. Three peppery dishes, two of them meat, at a Szechwan restaurant around the corner of one of the big hotels amounts to 2.27 yuan for two people, rice and a bottle of beer included.

Bruces the gourmets

Anyone who knows the ropes or can read a menu in Chinese can eat splendidly and inexpensively even in the best places in town. A party of seven of us had an 8-course meal with beer and rice wine at one of Peking's top restaurants the Kang Leh (Health and Happiness Restaurant) where cooking from four provinces is a speciality. The bill came to 27 yuan.

According to an old acquaintance there, the portly waiter who served us, the head of the US Liaison Office in Peking David Bruce was dining in another room with Mrs Bruce and another couple from the Office. Nobody asked what their bill amounted to, but we did learn they had ordered two dishes we had been more than pleased with—*shiang su ji* (fragrant, crisp chicken) and *tao hua jan* (shrimps, or pork, with vegetables in a sauce that crackles as it is poured over crispy rice).

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, July 19, 1973

Raining this morning. Gleanings from yesterday's reading of Chinese history. Chairman Mao's father, a farmer, owned two acres of land. When he increased this to three acres, he was regarded as a rich peasant. It was a common practice amongst these thrifty people to lend their small savings to neighbors at high rates of interest (100% on a yearly basis was not unusual) and when they could afford it to invest in more land. We do not know whether the elder Mao was a money-lender.

At the time of the Opium War, officials advised the Emperor that the English could not win a war against China. He was assured that British soldiers were so tightly clad, if they once fell down they could not regain their footing.

Adam Smith defined man as "a trading animal"; no two dogs, he said, exchange bones.

In a country of over four hundred million people, during most of the Nineteenth Century there were fewer than twenty thousand imperial officials, but perhaps a million and a quarter scholarly degree-holders.

If delivery of a message was urgent, the couriers of the extensive imperial postal system could by relays of horses cover 250 miles in twenty-four hours.

The Emperor could only select his civil agents from the lettered class; therefore the government was organized by literary qualification.

The solicitous, able Mr. Lwo of the International Club, and the presiding genius of this resort, arranged a tour for us today. Not only is his English excellent but he is steeped in the lore of this locality. Accompanied by him, we were driven by one of his henchmen, in a small bus, to Quing huang dao, the chief coal-exporting port of the Far East. It is

DECLASSIFIED

a busy town with many factories. We lunched well at the Seamen's Club on prawns and fried rice, chicken and fried rice, sweet and sour fish, beer, miscellaneous tidbits, concluding with a strengthening soup. The bill for six was about nine dollars with, as usual, no tipping. Upstairs there are extensive salesrooms for the benefit of foreign sailors. Amongst their merchandise were rows of stuffed pheasants and owls, mink, rabbit, and other furs, table linen, scrolls, embroidery, camphor chests, clothing, mostly cotton, toiletries, candies, porcelain, ivory, jade.

From there we sloshed through the rain, always on a well paved road, to Shan hai guan, often referred to as the gateway to Manchuria. The old fort has been thoroughly restored, as has several hundred meters of the Great Wall which winds its dilapidated way to its rendezvous with the Yellow Sea. The existing tunnel under the Fort with its superstructure was built in Ming times, about 1639.

There is a tiny museum crammed with arresting objects such as Manchu warriors' robes, saddlery, and weapons, as well as porcelains and bronzes, all found in the neighborhood. Britain, France, Italy, and Japan strengthened in 1911 garrisons at Shan hai guan they had foisted on the hapless Chinese during the Boxer Rebellion, and only withdrew them in the nineteen twenties.

This was an unforgettable excursion, an hour from Peitaiho, which reinforced one's constant amazement at the astounding ability of these people to perform miracles of construction and artistry over many centuries.

Dined pensively.

Friday, July 20, 1973

The typhoon has deserted us; the skies are blue, the sun shines. All our little world has migrated to the beach. At last the ambition of vacationers

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

will
/~~can~~ be satisfied; one can broil, if so inclined, like a lobster and many a one is doing so. The air is impregnated with odors of unguents, oils, creams, or other pharmaceutical deceptions. We swam but did not gambol; this is a decorous resort. Trains from Peking have today discharged several diplomats with families. There are now Czechs, Poles, Romanians, British, French, Canadians, Ethiopians, Albanians, and those of other nationalities.

I am reading books on Chinese history, concentrating on the period of Republican China, 1911-1949, and Communist China thereafter. Sun Yat-Sen spoke of his early days when all his thoughts and energies were directed toward the eventual overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. A true zealot, he incessantly studied and discussed with intimate friends the problems of making
such
revolutions. "When it happened," he observed of /~~such~~ meetings "that we came together and did not talk of revolution we did not feel happy."

was
The prestige of the Dynasty /~~has been~~ irretrievably impaired by a series of disasters such as the Opium War, the Anglo-French capture of Peking in 1860, the war with France in 1884 which lost Indo-China, the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, and perhaps most importantly the war with Japan in 1895 with the consequent surrender of Korea and Formosa that whetted an insatiable Japanese appetite for ultimate domination over all of China.

Mao Tse-tung has written millions of words; of the comparatively few I have read, I like best this realistic statement: "A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and gentle, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained, and magnanimous. A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another. A rural revolution is one by which the peasantry overthrows the power of the feudal landlord class."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Mao's pithy, homespun, ruthless concept of revolution was much more appealing to the masses than the New Life Movement of Chiang Kai-shek, postulated on a revival of the national spirit through reliance on four abstract principles of ancient days: 1. "Li" meaning courtesy; 2. "I" service towards our fellow men and towards ourselves; 3. "Lien" honesty and respect for the rights of others; 4. "Chih" high-mindedness and honor.

The discipline, the fervor, the courage of Mao and his followers during the one year Long March has become the best known saga in China. Only thirty thousand, out of 130,000, of the force that wound from the South to the Northwest over a six thousand mile route reached their destination. Some had deserted during the expedition, but the greatest toll was taken by battle, disease, physical exhaustion.

Saturday, July 21, 1973

Another beautiful day, largely passed on the beach or in reading. Life here is like being marooned on a remote island with an excellent logistical system. One notices here as in Peking that, with the exception of young foreigners, males do not wear their well tended hair long, or closely cropped. Few are moustachioed, even fewer bearded. Sauntering, or sitting on rocks, is a common diversion for workers on rest or vacation. With a standard forty-eight hour week, often exceeded, the use of leisure presents few choices since there is a paucity of entertainment facilities. Unlike many Westerners, taedium vitae is not for them a complaint. Perhaps it is only the rich and idle who find that if all the world were playing holidays to sport would be as tedious as to work.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I have inveigled Nancy McKinley into setting down for me to memorize the phonetic spelling of fifty Chinese words. I shall then hopefully progress to tones. I despair of remembering even the limited number of phrases required for ordinary courtesies. If one does not possess a natural gift for learning foreign languages Chinese seems beyond comprehension.

About midnight a mini-tornado beset us. Lightning flashes gilded the blackness, rain deluged us, windows and doors threatened to collapse under tremendous buffets, and it would not have been astonishing if roofs had become airborne. After an hour of this unwelcome display, the storm subsided, so we returned to slumber behind our battened down hatches.

Sunday, July 22, 1973

The sky is clear this morning, but the swimming enclosure water is yellow from last night's storm. E. is at her typewriter pegging away on her 1795 opus, I am mooching contentedly about, doing nobody good or harm.

I am much taken with Chinese bridge and wall architecture; some of their designs would be entirely suitable for Staunton Hill. Their ingenuity seems almost to have exhausted all types of variation in these constructions. Intricate patterns are too common to attract notice in this country. With bricklayers and carpenters available at wages of about fifty cents American a day, a foreign capitalist if permitted by the Government—but he would not be—could engage in an orgy of building.

I do not wonder about the vogue for Chinoiserie that so captivated Westerners; it so beguilingly blends the picturesque with the practical. I am not at all sure what geomancy means, but the Chinese practiced it with scrupulous fidelity in planning the sites of houses, temples, landscaping

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

of gardens, planting of trees, choice of prospects. Their arrangements of rocks in parks and gardens is curious. Unusual specimens, for example giant boulders resembling lions, mythical dragons, griffins, were eagerly sought after. Famous gardens still extant are often more admired by the public for their rockeries than for their flowers or shrubs. Also, they torture trees into fantastic shapes by skilful cutting and pruning.

E. and I sat on the balcony in the sun this afternoon. She dissertated in her inimitable style on eighteenth and nineteenth century French personalities such as the Clary sisters and the Bonaparte brood.

I strolled through the village, congested with cyclists who must have flocked in from the countryside. They parked their machines in orderly rows, then went to the beach, some to swim, some to mount/~~boulders~~ eminencies and scan the sea, or walked ruminatively and rather silently up and down streets and lanes, men alone, or in couples or groups, and women similarly. One seldom sees a young man escorting a young woman, or witnesses amorous dalliance. There is indisputable evidence of sexual activity in the abundance of children; otherwise a visitor might fancy himself amongst a celibate race, a decided change from the bawdy days of Imperial China.

Monday, July 23, 1973

Packing. Sweet Martha Jenkins is remaining a few days with her daughter Sarah who arrived last night. The McKinleys and ourselves left this pleasant spa for Peking on a one o'clock train, seen off by sympathetic, intelligent, attractive Mr. Lwo whose kindness to us has been unlimited.

Is the PRC willing to postpone for an indefinite time the settlement of what has always been the most divisive issue between it and the United States, that of Taiwan's future? Its leaders have solemnly renounced the use of force

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

to annex it; we have said it was a matter to be settled between the Chinese without external interference. It is agreed that there will be no "two China" solution, or a Formosan Republic. The U.S. long regarded it as an imperative part of defense against Communist expansion, the PRC considered it an important ingredient in American strategy to isolate the entire non-Communist world by containment.

The fomentation of revolutions, especially in developing countries, is a cardinal principle in Chinese political ideology. They disclaim any military involvement in them, but their support of national liberation movements is widespread and effective. It does not square with their Five Principles of peaceful coexistence: (1) Mutual respect for sovereignty and territorial integrity; (2) Mutual non-aggression; (3) Non-interference in each other's internal affairs; (4) Equality and mutual benefit; (5) Peaceful coexistence.

I paid our Rest House bill this morning. It does not include railway fares, and amounted for the two of us to 735.96 Yuan, or about $367.98, remarkably inexpensive when one has been allotted two bedrooms, four bathrooms, two sitting rooms, eaten inordinately, drunk copiously, made a long bus excursion, bought $50 worth of potted plants, been coddled by a platoon of amiable domestics who are prohibited from accepting gratuities.

I have been interested in reading comments on the economic consequences of the Great Leap Forward inaugurated in 1958, planned to accelerate production at an unprecented rate. After two years it was abandoned as a costly failure. The speed up was responsible for a marked deterioration in the quality of commodities, for an increasing decline in minimal standards of maintenance services, a demoralization amongst managerial, technical, and worker personnel. In agriculture, the goals set were impossible to attain.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Cultural Revolution was another kettle of fish. Its motivation and effects have been exhaustively analyzed but leave a foreign layman baffled.

We arrived on time in Peking, to be met by Al Jenkins and a truck for the transport of tubs of flowers acquired at Peitaiho. The Osborns are still at the residence; we dined with them and Al. Afterwards, Jenkins and I went to the office, wrote and sent off a message to HAK in response to an urgent one from him.

To bed at 2 a.m.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, July 24, 1973

HAK will not be coming here about August 6, as originally contemplated. The Chinese have privately informed him that this date would be "inconvenient" for them. This lends color to the rumors of the holding of a Party Congress in early August, since they have suggested August 16 as a time when they would "welcome" him. On the other hand, this postponement may signify their wish not to have him here until the cessation of American bombing in Cambodia on August 15, especially since Sihanouk has gone off to Northern Korea for a stay of two weeks or longer. HAK is, I think, unlikely to accept the August 16 invitation, and may prefer early September.

A nugget from the U.S. Congressional tour. Mrs. Magnuson told a provincial official the best Ambassadors the U.S. could send to China would be washing machines and electric irons. (Both of these articles are in amply supply, manufactured domestically.)

Upon returning from Peitaiho, I found the Iranian Ambassador had generously sent us a tin of caviar. I wonder if it would not be well for the Chinese to import Iranian specialists to advise them on the preparation of their own over-salted caviar.

Amongst other papers I read today was a report from the doctors of the American Replantation Mission, invited here in May as guests of the Chinese Medical Association, whom I had the pleasure of meeting. They were especially impressed by the replantation of limbs and fingers on a large scale; by the systematic treatment of enormous burns with primary coverings of post-mortem skin allografts; by pervasive application of elementary care and preventive medicine by auxiliary personnel. The "barefoot doctors" in rural regions were proving effective.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Regarding acupuncture the report observed: "Though acupuncture may be useful for relieving cutaneous and localized pains, the scope of its proper use remains undefined."

The affable Belgian Ambassador, Jacques Groothaert, called on me this afternoon. He is leaving tomorrow with his family, for summer leave at home, on the Trans Siberian Railway in order to spend a few days in Moscow, where he was once posted. He told me in confidence that Air France, having secured the right to fly into Peking, hopes to inaugurate in September a weekly Peking-Paris service, with a flying time of sixteen hours. That would be a boon.

Wednesday, July 25, 1973

Thunder and lightning storm last night. Rain this morning. Sun and crystal atmosphere this afternoon.

Leonard H. Goldenson, President of ABC-TV and Radio Network, with Elmer W. Lower, President ABC News, in Peking at the invitation of the Central Broadcasting Administration, made a long visit this morning. They have arranged to shoot documentary films in China this autumn, and have offered reciprocal opportunities in the U.S. to the Chinese. They have asked permission to establish a permanent bureau here; when my opinion on this was solicited, I evinced doubt of a favorable answer. This led to a discussion of the psychology of Chinese Government officials, whom they regard with great respect tinged with mystification. They are intrigued by the perpetual refrain of citizens devoting their thoughts and energies to selfless "Service to the People". This is a triumph of discipline and indoctrinatic how long frail human nature will continue to be so animated remains a question.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Before I left Washington, this organization had invited me to appear on television to comment on Sino-American relations. I refused that, as I did today when the offer was repeated. I told them my belief was that such an appearance would be harmful to the operations of our Mission, and ~~that~~ a frank public discussion of our mutual problems would certainly at this time be undesirable. I wanted our role to remain as unobtrusive as possible.

Population planning is a subject of great interest in China. Chairman Mao is in favor of a two child family. In some quarters there are proposals to deny ration cards for a third baby, and pressures to terminate a third pregnancy by abortion. No one can furnish reliable statistics on the present size of the population, which is usually reckoned to be 700 to 800 million.

The sending of delegations at technical levels between the Chinese and ourselves is progressing satisfactorily. Six Chinese insect hormone specialists, for example, recently visited the United States. The detective story search for the Peking Man fossils has been hotly pursued. They were kept in the Peking Museum until 1941; the Director of the Museum alleged last year that "the Chinese had a contract with the U.S. Marines in 1941 to keep the fossils safe and then return them." Now the scent is cold. It is said they were taken to Taiwan in 1949, but the Republic of China officials deny that story. In Peking, it is widely believed they are in the possession of an anonymous private collector in the United States. They are of great historic importance, and probably immensely valuable.

Thursday, July 26, 1973

I had a talk this morning with the Chargé d'Affaires of Pakistan (Naseem Mirza). Their new Ambassador, a former Foreign Minister, will arrive here in

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

September. Mirza thinks the recent coup in Afghanistan which deposed the King and established a Republic was instigated and engineered by the Soviets.

I had a long letter yesterday from Cy Sulzberger. He and Marina will come to China about September 20th on an invitation to stay a month. I am delighted over his being granted a visa—this must be almost the only country in the world, certainly the only major one—he has never visited. If President Pompidou is not in Peking at that time, they will be the guests of French Ambassador Manac'h who is insistent on the subject; otherwise we will have the pleasure of having them with us.

Friday, July 27, 1973

I signed a few bureaucratic papers this morning dealing with such matters as income tax withholding and the like. My salary is $31,600 a year, to which is added a 10% taxable post allowance. Several of us are involved in the intricacies of paying bills in Hong Kong. I bought about $2,150 worth of wines and liquors there at the Consular Commissary, paying for it with a U.S. check, and did the same for what seemed a monstrous bill of $425 for packing and delivery to the railway station. I now owe approximately $750 American for slow freight charges to Peking, but this is due in Hong Kong dollars. This took place more than two months ago, but we are still struggling with the problem of how to purchase such currency, since it is forbidden to do so in Peking. All in all, this has been a vexatious and expensive transaction.

Our personnel have taken to Chinese lessons like ducks to water. The six Marines have enlisted for daily instruction, as have most of the remainder, excepting advanced students who attend a weekly class.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Japanese Ambassador, Heishiro Ogawa, paid a return call on me this morning. Inter alia he said negotiations with the Chinese on civil air entrance into Peking were still being batted back and forth, but he anticipates eventual success. The sticking point is, of course, the present arrangements the Japanese Air Line has with Taiwan.

He believes the Party Congress will meet shortly.

He said the Chinese Government and his own were negotiating over exchanges of land in Tokyo and Peking to accommodate the requirements of their respective Embassies. Both wish sites near the centers of the two cities, of large acreage. In Tokyo, land prices are inordinately high, and no areas such as the Chinese favor are available at any price. A location in suburban Tokyo would not be practicable even for an Ambassadorial residence. He observed that because of traffic congestion a motor drive from a point ten miles away from the middle of the capital would take an hour.

The PRC Mission in Washington confronts a similar situation. There has been desultory talk between the two Governments about exchanges of land. Obviously, if this Mission ever becomes an Embassy, our present space will be inadequate. As it is, half of our people live in a hotel, and our working personnel of thirty-one persons are squeezed in these office quarters. I would personally be content to see our future diplomatic establishment frozen at existing strength, but realize the pressures for expansion will prove irresistible. The PRC have bought two houses in Washington, and are considering the purchase of a hotel or motel for offices. We cannot duplicate such action here for it is not permissible to sell land; any requirements of foreign Governments can be stated only to PRC officials.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

David Bonavia, the talented bureau Chief of the London Times, came to see me this afternoon. He had been asked by the Times Sunday Magazine to do a feature story with color photographs on the daily life of the Bruces in Peking.

I told him we appreciated the offer, but I thought it inappropriate to accept it. We had deliberately attempted to avoid publicity, and to pitch the operations of the Mission in a low key. We agreed to postpone any further consideration of the matter to a future undetermined date.

Bonavia is an exceptionally able journalist. I found his views on Cambodia, Chinese culture, literature, art, and politics of the greatest interest, and thoroughly enjoyed hearing them.

Tonight, we had for drinks Clare Hollingworth, Bonavia, the Morins, a French lady doctor (an obstetrical anesthetist, a friend of the famous hairdressing pontiff Alexandre of Paris. She was charming). She brought with her a young Frenchman, whose conversation easily ranged from ballet to economics.

We had bad news today from the Platts who are journeying in the provinces. Their second son's right forefinger end was cut off by some machine with which he was adventuring. Fortunately, a Chinese transplant surgeon was available; the tip was sewn on, and he may recover the use of the amputated member.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, July 28, 1973

To office. Afterwards, I went with the McKinleys to the Foreign Press Bookstore, to a chop shop (where one is shown a variety of seals, on which, if desired, one's name can be inscribed for stamping use), and to a store recommended by Bonavia, where modern reproductions of antique pottery are for sale. I succumbed to temptation, buying copies of a white iridescent Western Han ram, a pair of fierce-looking, glazed olive green lion dogs, a Tang vessel shaped like a Georgian gravy boat. I admired, but refrained from acquiring a four foot high crude unglazed Han/Wei horse, and a huge glazed Tang one with a rump like the deck of an aircraft carrier. The prices of such objects are said to have increased 80% in the last few months; they are expected to continue to rise appreciably. Everything we saw was produced in the Peking district; one never knows when, or if, the stock will be replenished.

At the bookstore, there were many Chinese illustrated volumes with texts, but only one of interest to the English-speaking market--it was on the articles discovered since the Cultural Revolution, now on tour in France, which will be exhibited later in England and the United States. This volume, with beautiful reproductions in color, costs $10, a risible price for anything of such quality.

We had a quick lunch before E. and I joined the McKinleys for a visit to the Archaeological rooms in the Forbidden City. A guide conducted us through them; thanks to Brunson's fluent Chinese, we spent an instructive two hours there. Everything displayed had been dug up since the Cultural Revolution, including the piece de resistance, a warrior's body encased in a suit made of thousands of small squares of pale green jade, joined together with gold thread. This is the male companion of the jade lady now off on a European tour.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The number and attractiveness of the funerary relics was amazing. Piece after piece in bronze, pottery, gold, silver, silver-gilt, is in design and workmanship of museum rank. The final room included a collection of Tang horses, camels, and other animals, most of them intact, such as one rarely finds assembled. The best of all, a favorite for tourist postcards, is a black horse bearing many marks of restoration.

When one considers that comparatively few notable tombs have yet been excavated, the mind boggles at the expectation of what will be brought to light in ensuing decades. Unlike Egyptians, the Chinese have, it seems, seldom violated burial sanctuaries, and if there have been robberies, there is scant record of them.

Each time one wanders about the Forbidden City, you are pleased anew by the mellifluous names designating features of it. There are Palaces of Earthly Tranquillity, The Culture of the Mind, Abstinence, Gates of Divine Pride, Culture of Character, Halls of Perfect Harmony, Military Prowess, a Pavilion of Pleasant Sounds, and many another name that sings sweetly. This 250 acre area is encircled by a moat 54 yards wide and walls 35 feet high.

In the environs of Peking, temples were also imaginatively named, such as The Loyal to the Last, The Kings of Medicine, Celestial Peace. At the Summer Palace, one regards the Garden which attracts Interest by its Harmony, the Bridge of the Embroidered Waves, and the Jade Waves Palace, the Gate of Flowering Culture, the Pavilion of the Precious Cloud.

I wanted E. to visit the shop where we had found modern ceramics this morning. She admired what we now call the $180 Bonavia horse. Perhaps it might do for the Embassy Residence; it is too big and fragile to take home when we finish here.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

For the last few nights the heat and humidity, in the absence of air-conditioning, has been too oppressive for comfort—many of our people look wan, but we hope the new schedule, to be effective Monday, will be alleviating.

This City, like many others, is honeycombed with underground tunnels. Obviously they would be ineffective against nuclear bombing. No rational explanation of their potential usefulness has ever been publicly offered. Some say they are intended to keep the inhabitants conscious of the danger of hostile attacks; others that they will serve as shelters for Maoists if dissidents attempt a revolution sparked by foreign subversion (i.e., the USSR); another theory is that they give work to those who would otherwise be the unemployed. The Soviet Ambassador is said to become enraged when they are mentioned in his presence. We have one under the Residence, a narrow defile through room after room of thick concrete walls. I had thought of using one of them as a wine cellar, but the walls sweat like navvies in midsummer, so our liquor is still broiling upstairs. They would be appropriate, however, for storing potatoes, or even for keeping oysters in barrels—if they were near the Chesapeake Bay, they would make a happy playground for scampering diamond-back terrapin.

At present the stairs leading downward are encumbered with building materials or rubbish, as is the whole ground floor of our house. Soon after sunrise each morning, a contingent of Chinese men and women descend upon us. They are employed and directed by the Diplomatic Service Bureau of the Foreign Office. We are not informed of their objectives, but they are constructing cupboards, erecting trellises, preparing for the planting of trees or sowing of grass, dismantling crates, drinking tea, indulging in compulsory rest periods, and, independent of any apparent supervision, conquering chaos. Chaos, however, it is. I have never seen a greater accumulation of debris in a small area.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Our garage space is still stuffed with cases containing communications or other heavy equipment, as well as light consumer goods such as toilet paper. Tomorrow, rumor has it that a consignment of air conditioners will be broken out; I hope E. and I will share in this good fortune; though I do not ordinarily like them, my bedroom is hot as Tophet; I would now welcome any diminution of its heat.

We live entirely on the second floor. Maya de Montaudouin and E. earmarked furnishings, after prolonged deliberation, for the large area below it, but budgetary provision has not been forthcoming. I offered to buy furniture, wall papers, lamps and other accoutrements for it against later reimbursement by the U.S. Government. It seems this procedure is impermissible, so we are reconciled to the non-use of that floor before Thanksgiving or Christmas. Our problem is furbishing, unlike that of Walter Annenberg in London "refurbishing."

Meanwhile, we are content in our bedrooms and bath, are able to seat ten people and have small cocktail parties in our upstairs sitting-room, in which is incorporated an alcove with a dining table. We really lead a life in many respects idyllic. It will be better for future occupants of my position, when carpentry, buzz saws, drilling apparatus is no longer on the premises, or the building of what are assumed to be additional diplomatic compounds in the vicinity is terminated. The noise there is hellish from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., on all days except Sunday afternoons. A forest of cranes, a battery of tractors, a plethora of humans are busily engaged. The only information we have about this operation is derived from chauffeur gossip; the authorities as usual—and probably wisely—conceal their play.

Sunday, July 29, 1973

At the office. Little stir, but much activity in the courtyard and downstairs. I have been reading the English text of a popular Chinese literary

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

magazine. Its contents extol the merits of the Communist system. I was riveted by the songs and colloquies of the well-received Shaohsing Opera Half a Basket of Peanuts. It is intellectual crap but effective propaganda; a critic pronounces: "The production of this opera shows that only by absorbing nourishment from the masses can the literary workers create new writings welcomed by the workers, peasants, and soldiers." In this connection, a favorite phrase in China, as it was with the North Vietnamese at the Paris Conference on Peace in Viet-Nam, is to term Americans "Imperialists (Reactionaries) and their running dogs (Lackeys)."

Miscellaneous. Some of the plants imported from America since the Sixteenth Century were maize (Indian corn), sweet potatoes, potatoes, peanuts, sunflowers, tomatoes, tobacco.

No matter what time I go to bed, I read, as I do in the daytime, snatches of Chinese history. It will, I bitterly regret, always be impossible for me as a Westerner, so lately introduced here, to understand the true character of the Chinese and their motivations. But I have reached a few--and they may well be erroneous--tentative conclusions.

This homogeneous people, with their long experience of continued culture, of considering themselves the center of the World, are not going to subscribe to the arrogant theory that Occidental civilization is superior to their own. They will borrow from it certain features, such as technological knowledge, of which they feel a want, but I think it doubtful that they envy, or wish to emulate, our materialistic, ethical, or religious philosophies. They recollect that they maintained "between the third and the thirteenth centuries a level of scientific knowledge unapproached in the West." To the Chinese,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

that is not an unbridgeable distant past. During most of the Nineteenth and the first half of the Twentieth Century, they were subjected to humiliations not easily to be forgotten, but which become comparatively irrelevant to the formulation of foreign policy, as they progress steadily toward Super Power status with the U.S. and the USSR. They are conscious of their glorious history, and proud of their present position. They have gained, for what it is worth, by careful strategy the allegiance of many countries in the Third World, at little expense to themselves. Their form of Marxism-Leninism-Maoism, doctrinaire though it is, remains essentially Chinese in its application and adaptation to their complex society.

Having prided themselves for millennia on their superiority and self-sufficiency, I doubt any national desire to take on a Western coloration, or to imitate what they consider a disorderly conduct of Government. If they should embrace rapid and costly industrialization as a blessing or necessity, ceasing to rely on the integration of a peasant based economy, then one cannot foretell what courses they will follow. Of course, a drastic change in the existing form of Government or of its principles could alter their policies, but I doubt would induce them to "Westernize" themselves. Most Americans are, I am sure, over euphoric in believing that the Chinese will sincerely like and admire us, and may wish to adopt our way of life. I deem that nonsense and likely to remain such. They will in the future, as previously, be guided by what they conceive to be in their national, and highly nationalistic, self-interest. They have no inclination, or intention, to model their behavior or culture on that of the West.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

classical dogma, when he himself has adapted this dogma to fit indigenous conditions.

Roehreke
He/considers the breach with the Soviets deep, but not necessarily permanent. China is disposed to have closer affiliations with the United States and Europe, but not to be "westernized." They prefer to maintain their cherished assertion of being the center of civilization, and are cultivating the Third World to increase their prestige.

I returned to the ceramic reproduction emporium and bought the two equine brutes I had fancied Saturday. This deed done, I borrowed a bottle of vermouth and mixed a couple of dry Martinis to encourage study of a Chinese phrase book.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, July 31, 1973

The British Ambassador, Sir John Addis, called on me this morning. He seems an admirable diplomat, intelligent, well-informed, with an attractive personality. He has had several assignments to China. He left their Embassy here in the autumn of 1950, returned several years later, and after another interval was made Chief of Mission. As a connoisseur of Chinese art, he is undoubtedly the most expert foreigner here.

He believes the Party Congress will take place in August. He is going to Peitaiho at the end of that month. He referred nostalgically to his service in Laos where he was stationed in the early sixties. Part of his stay there overlapped the Geneva Conference. He had many occasions during that period to see Souvanna Phouma and his half-brother Prince Souvanavong, separately and together. He said they were invariably courteous to each other. He thought Souvanavong able, devoted to Marxist doctrine, patriotic. He believes the tentative accord announced today of a political and military settlement of the Laotian conflict a reasonable solution under existing circumstances. The Interior, Finance, and Defense Ministries will go to Souvanna Phouma's adherents; Foreign Affairs will be conducted by a member of the "patriotic" forces. There are many other provisions of the agreement such as the creation of two vice-premierships, the formation of a consultative legislative council, the neutralization of Vientiane and Luang Prabang, the demarcation of the regions where the military forces of both sides are in place.

After giving the visiting Congolese President (Brazzaville) a warm welcome to Peking in the course of which he was received by Chairman Mao, Chou En-lai is now accompanying him on a trip to Dairen. At a banquet in honor of President

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Marien Ngoubi, night before last, Chou, referring to the USA and the USSR, said in his toast: "Their temporary compromise and collusion entered into for selfish motives can only be a case of 'same bed, different dreams,' and will by no means change the nature of each of them which invariably seeks to overpower the other."

We started yesterday on our new allocation of 40 hour per week office hours on an experimental basis until September First. They are: Monday, 0800-1300; Tuesday, 0800-1300, 1400-1800; Wednesday, 0800-1300; Thursday, 0800-1300, 1400-1800; Friday, 0800-1300, 1400-1800; Saturday, 0800-1100.

Evangeline has had little difficulty in telephoning Washington, London, and Paris. Service between the U.S. and Mainland China was reestablished in September 1971. In 1972, there were 350 calls; they were routed over one of two satellite circuits to China. Thus far this year, there has been an average of 350 a month. Projections estimate the annual volume will reach one million by 1980.

I spoke about the Peking Man mystery a few days ago to David Bonavia. He sent me an article from the Toronto Globe and Mail of May 1, 1973. It was by William T. Foley, a U.S. Marine Corps Doctor, who had packed part of the collection of bones in a trunk in early December 1941, and kept it in the Marine Headquarters at Chinwangiao on the China Coast, intending to deliver them to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Because of the Pearl Harbor attack, this assignment could not be carried out. Foley was imprisoned by the Japanese, and not released until 1945. His baggage was taken from him. He does not know what finally happened to the fossils.

We had a lunch at home today for the Ambassador of Kuwait, the Canadian Ambassador and Mrs. Small, the British Defense Attaché/and his wife, Colonel Weston-Simons

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Martha and John Holdridge, Mrs. Don Anderson. The cooking was Western style; I longed for chopsticks and Chinese dishes, which are not, I am told, in general favor with the Diplomatic Corps. At any rate, the guests appeared satisfied to remain until 3:15.

I met two recently arrived Communicators (Code Room men), Bob Peterson and Bob Lucas. One had lately served in Tehran, the other in Ankara.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, August 1, 1973

The military situation in Cambodia continues to deteriorate to the disadvantage of the Lon Nol Government. Not a peep out of Washington on the subject. Obviously there is no chance of a fruitful negotiation between now and August 15, when our bombing support ceases. As I anticipated, attempts are being made by Senator Hugh Scott and others to convince the U.S. public that if Phnom Penh falls after mid-August, it will be the fault of our Congress for having ordered a termination of American bombing. Lon Nol's recent announcement of the conscription of another 100,000 men for his Army is a futile, absurd act. The Capital is beleaguered on every side; most foreign Governments which have citizens residing there have advised them to leave; the majority have already done so. We should let the Cambodians stew in their native juices. The retention by Lon Nol of at least the semblance of power after a severe stroke gives the measure of his ineffectiveness, and of the general incompetence of his regime.

If Sihanouk is restored to authority, I wonder what he will do with the Chefs in his Peking palace (once the French Embassy). It is said he has seven such artists, and latterly Chou En-lai has insisted on sending him an eighth, an elderly expert from Shanghai, reputedly skilled in the secrets of the French cuisine. The theory of assigning a squad of cooks to the Prince is that they will lose their cunning if they are not appropriately employed. Sihanouk is reported to have complained that he likes to do his own cooking; he is such a Jack of All Trades he probably is a good culinary performer.

The Daily Hsinhua News Bulletin carries excerpts from an article on July 26 by E. F. Hill, Chairman of the Communist Party in Australia. It is significant for its slashing attack on the Soviet Union. An extract reads:

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"Not a day goes by but that Soviet newspapers and journals attack the leaders of People's China.

"What is the purpose of this consistent anti-Chinese material? Why do the Soviet leaders never relent in their attack but, on the contrary, step it up?

"The Soviet Union is truly an imperialist power. Its domination of certain Eastern European countries is a colonial domination—the economy of these countries is tailored to suit the economy of the Soviet Union. This is precisely what all imperialisms do. When a colony or a semi-colony threatens to break away from an imperialist power, that power takes action to prevent the breakaway. So the Soviet Union militarily occupied Czechoslovakia and maintains its military occupation. It maintains troops in Poland, Hungary, East Germany. . . it has recently reaffirmed its 'right' to take military action at the 'request' of the government of a friendly power; it maintains puppet governments for that very purpose. If the 'government' of such a country proves reluctant to 'request' Soviet assistance, then the Soviet authorities change the government as they did in Czechoslovakia. This sort of thing is characteristic of imperialism."

Professor Ross Terrill, an Australian, now a Professor at Harvard University, came to see me this morning. His book, 800,000,000—The Real China, published in 1972, has had a great success. John Fairbank characterized it as "the best piece of reporting from China since the late forties." It describes his trip to China in 1971. At present, he is engaged in another extensive tour.

Terrill is an articulate, handsome "guy" (one of his favorite words), and a careful observer of the Chinese scene. He thinks the material conditions of life here improved over 1971. At Shanghai, he met factory workers with wages of 60 to 70 Yuan a month ($28 to $33 approximately), who saved some money and drew 3 1/2% interest on it at banks. If three in a family are employed, there are instances where they have accumulated an account of 600 Yuan against bad times, or even payment against so-called luxuries such as radio sets. He believes it possible the real population of China may exceed eight hundred million; the authorities prefer to pitch it lower.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

He has been struck by the popular attitudes toward high ranking military officers. Unusual deference is sometimes displayed toward them. They bear no discernible insignia of grade, but somehow are recognizable to the native eye. The voluminous sloppy uniforms of the military forces are said to be desirable because "loose clothes are easier to work in." I notice, for instance, that the People's Liberation Army (PLA) guards at our compound gates wear tunics the sleeves of which fall almost to the tips of their fingers. Reading the other night about the costumes of Mandarins in Imperial days, it seems the sleeves on their elaborate costly robes (often lined with sable or ermine) were similarly long.

Army men are clothed in green uniforms with a red star on caps, Navy in blue-gray and a red star cap, Air Force in blue trousers, green jacket, and red-starred cap. The police are attired like the Air Force, but have a red circle instead of a star on their head gear.

Despite the vastness of the country, Peking time is standard throughout it.

While strolling the other day in the Altar of the Sun Park, E. and I were puzzled by the number of youths and girls carrying long bamboo rods, intently looking upward at the foliage of trees. Since the cries of cicadas were strident, we could only conclude the young people were in quest of them. A few carried nets, others little wire cages. We saw nothing caught, but as the Chinese do not like to be stared at, although they impassively scrutinize foreigners, we could not determine what sort of search was being made.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Cricket fighting used to be a great gambling sport in pre-Revolutionary China. Stables of them with trainers and grooms were maintained; they were specially fed, sometimes doped, for invigoration or forgetfulness of pain, in their matches.

We bought another modern pottery ram this afternoon; if we can ever have it delivered to France, we intend it for Pauline and Philippe de Rothschild. At Mouton, from which they have so generously sent us each Christmas quantities of superlative wine, this bizarre BC creature might amuse them.

This evening E. and I, with the McKinleys, and others from the Mission, went to a performance by the Peking troupe of acrobats at the gigantic Soviet-inspired Exhibition Hall near the zoo. The acrobatic acts were astonishing in variety and perfection; we did not care equally for the interludes featuring magicians. Unlike circus presentations, there was no drollery. Chinese acrobats, according to sophisticates, are the best in the world; I can well believe it.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, August 2, 1973

If I did anything constructive today, I am unaware of it. I meditated over the purchase of another Tang horse, but shunned the project. The temperature, in the lower nineties, is not conducive to displacement. There is, however, the gnawing fear of some more enterprising person preempting the beast I have in view, but no matter if he does. In the old days, visitors to Peking spoke of the delights of bargaining in shops, the interchange of offers and counter-offers over endless cups of tea. Now the price of every object is clearly labeled; it is determined by official fiat and no dealer varies it. I prefer this to chaffering, discounts for cash, and the like.

A frenzy of activity rages on our patio. Three tiny silver, Norwegian spruces have just been planted there, as have straight bamboo rods in the lee of the lattices on the terrace. Dirt is being shifted by a horde of sturdy men and women, in preparation for later laying of sod. Wheelbarrows filled with discarded bricks and shards are in constant procession to a dumping ground. The courtyard in front of the Residence is still innocent of adornment. Oblongs, circles, and rectangles of earth lie baking there—an invitation to dust storms.

In making plans for excursions to places near Peking, one finds many, heralded by guide-books as beautiful, are closed to the public. Near the Hunting Park, no visits are permitted to the famous Five Pagoda Temple, the White Temple, the Temple of Azure Clouds, Eight Great Sites. In this area, foreigners once rented summer retreats; much of it is said now to be military territory.

The Shah of Iran had a successful visit to Washington, in the course of which he made forceful declarations. He said he would resist any further

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

dismemberment of Pakistan. This ruler is considered by the international oil people the most reliable statesman in any of the major petroleum producing countries of the Mid-East area. He is a tough bargainer but, unlike some others, true to his word. His intake of money from oil and gas ventures, already large, will become enormous. Most of these revenues are devoted to internal development, but a considerable portion to modern military equipment.

In the palmy days of erratic Mossadegh, his chances of retaining the Peacock Throne were dim. On one occasion, it was restored to him by the skilful machinations of Allen Dulles and the CIA. As the largest landowner in Persia, he dismayed the privileged classes by parcelling out his villages to the peasants. Groaning and moaning, other large proprietors followed suit, receiving promises of compensation. Gradually, then rapidly, Iran was remade, its economy burgeoned. He refused to allow participation by it in Arab-Israeli confrontations. His father, a driving desperado, had made himself through personality, ambition, and generalship, with no traditional background, undisputed master of a people accustomed to domination by effete dynasts. His son was not expected to be a strong monarch. This prognosis proved invalid. The inheritor, regardless of future happenings, has already proved to be of uncommon distinction. He is not entirely without playboy inclinations; in the past, his occasional importation of beautiful foreign ladies aroused little criticism at home. He did not reward them with selections from the Crown Jewels, which form a substantial backing for the national currency, but is said to have been ultra-generous in compensating them for amorous companionship.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Another breed of cat, now in Washington, is Tanaka, the Japanese Prime Minister. His political status is considered shaky. He represents what has become a powerful nation unsure of its aims, policies, and status. The Japanese have bought almost everything they want except genuine trust and friendship. This confounds them. His meeting with President Nixon appears to have mitigated misunderstandings threatening to future relations between the two countries. The President and the Emperor of Japan are slated to exchange visits.

Nothing new on HAK. American newspaper gossip has it that he will replace Bill Rogers as Secretary of State later in the year. The customary denials have been made on behalf of both.

The favorite song in China is the political and martial "Sailing the Seas Depends Upon the Helmsman" (i.e., Mao).

Friday, August 3, 1973

Signs multiply of the early likelihood of a Party Congress. More visits scheduled for early August by foreign visitors have been abruptly postponed. Nocturnal cycling by members of our staff in the vicinity of the Great Hall of the People discloses unusual assemblages of large curtained automobiles, usually reserved for important functionaries. Lights blaze there in uncommon profusion. It is conjectured that contentions over domestic and bureaucratic differences are in process of settlement. There will be no conclave until success seems assured.

We have communicated this to HAK, who is restive over having no response to his suggestion of a trip here in September. It is also possible Chinese authorities are delaying an answer pending further developments in Cambodia. Many vacancies in the Politburo, the Central Committee, the Defense establishment,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

remain unfilled; it is conjectured that new occupants will be named, including a few who fell from grace during the Cultural Revolution. Analysis of what may be done in these particulars will give a clue to the character of government planned for the future. Ambassadors who customarily vacate Peking in August have decided to linger here, hoping to pick up crumbs of information.

One out of every four persons in the world is said to be Chinese. Everything connected with them deserves serious study, even if the item appears trifling. Their physical fitness is important. Has it been improved by the regular calisthenics required of them, by bicycling, sports, improved diet, compulsory rest periods, more adequate housing, increased sanitation, and many other factors? What about the condition of their feet? They generally wear soft, rope or rubber soled, shoes or sandals. How about their teeth? What are their dental facilities? Why do they import so much sugar? (They are great consumers of candies and, in hot weather, of ice cream. Popsickels are favorites.) Will they develop the equivalent of American cola drinks? Now the preferred soft beverage is a cheap orange squash. Why do their mules and donkeys need no bits? Do they drink less alcoholic spirits than the Russians because they cannot afford them? Why does one scarcely ever see maimed, diseased, drunken, drugged persons on the streets? As the fa historian and teacher Bill Langer often used to say, when finish t, "and so forth and so on."

This afternoon a group of us from the Mission went, with the blessing of the DSB, to see the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Articles on display were from many regions. There was no object I should like to own; E. and our companions were of like opinion. The artisanship, especially in ivory and jade, was superb, the designing lamentable.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

The American basketball teams of women and men, who were given such a cordial reception here by Madame Mao and others are now in Taiwan. Some of the females have established, according to reports, a new record for boorishness, giving interviews to Taipei newspapers about how badly they were treated in Mainland China, how they were cheated by their opponents and by referees; in short, they are still smarting from their stinging defeat by the obviously superior--and more attractive--Chinese girls.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, August 4, 1973

The Chinese, always polite, are especially so to aged persons. In my own case, I notice I am often handled as if I were a crate marked "fragile." When I rise from a chair, after talking to an official, it frequently happens that some one at the meeting will place a sustaining hand under my elbow, and keep it there while I am making an exit. If a stone or marble floor intervenes between me and the automobile, a second samaritan will prop up the other elbow, warning me against a slippery surface. Such solicitude for the old of any nationality seems everywhere to be a rule of courtesy. Of course, the age of Westerners is easier to distinguish than that of the natives, for the latter's hair does not whiten as early as ours. Also, it is usually more abundant perhaps in compensation for their being less hirsute on the rest of their bodies.

E. derived yesterday from Clare Hollingworth of the London Daily Telegraph interesting information given her by Wilfred Burchett, the well-known Australian journalist and author; he is a close friend of Prince Sihanouk, and has recently written a book of reminiscences for him. Burchett is as ardently pro-Communist as he is anti-American, not always an accurate reporter, but energetic and articulate. He said Sihanouk, upon his return to Peking from North Korea, presumably in mid-August, will spend a few days here before proceeding to Iraq, and thereafter to Algiers for the non-aligned nation's conference, scheduled to start about August 28 and to end about September 8.

She also told E. that President Pompidou might visit Peking on August 11th; this may have affected the delay in Chou En-lai's fixing a date to receive HAK.

This is a monstrously hot day. After an office morning, during which I sneaked away briefly to buy another Tang reproduction horse, E. and I went this

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

afternoon to the Zoo. Although Saturday is not a holiday in China, the Zoo Park, with its magnificent forest of willows, abounded with people.

The stock of birds and animals had dwindled during the fifties to a couple of hundred specimens; now there are more than two thousand with additions flowing in, including the two musk oxen donated by President Nixon. We covered only about half the area, missing lions, tigers, and pandas. The panda is almost a national emblem; he adorns postage stamps, embroidery, porcelain, and other articles, as well as having the choicest cigarettes named after him. Incidentally, the Chinese are inveterate smokers, especially of pipes and cigarettes, rarely of cigars--perhaps because of the higher cost of the last. China produces tobacco, but has to supplement its own with imports.

The cages in the zoo were remarkably clean, exuding almost no odors, except emanations from one containing polecats. The animals, even the birds, were suffering from heat, though they all had access to drinking water; the bears and elephants even have swimming tanks.

Our friend Harold Collidge, the Scientist and Preserver of Vanishing Species, wishes in cooperation with the Chinese, to take a Panda census. I think this desirable, and hope it can be arranged.

At this time of year, almost everyone is in shirt sleeves. The same prevails in our office. One seldom sees a necktie or a coat being worn; the natives never wear neckties at any season. The result is a pleasing atmosphere of informality.

Sunday, August 5, 1973

Another torrid day. Slack attendance at the office--only a Marine Guard who offered me beer. No messages from Washington; the doldrums must prevail there. Our morning VOA was uninformative. My mail contained cancelled checks

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

drawn by "David K. Bruce" on a small account in Arlington, Virginia. I must look into this. Also, a welcome letter from David Rockefeller to say he is taking up with the Museum of Modern Art the matter of loaning paintings and sculpture for the Residence.

The courtyard is quiet--no workmen. Not so on the vacant land opposite. There, a tall piledriver is pounding away, shaking our floorboards as would a tiny earthquake.

There are still newspaper reports about the withdrawal of the Canadian peace-keeping contingent from Indo-China. The Canadians are hopping mad, justly so. The long, illegal detention of two of their officers by the Viet Cong increased their disgust over the unwillingness of the Polish and Indian representatives to carry out their duties impartially--the Indonesians have behaved well. Why India is ever asked to participate in international supervisory bodies as a so-called neutral is beyond my comprehension. They seem incapable of acting without bias, are arrogant, obstructive, and self-righteous. There is talk of Iran filling the void left by Canada's departure; the Poles and Indians are said to object. American journalists pay little heed to this affair; they are too busy condemning the United States Government for Watergate and sundry sins in Indo-China to bother with such trifles as the enforcement of a peace settlement. Similarly, they almost disregard the near-genocidal massacres in Burundi to focus on alleged Portuguese atrocities in Mozambique. Their dog pack is in full cry against Foxy Grandpa of the White House whom they hope to catch before he goes to earth. The bitch pack is on the same line.

Almost weekly, under one pretext or another, a federal agency in Washington tries to put its camel nose under our Mission tent. The most common ploy is to

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

ask for permanent representation. We have stoutly resisted such approaches. With our present staff, we can operate efficiently and adequately; there is no need for reinforcement. Nor logistically can we absorb additional personnel. Over half of ours is still lodged in a hotel with slight likelihood of receiving other quarters before Christmas, if then. Our office building is bulging at the seams; we have in our conference room space for only a dozen visitors--this makes briefing of delegations difficult. Our entire compound is a mere few thousand square meters in extent. As Johnnies Come Lately, we have no ground for complaint. Those who recognized the PRC Government long ago picked the more luscious fruits. Thirty yards away, the Poles have a magnificent establishment, occupying more than two city blocks. The Albanians, North Vietnamese, Cubans, Cypriots, British, and many others are housed in comparative splendor; Embassy swimming pools and tennis courts are numerous. Our people appear, without exception as far as I know, well content with our present situation, and understand the reasons for it. They do not want Parkinson's Law introduced.

Tonight, E. and I went to sup with Colonel and Mrs. Weston-Simons, then as their guests to the weekly movie at the British Embassy.

It was fun at the Weston-Simons. The Colonel is tall, immensely broad, with a booming laugh, full of zest and friendliness, as is his hospitable wife. He and Evangeline have a mutual exchange program; he sends her his London Times, she reciprocates by passing on her Sunday London Times and Observer.

I sat next to Madame Maureen Molinari, the charming wife of Carlos Molinari, Attaché at the Argentine Embassy. She is third generation Argentinian of Irish extraction, speaking perfect English, her maiden name O'Rourke. But much more

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

important is her expertise and experience in archaeological researches in Latin America. She thinks the most interesting country there for an archaeologist is Guatemala. Since Aztecs, Incas, and others buried pre-Colombian art objects in ancestral tombs (as was the custom in China), frequent new discoveries continue to be made. The Spaniards made away with almost all portable valuables when found on the surface, but did not, it is said, dig underground except for mining ores.

The movie fare was a Columbia picture, "The Burglars," starring Belmondo and Omar Sharif. It was tolerable melodrama, unusual in that the bad men won out in the end. The show took place in a projection room, also serviceable for ping pong and other games, in the British Embassy. These entertainments each Sunday night are eagerly patronized by the diplomatic community. There are seats for about sixty people; the admission charge is the equivalent of fifty cents American. There is an overdemand for tickets, as there is at the French and Canadian Embassies which have similar facilities. We have examined the possibilities of showing American films, but have no space sufficient for the purpose. The International Club cinema seats 400 people; we have considered the feasibility of using it, but the charges are $200 a performance (we to supply the reels) plus certain extras.

The British Embassy was sacked, and entirely burned, with its contents, in 1967, during the Cultural Revolution, in reprisal it was alleged, for the arrest in Hong Kong of an employee of the Chinese News Agency. Many of the staff were insulted, beaten, subjected to humiliating physical searches and indignities by crowds who had run amok. One female secretary, assailed and knocked about on the street, vainly sought refuge in the nearby Albanian Embassy. She was turned away; still pursued by a mob, she found shelter with the compassionate Finns.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Embassy Residence and offices were rebuilt. They stand in a large compound, fitted out with a swimming pool, two tennis courts, and a large garden.

Monday, August 6, 1973

We had for lunch today Dr. Ross Terrill, Elizabeth Wright (British Embassy), Nancy and Brunson McKinley. Terrill is ubiquitous; his observations about life in China now as contrasted with conditions in 1971, described in his percipient book, are interesting.

In the morning, we gave a briefing at the Residence for the Staten Island College Study Mission to the PRC. This delegation consists of twenty-five representatives of the student body and faculty of Staten Island Community College, plus two members of the New York City Board of Higher Education. It is jointly led by the College President, Dr. William Birenbaum, and Professor Emile C. Chi.

John Holdridge, Bill Rope, and myself started off with statements about USLO's activities. The audience was a medley of ages, sexes, and races. The meeting was then turned over to Nick Platt who dissertated and answered questions on the Chinese educational system. It is as hot here today as it probably is on Staten Island but our compatriots appeared adjusted to the prevailing shirt-sleeved, tieless garb; several of them had improved, or the contrary, on our habits by being barefooted, something seldom seen in Peking where to be unshod is considered an invitation to infection. In the office, we are dressed as we would be during summer vacations at home, so we suffer little inconvenience from 90 degree temperatures.

The austere life of Chinese officials, their salary levels, modest housing, abstinence from costly fringe benefits, must make the expense of supporting the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Governmental establishments minor as compared with Imperial days. Even after the burning of the old Summer Palace and its treasures, looting, disastrous wars, the Empress Dowager was estimated at her death to have left a fortune of one hundred million dollars. The members of her family and court functionaries lived high on the hog even in times of widespread famine, and poverty throughout the country.

Each day, according to press and magazine reports, the poor dollar in foreign exchange dealings, is subjected to depressing strains. Some economists claim it is undervalued. American tourists find trips and purchases abroad increasingly costly. At home, the Watergate and lesser scandals have added to general lack of confidence in the future. Many brokerage firms are operating in the red. Redemptions in mutual funds exceed new investment. The small traders have taken to the sidelines. High interest rates on bonds, savings accounts, mortgages, et cetera may prove more alluring than fluctuating equities. Excessive inflation induces many former market operators to buy tangible goods, or commodity futures. The London Economist declares U.S. common stocks are on the bargain counter; foreign placements in them have increased over last year. Nevertheless, if one disregards the Dow Jones averages, based on share prices of thirty major corporations, one is aware of a steady deterioration of quoted prices for the equities of excellent smaller companies. These would be advantageously bought were it not for a settled distrust of our economic and financial prospects. We are a mercurial people.

Tonight we dined with Ambassador Addis at the British Embassy. The Mexican Ambassador, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, Monsieur and Madame Charles Malo of the French Embassy, Clare Hollingworth were there. Addis' fine Chinese porcelains are in England; it is rumored that he will bequeath them to the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

British Museum. He has served in China, on several assignments, for seven years; Malo more than eleven years. Malo was sequestrated during four of them at the French Consulate General in Tientsin. Although not physically ill-treated, he was subjected to frequent petty annoyances such as reporting to the police station almost daily. When we left about 10:30 for home, rain was falling--it lasted throughout the night.

Tuesday, August 7, 1973

E. had a coffee-tea-cake do at the Residence this morning for Mission wives. This afternoon, I had a stag cocktail party for the twenty-one Fellows of the White House who are visiting here; in addition, there was a clutch of Chinese chaperoning them.

I informed HAK today of another change in Prince Sihanouk's plans. He now intends to return to China next week, but to dally in Tientsin a few days en route for a medical checkup. He will not go to Iraq and the Middle East, but will stay here until he attends the non-aligned countries Summit Conference at Algiers on September 3. No doubt this schedule will be altered. It is said the Chinese are about to construct a swimming pool and badminton court at his house on Anti-Imperialist Street (formerly Legation Street).

Our night watchers say confabulations continue at The Great Hall of the People. What goes on there is shrouded in mystery. Such secrecy is not unusual in a state where foreigners are not allowed to buy local newspapers.

We have a satisfactory show of flowers and plants in the Residence. Agapanthus is blooming like mad, there are tuberoses with little scent, hibiscus, and a variety of plants--an exceptionally bushy standard wistaria,

DECLASSIFIED

dwarf pines, pond lilies in tubs, flourishing fig trees, tall wild onions. Outside, the earth has been smoothed; shortly sod will be laid down. More bamboo has been delivered.

I have just read a squib about a happening in Peking last year before President Nixon's visit. Security and communications technicians who preceded him were stricken with an itching rash on their buttocks. Exhaustive research disclosed they had been poisoned by sumac, a scourge like poison ivy. The Chinese, to do honor to their guests, had installed in their living quarters new toilet seats carved out of sumac.

declassified

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, August 8, 1973

The White House Fellows party was at least pleasant for the host. I enjoyed talking to this intelligent, observant group. Ranging between 23 and 35 in age, they are recruited from the private sector, and serve in Washington for one year as special assistants to Cabinet Officers and White House staff members.

Abbas Aram, the Iranian Ambassador, came to see me this morning. He is leaving shortly for London to consult his heart specialist and eye doctor. Plans are being drawn for the construction of his new Embassy buildings; the residence will be in Iranian architectural style. He said the Shah-in-Shah's (as he always terms his Ruler) declaration in Washington that he "would never permit Pakistan to be dismembered" represents a deep conviction.

Aram will have study given to my suggestion that Iranian caviar technicians might instruct the Chinese in the processing and packaging of their own caviar crop.

E. and I lunched today with the Manac'hs at the French Embassy, as did the Jenkinses, Holdridges, and McKinleys. The Malos were the other guests.

There is much radio criticism from Europe and the United States about our planes, having mistaken their target a couple of days ago in Cambodia, killing over 300 friendly civilians. One week more and death from the air by American projectiles will fortunately cease in that tormented country, unless Phnom Penh is captured earlier.

One of the questions in which the Fellows expressed interest yesterday was whether the Chinese are hard-working, industrious people. This is difficult to answer without qualifications. They are diligent, skilful, and capable of undertaking the most exacting labors. They do, however, lack incentives, in

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

addition to a financial one. This huge population is kept steadily employed. Since there are more human bodies available than jobs to be done within budgetary provisions, examples of idleness are of necessity apparent. The eight hour day is adhered to in most cases, except for farmers. But when the seeding of a lawn or the planting of a tree, for instance, could be done by one person, a trio is likely to be assigned such a task. As a result, there is inevitable malingering. But the workers are by nature industrious, as Chinese are in all countries. How one would keep laborers occupied if mechanization were more highly developed would pose grave social as well as economic problems.

Ambassador Manac'h has an acute mind. In appearance, he somewhat resembles Molotov. He is overwhelmed by advance preparations for President Pompidou's September visit, at the end of which he hopes to go to France on vacation. When Couve de Murville informed him he was to take over the Far Eastern Bureau at the Quai d'Orsay, he declared a dislike for the promotion, since his only experience in the Orient had been in Turkey and Iran. Couve replied: "All the better, you will not be encumbered with bias." After four years here, he expects, and I imagine hopes, to relinquish his post next year. Knowing the most important Chinese political figures, he tells amusing anecdotes about them. Like everyone, he marvels at Chou En-lai's stamina, and power to control such intricate domestic and external affairs.

His residence contains a quantity of attractive furnishings and objects, most of them supplied from the inexhaustible resources of the Mobilier National. Needless to say, he has a five star chef; the wines were a white burgundy, a Mouton Rothschild claret, and champagne. Although French diplomatic pay

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

scales are low, officers stationed abroad are not stinted in matters connected with the table, which is regarded as a prime element in their "Mission Civilatrice."

One sees no Buddhist monks on the streets of Peking although I understand there is no proscription of them. Most of their temples, pagodas, and other edifices are closed to the public, or have been converted to utilitarian ends. Their religion or philosophy of the value of self-denial and right thinking once attracted a large following in China. I do not know what its present influence may be, or how many Chinese still believe that man suffers in this incarnation for the sins he committed in the past, or is rewarded by happiness now for his virtuous life in past ages.

Many countries have advised their citizens to leave Cambodia while transportation is accessible. Cambodians have sought refuge in Phnom Penh by the tens of thousands, adding to the prevailing confusion there. The iron ring is tightening around the Capital. My guess is that the Lon Nol Government is doomed; it put up a sorry show. The United States cannot justly be convicted of lack of loyalty or vigor in supporting it, but only of calamitous bad judgment in how/it did so. Meanwhile, as the Canadian supervisory delegation's suppressed report states, North Vietnamese troops continue their massive infiltration of the South.

Rain last night. A hot and muggy day. Bought some blue and white modern china.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, August 9, 1973

Another rainy night. Clumps of grass are now being planted in the courtyard. They are expected to proliferate into close meshed turf. This species is called "Wild Bull." The neighboring Polish Embassy has a prolific growth of another kind named "Ghost Whisker."

I was interested last evening when conversing with one of our Marine Sergeants in his question whether I thought the Chinese disliked us. I answered that I did not know; perhaps they disliked or were suspicious of all foreigners, for their experiences with them had not often left happy memories. I doubted if they identified us as individuals; an American on a bicycle or elsewhere resembles any other Westerner. I had noticed in shops small crowds often gathered and aimlessly followed or surrounded us, seemingly without malevolence. I had become accustomed to a deal of expressionless staring; what were his views? He said he had always been treated with courtesy, but had at times been disturbed by what he thought were looks of hate. Generally, their eyes were seemingly blank, or alight with curiosity. He had, however, noticed on a few occasions unmistakeable hatred, usually on the faces of Chinese soldiers.

Conferences between important Chinese Government officials are assumed to be taking place nightly in Peking. Our scouts continue to report unusual concentrations of automobiles each evening at the Great Hall of the People. The reception of foreigners has been largely suspended; it is expected to remain so until mid-August or later. There is little news from Phnom Penh. The Senate Watergate proceedings have been suspended while the Solons take a short vacation. Vice President Agnew is threatened with prosecution in his own State of Maryland for alleged misdemeanors, and perhaps criminal financial transactions. There

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

is little mention in the press nowadays of HAK's activities, except for his having lately received the annual Theodore Roosevelt award as "the outstanding official in the United States Government." It was presented to him by Alice Longworth in Washington at a dinner of the International Platform Association, an organization of more than 12,000 members. Speaking of the past decade of trauma and tragedy in the United States he said: "Our children will not judge us by the magnitude of our ordeal, but only by the adequacy of the response."

Alice Longworth had seriously considered coming to stay with us in Peking this autumn, probably accompanied by Joan Braden. Although she is uncommonly robust, mentally and physically, I fear the journey would overtax her. At eighty-nine a flight from Washington to Hong Kong of twenty-seven hours, followed by another long journey to this capital is a daunting exercise. Her last visit to China was with her Father; she was then made much of by the old Dowager Empress. Two years ago she went to Japan; she found that trip enjoyable but slightly fatiguing. From our selfish standpoint, E. and I would revel in her company, to my mind, she is the best living conversationalist.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, August 10, 1973

I do not know where the expression "Hot as the hinges of Hell" originated but on a sunny day, at this season, Peking deserves some such description. Being, however, accustomed to roasting heat at home, I have no complaints about it here except it does inhibit physical exercise; even a short walk brings on a complete sweat. In the offices, we have the benefit of window air conditioners, which are welcome, although conducive to breeding colds.

The official Chinese news bulletin abounds in glowing claims of increases in agricultural and other production due to the people's communes efforts. Yesterday a report from the Chiliying Commune in Honan Province, Central China, claimed a four fold rise in the retail sale of commodities since 1957. The number of bicycles owned by members has grown in fifteen years from 36 to 3,720, and sewing machines from 60 to 2,900. This commune has a population of 50,000 and 6,000 hectares of farmland. Whether or not such figures are correct, their publication is good for morale and propaganda purposes.

I walked over this morning to see the Greek Ambassador, Nicolas Katapodis. His compound adjoins ours. I think his landscaping is superior, but our buildings preferable. After four months of duty in China, his residence is still unfurnished so, perforce, he lives at the Peking Hotel. This call completed my round of all the NATO Ambassadors. Katapodis did not mention to me conditions in his own country. He speculated about Cambodia, but has never been there. His conversation was animated and pleasant. He believes China will soon mount an extensive program of massive industrialization, as the Soviets have done. I am still sceptical over their willingness to contract large foreign debts.

This afternoon, we had a small ceremony to award Nick Platt a thoroughly deserved testimonial of merit from an American Foundation. All his family were

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

present, including Oliver who was recently fingertipped in an accident. The transplant of the severed part did not succeed; next he must submit to a skin graft. This he fears because of the pain caused by novocaine injections; it seems that the fingers are much more sensitive than the gums to such injections.

Tonight, I had a stag cocktail party for about thirty people in honor of the Visiting American Secondary Teachers Group. These receptions are held in the bare downstairs rooms of the Residence. The guests do not appear to mind standing for an hour or longer in the stifling atmosphere, providing there is an abundance of alcoholic and soft drinks, which there always is, thanks to our purchases in Hong Kong when we were there in transit to Peking. As deliveries from Hong Kong take weeks or months to reach here, I have to keep a close watch on the cellar to anticipate replacements. At the moment, we are only short on vermouth which I borrow, a bottle at a time, from my associates.

We sent out this afternoon to buy a sewing-machine for a seamstress who is plying her work in the Residence. How her services have been procured is a perplexing, ~~mystery~~ since there are no arrangements possible for private employment. I imagine the DSB is the responsible party in this matter, operating through the indispensable, resourceful Mr. Liu, an interpreter who numbers, amongst his various accomplishments, skill as a veterinarian.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, August 11, 1973

One of the pleasing mysteries of Chinese cookery is that often one does not know what one is eating. A compatriot the other day while extolling the merits of the dish to which he was addressing himself commented to me: "I couldn't possibly tackle a sea slug." That was exactly what he was doing. Jelly fish is another toothsome example of the folly of preconceived prejudices. I suppose the use of chopsticks instead of knives and forks is partly responsible for meat cut and cooked in Western fashion not being a success at Chinese tables. They prefer to reduce beef to a size and consistency appropriate for deft handling with two little sticks. I do not understand why the Diplomatic Corps persists in offering guests Occidental dishes.

David Rockefeller, in an address, or interview, in New York, was reported to have made three principal observations on his trip to China.

1. Can individuality and creativity continue in a contained degree in a nation with such a rich cultural heritage? 2. Will the highly centralized Chinese economy be able to adjust to increased foreign trade and technological improvements? 3. Are we and the Chinese prepared to accept our very real differences, and still proceed toward further mutual understanding?

Under present conditions, I would answer the second and third questions in the affirmative, but the first puzzles me. The intellectuals are straitly circumscribed in expressing independent views on matters that might be considered to have political undertones. They must serve the people by propaganda on behalf of orthodox Maoist doctrine. This creates a literary sterility or vacuum. As literacy is constantly increasing, will intellectuals be content to suffer these restraints indefinitely? If not, how could they effectively

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

manifest their displeasure? My surmise is they could not and dare not do so under the present system. Are they a threat to the system? No.

This afternoon, being free of office attendance, E. and I, accompanied by the all-knowing interpreter, Mr. Liu, were taken by him to the oldest shoe shop in Peking to purchase soft felt paddles such as the Chinese wear. He conducted us also to a fur place where one can commission from samples pelts of wild animals. There were sable, mink, sea otter, red, gray, silver fox, ermine, rabbit, and other skins, all unlined, some beautiful. Most of them were said to have come from Manchuria. E. thought the prices for them in their raw state were much lower than in the West, but they would have to be exported for finishing.

Sunday, August 12, 1973

Went to the office. Spent the morning answering personal letters. Idled away the afternoon; it was too hot to walk comfortably, so I applied myself to reading Chinese history, an inexhaustible subject. Were I Chinese, I should have to reproach myself for having done nothing today to serve the people.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, August 13, 1973

I called this morning on the Ambassador of Laos, Phagna Lien Pravongviengkham, at his compound in San Li Tun. He had come to meet me at the airport on our arrival in Peking. I have now concluded my visits to all the Ambassadors who did so.

This jaunty young diplomat was educated at home and, like many others of his ilk, also studied in a French University. He served three years in Washington, where he became fluent in English. He has been on good terms with successive American Ambassadors in Vientiane. He thinks the new peace accord there will be signed and ratified. There are features of it displeasing to his faction, but they believe any peace is better than a continuance of their long war.

He came here last November; in June he went home for consultation. Evidently from what he told me, he has little business to discuss with Chinese officials. His greatest personal concern is to obtain schooling for his children; he has decided to send them to Laos where facilities, especially for learning French, are more readily available.

His compound is somewhat like ours, though it has more space for grass and flowers. The residence was excessively hot; his Government supplied him with adequate Hong Kong furniture, but no window air-conditioners. His social life is largely limited to attending diplomatic receptions, Governmental banquets, trips to the airport, national day celebrations, protocol calls on colleagues, from all of which I am fortunately exempt because of not being on the Diplomatic List.

Many of the diplomats here are bored and discontented over their lack of substantive occupation. On the other hand, those most vocal in complaint

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

probably live much more satisfactorily in their world of "Excellencies" than they would at home. The Chinese pamper them with good housing, international shopping centers, a huge Club having every convenience except a bar, a summer resort, sponsored travel, and other amenities infinitely more luxurious than any open to Chinese bureaucrats, whose spartan life contrasts sharply with that of foreigners.

The Chinese often draw unexpected talent from the masses. There is a pretty story illustrating this in Fukien Province. Chen Chu, a 48 year old peasant there, has always been an amateur meteorologist; he started keeping a weather diary when he was twenty. After Liberation the authorities, impressed by his local reputation, set up a small station for him. He is now applauded for having saved the reservoirs and crops in his area by predicting in April the probability of immediate and devastating rain storms. His prognosis was taken seriously; the commune mobilized its members to prepare for a deluge. Sure enough, it came the next morning; the heaviest rain in 90 years, 353 millimetres, fell without causing unusual destruction. He made this scientific prediction on the basis of historical weather records, atmospheric changes, and other natural phenomena. In particular, he studied the movement of the clouds and mist, changes in animals' behavior, the massing of rain-clouds, snakes creeping out of caves, agitation among birds and insects.

This afternoon, E. and I went with a Mission group on a visit, arranged by the Foreign Office, to a Revolutionary Street Committee on the outskirts of Peking. This locality ten years ago was waste land. It is now studded with apartment houses, small factories, markets, tree-lined paved avenues, and is in effect a small township. The Committee has jurisdiction over 65,000 people;

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

they reckon this is equivalent to 15,000 "households." Except for old and retired residents, who do unpaid light work, the majority of the residents are employed within its confines or elsewhere. One of our hostesses, for example, makes a bicycle trip of one hour each way every day to her Government office. The children are all in school, some of them board there during the week, others come home at night. There are kindergartens, a small infirmary with intriguing herbal medicines (while we were inspecting it, an old lady was given acupuncture treatments in her hands and legs to allay a stomachic disturbance), rooms equipped with batteries of sewing-machines where embroidered cloths were being cut and hemmed, and other diverting things to observe. The whole community was a beehive of purposeful activity.

We were first welcomed by officials of the Committee and, over tea and cigarettes in an immaculate large conference room, treated to an exposition on their organization. Afterwards, we went to have tea and cigarettes with several hospitable householders, who in meticulously clean two room apartments explained their family circumstances, the nature of their employments, their participation in community life, their sanitation and health problems, their wage scales, and savings accounts, what books they read (usually technical and the works of Chairman Mao). Like all Chinese at home, their clothes were clean, laundered, and uniform; I was struck, as I always am, at the care both men and women take of their nails (I felt I ought to hide my own from sight).

There was much jollity, mutual hand clapping and shaking, a wealth of smiling and courtesy.

On an arranged tour of this sort, I suppose we were shown especially selected objects, and met families accustomed to such visits. Yet that cannot be wholly true. One sensed a deep communal spirit, anxious to demonstrate a

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

sincere belief in the system to which they belonged, acting simply, unpretentiously, and naturally, seemingly exuding contentment, realistic and philosophical, without self-pity in allusions to illnesses and misfortunes, above all dignified and proud.

We were all impressed by this experience. The little expedition reminded me in some respects of those I used to make long ago in rural Southern Virginia to look at American Red Cross activities. The scale of living there was in those days about as low as in China now, but the citizens were self-reliant, prideful, intent on improving their communities, helping their neighbors, but without looking for guidance to anyone less exalted than God, whose counterpart here, at least for the present, is Chairman Mao.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, August 14, 1973

Listened to Alistair Cooke, in my estimation the most gifted and judicious of all broadcasters, on the 7:30 a.m. BBC this morning (Letter from America). His report on Watergate left me depressed. As he said, under the British Parliamentary system such a scandal would now be under investigation in the Courts; and the Prime Minister would long ago have been forced to resign, and a general election would have taken place. Each day that affair casts a new shadow. Our people are agog to hear President Nixon's defense, announced for delivery later this week. The scabrous chronicle seems to have no end, like the Vietnamese War. Whatever happens hereafter irreparable damage will have been done to the President's prestige (all the more galling for one who nine months ago made an unprecedented sweep of 49 out of 50 States), and, in lesser degree, to that of the institution of the Presidency. It is one of the saddest episodes in our national history. Stupidity and insensitivity to ethics were compounded. The journalistic mills have never had more grist. Some of the actors in this drama have justified Lord Acton's dictum on Power. Certain Chinese officials are bewildered over these events, and ask almost plaintively: "Why doesn't the United States Government close the matter, and forbid the news media to comment on it? How can we know that America can keep its engagements with China?" None, however, has ever mentioned the subject to me, even by innuendo.

It rained cats and dogs all day, which did not deter our gardener from watering all the plants standing out of doors. There is a curfew on reports from Cambodia. Sihanouk gives miscellaneous interviews from his fastness in North Korea. He has decided not to hang Lon Nol or his associated conspirators, but to permit them to leave the country, and to grant amnesty to their subordinates. He has also importuned foreign embassies to close their establishments

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

in Phnom Penh, as well as repatriate their personnel. The Soviets had recognized the Lon Nol regime, so the Chinese as protectors of Sihanouk are enjoying their discomfiture. The Happy Prince is cluttering the cable wires with messages to Senator Mansfield and other friends predicting his imminent recapture of office.

Nothing is known to us about the Party Congress. Perhaps it is already in session. Anything is possible in the way of preserving secrets here. I do not think I have been deliberately placed in purdah, but am simply non-existent as far as Chinese officialdom is concerned. That does not disturb me. I am perhaps by temperament as patient as Orientals are supposed to be. If there is no business to transact (and I am unaware of anything pressing), I am not inclined to beat the bushes to disturb a tranquil bird. My guess is the Chinese do not wish to engage in serious conversations with the United States until the Cambodian imbroglio has reached its final stage.

Wednesday, August 15, 1973

U.S. bombing in Cambodia ceased by Congressional decree at noon today, Peking time.

Since we left Peitaiho, the summer resort on the North China coast, the influx of workers to it has greatly increased. They come from iron and steel factories, textile mills, coal mines, geological departments, oilfields, and industrial enterprises located in many provinces and municipalities.

Once a summer vacation place for the rich and privileged, who had about six hundred villas there, it now offers, in addition to accommodations for foreign diplomats and important native bureaucrats, lodging, and facilities for recreation and medical care for workers. (it is said one villa is reserved for the use of the "Royal Family," i.e., Mao Tse-tung.) The State furnishes

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

railway fares for the visitors, who at present number more than two thousand five hundred, excluding those in the sanatoria. The workers pay only half the cost of their food, draw full pay, have free housing and medical attention during their 14 to 20 day stay. These rest houses are available only during the summer, but the sanatoria are open throughout the year for patients with minor cases of ulcer, rheumatism or other chronic diseases, as well as for those convalescing after surgical operations. Such persons generally stay for three months, though a few may remain six months to a year.

There are libraries and reading rooms, concerts, film shows and theatrical performances; as a matter of course, political indoctrination discussions are frequent.

John Holdridge has just returned with his family from a short trip to Nao country, and to the famous city of Sian. His account of what they saw was so alluring I can scarcely wait to make that journey. I talked to him today after he had been at the Foreign Office on behalf of the request by American museums for the Chinese Government to show in the United States the art exhibit now in Paris, which is later to go to London. Judging by illustrations of what is on view, it must be one of the most significant collections ever publicly displayed, rivalling that of the Tutankhamen discoveries. Our museum people are hoping to have it for a year; there will be rivalries and jealousies as to where it will appear if the solicitation is granted in principle. No final decision has yet been taken here. There is still another similar array of objects now on loan in Tokyo, said to be of excellent quality. The Chinese authorities are reluctant to make further commitments for such travelling circuses, but their attitude is on the whole favorable to our petitions. Quite rightly, they fear the danger of accidents to their precious heirlooms; it takes about twenty days to package them for each removal; also, as in the case of oil paintings, changes in climate or temperature can be ruinous.

DECLASSIFIED

Justice Douglas of the U.S. Supreme Court arrives in Peking tonight with his wife on a private visit. We are sending an officer to meet him at the airport. He will, no doubt, be warmly received by the Chinese Government, not least for his recent action in enjoining the American Air Force from bombing in Cambodia even before today's cutoff, a move that was immediately rejected by his eight colleagues.

We saw John Burns and his attractive wife today; he still believes the formal Party Congress meeting will take place this week. If it does not, some of his usually reliable informants will have mud in their eyes. He is a first class journalist, a man of mark. I think it is possible some obstacles have been placed in the path of formal sessions; reconciliation of contending views may have proved more thorny than anticipated.

Thursday, August 16, 1973

At nine this morning, several of us listened to President Nixon's radio speech delivered in Washington last night at 9 p.m. The transmission was in spots faulty, so much of what he said was garbled. I gathered, however, that he had not indulged in self-pity, always a mistake. A written statement was said to have been issued simultaneously, which we will not see for several days. It will be interesting to know what the public reaction will be to his declarations. They will give rise to endless debate and interpretations. I was told today that in response to the last Gallup poll question: "Do you think Nixon is a good President" only 31% of the answers were favorable, whereas in January 66% or thereabouts had been in the affirmative.

The sky over Peking is often overcast by what resembles smog. There are many references to curbs on pollution but I fancy it is not a matter of pressing

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

concern to the authorities. In the immediate rear of our house is a hospital whose tower belches forth clouds of black vapor which, when the wind is toward us, smears our windows and sills with smut. A chemical fertilizer plant not far distant emits thick yellow ribands of vaporous matter. From my office, I can see the stacks of a half dozen factories smoking at a great rate. Fortunately there are no concentrated industrial belts here, so this foulness would be more easily controllable than with us, and automobile fumes pose no problem.

There were vexatious incidents to deal with today, most of them arising from lack of coordination between Governmental agencies in Washington. Two of them were petty products of power struggles between rival satrapies in the Executive Branch.

Tonight E. and went by invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Weston-Simons to a movie at the British Embassy. It was called "Heist", German for "Hot." Warren Beatty and Goldie Ha[illegible] were the stars. They played well. It was full of derring do over a bank-robbery, and fights between criminals for the loot.

No date has been fixed for the HAK visit. He is naturally becoming restive, for his schedule in Washington is always overfull. I imagine the hesitation of the Chinese in this connection is largely attributable to two reasons: 1. A desire to see what will take place in the aftermath of our cessation of bombing; 2. The probable postponement of their Party Congress Conference because of complications in trying to make it a harmonious affair. These complications may have been caused, amongst other contentions, by sharp differences of opinion on the issues of university examinations and on birth control.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, August 17, 1973

The Laotian Ambassador paid a return call this morning. His information on what is happening in his own country seems as imperfect as mine. It is derived from the same source--fragmentary reports in the Chinese Government controlled daily News From Foreign Agencies and Press. This has indicated dissent by right wing elements in Laos to the terms of the proposed agreement with the Pathet Lao. Souvanna Phouma is said to be trying to persuade its opponents not to block acceptance and formal ratification. The Ambassador has no faith in the professions of Hanoi not to violate the territorial integrity of what will remain of his country. He does, however, feel the Chinese would exercise a restraining influence on the North Vietnamese because they genuinely desire peace and neutrality in the whole of Indo-China once the problem of Cambodia is settled.

At lunchtime, E. and I bought several Han pottery reproductions, also some appealing rubbings.

I have under consideration a reply I should make to a State Department message received today about a proposed exchange of exhibitions with the PRC in 1976 as part of our bicentennial celebration. This ambitious project envisages reciprocal shows, cultural and informational in content, each to occupy about 500,000 square feet of space, open to the public for three months, designed to accommodate 200,000 visitors daily.

At first blush I am, and I probably will remain, vigorously opposed to this scheme. I must draft a reply this week-end.

Tonight we dined as guests of Clare Hollingworth at a Mongolian restaurant beautifully situated overlooking a lake in the Imperial City. The David Bonavias were there. We had a sumptuous meal, starred by a Mongolian speciality of

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

mutton cooked over a flaming brazier. Replete with food and Mao Tai, we adjourned to Judy and David Bonavia's apartment for lively and instructive conversation over beer.

Saturday, August 18, 1973

Most of the morning was devoted to office duties. On the side, preparations were being made for the banquet I am giving tonight for personages in the Diplomatic Service Bureau of the Foreign Office, and their associates in the construction of our compound. Bob Blackburn is the instigator of this party, since he is in almost daily contact with many of our prospective Chinese guests. Brunson McKinley, always helpful, is serving as an indispensable deus ex machina for me. They have made arrangements with the International Club, settled on a menu, written place cards, fixed table seatings, previewed documentary USIA films to be shown after dinner, and with invaluable Mr. Liu have performed innumerable chores.

When the great occasion took place, there were about 40 Chinese and perhaps half as many Americans from the Mission. We gathered in the Club at 6:30 for fifteen minutes of hand-shaking and tea drinking. At dinner, I presided, with amiable Hsü Huang (Director of DSB) on my right, and the equally benign Chu Chih-Hsüan (the Construction head) on my left. The menu left nothing to be desired. The dishes were assorted cold specialties, of alluring anonymity, followed by shark fins, potroast chicken, crisp-skin duck, two sets of prawns, lichee fish, campoy and mushrooms in cream sauce, another fish, chicken slice soup, almond curd, honey dew and water melons, fresh fruits, innumerable sauces, Mao Tai, hot red wine, beer, orange squash. The Chinese are much addicted to tobacco; many of them chain-smoked cigarettes before, during, and after the meal. They are also lusty trencherman; they deploy chopsticks with brio.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

There were only two toasts, one by me, the other by Director Hsü Huang. Both called for Gambia, that is "bottoms up" of fiery alcohol.

From the banqueting hall we proceeded to the cinema theater to see two USIA pictures. One, a twenty minute short entitled "American Faces" was utterly deplorable; the second was a 40 minute scenic tour of the U.S. as viewed from an airplane. There were beautiful technicolor shots of deserts, sea-coasts, cities, express highways, rocks, mountains, farms, canyons, Hearst's San Simeon, rivers, forests, and other phenomena, with a narrative dubbed in Mandarin. What its impact was I cannot guess; anyhow the show was over at ten o'clock, and everyone went home. I believe it was a successful party; merriment was evident at our six round dinner tables, and the USIA part did not impede digestion.

Sunday, August 19, 1973

A message from HAK this morning about an invitation to come here. Jenkins, Holdridge, and I urged its acceptance.

I drafted a reply to the inquiry about having an exchange of exhibitions during our bicentennial year 1976.

E. and I beat up the Friendship Store this afternoon for hand towels and red fox pelts. This is the last day for hot water in our locality; it will be shut off for three weeks during pipe-cleaning.

In spite of liberal ingurgitations last night of what one of our Marines calls "rot gut," I felt splendidly today, and almost yearning for another banquet.

The foreign policies of the PRC have been formulated and administered with brilliant skill and effectiveness; the domestic ones are staggering in their complexity and immensity. What course will this country follow in the not too distant future? Ambitious young men are snapping at the heels of the Ancients

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

who now direct the Ship of State. Who will succeed Chou En-lai at the tiller? If by death Chairman Mao is removed from the Chart Room, would his mystique long serve as guidance? We may be in a better position to speculate about these things when some of the secrets of the Party Congress are divulged. No definite date for it has yet been announced.

There has been a lull in the fighting around Phnom Penh. A military report from there alleges: 1. The insurgents have run out of ammunition and supplies; 2. They have been badly chewed up by American bombing; 3. They are regrouping for a final assault; 4. Prince Sihanouk does not want the City taken by a destructive battle; 5. A coup d'état to overthrow Lon Nol is imminent. As in most military reports, the author does not commit himself to any one of these theses.

I reread tonight, in a foreword to a book on China, a statement by Senator Fulbright, probably made prior to 1967 in these terms, expressing reflections not popular at that time in the U.S.

"It is of great importance that we try to learn something more about the strange and fascinating Chinese nation, about its past and its present, about the aims of its leaders and the aspirations of its people. Before we can make wise political--and perhaps military--decisions pertaining to China, there are many questions to be asked and, hopefully, answered. What kind of people are the Chinese? To what extent are they motivated by national feeling? To what extent by ideology? Why are the Chinese leaders so hostile to the United States and why do they advocate revolution against most of the world's governments? To what extent is their view of the world distorted by isolation and the memory of ancient grievances? And to what extent, and with what effect on their

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

government, do the Chinese people share with us and all other peoples what Aldous Huxley has called the 'simple preference for life and peace?' We need to ask these questions because China and America may be heading toward war with each other and it is essential that we do all that can be done to prevent that calamity, starting with a concerted effort to understand the Chinese people and their leaders.

In the same book, I came across a translation of three poems by Mao Tse-tung. I have always been intrigued by poetic productions of statesmen, military men, and professional politicians. Admittedly they are few and far between; generally they suffer from translation as is true for example of renditions in English from classical Greek. I found, however, this poem Loashan Pass by Chairman Mao to my liking.

"Cold is the west wind;
Far in the frosty air the wild geese call in the morning moonlight.
In the morning moonlight
The clatter of horses' hooves rings sharp,
And the bugle's tone is muted.
Do not say that the strong pass is guarded with iron.
This very day in one step we shall pass its summit,
We shall pass its summit!
There the hills are blue like the sea,
And the dying sun like blood."

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, August 20, 1973

As dismal a day as ever I saw. Uninterrupted rain. All quiet on the office front. The plot thickens over the Party Congress convention. Opinions once firmly set on its imminence are now wavering--journalists are plucking daisy leaves. Nevertheless, swarms of people are attending some sort of daily meetings at the Great Hall of the People; spectators are kept at a distance by Red Guards.

About 3,000 Americans are estimated to have visited China since the first thaw of our icy relationship. Many of them are American citizens of Chinese origin, welcomed here as "Overseas Chinese." The reverse flow has probably been about one-tenth of this number, most of them in delegations of scientists, medical men, journalists, actors, gymnasts, acrobats, or other sportsmen. Chinese journalists returning from the United States have been discreet in voicing their impressions of their journeys there, though they are united in deploring our congested traffic conditions, and the toll of fifty thousand or more dead and one million hospitalized per year from automobile accidents.

I was certainly mistaken in thinking the insurgent forces in Cambodia would take Phom Penh soon after August 15, if not before. They have been strangely quiescent for some days. As far as I am informed, there are no negotiations being carried on.

During the Cultural Revolution, many kinds of disciplinary measures were directed against those suspected of doctrinal backsliding. One was the "May 7 Schools" for the reeducation, or rebuke, of alleged or real offenders against orthodoxy. These centers provide uncomfortable shelter for the condemned, whose chief obligation is to work in the fields with local farmers. Clare Hollingworth

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

managed to visit one such school; she said the pupils, bureaucrats, intellectuals or others who had once held reputable positions, seemed sad and frustrated, evidently longing to go back to "Gay Paree."

We dined tonight with Martha and Al Jenkins in our former apartment in the Nine Story Building. The others were Sarah Jenkins, Sheila and Nick Platt. It was a delightful evening.

Tuesday, August 21, 1973

Last night, Al, John, Nick and I went over my draft reply to Washington's query about holding exchange exhibitions at home and here during the bicentennial year of Independence 1976. I sent off the following telegram of comment this morning.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, August 22, 1973

This morning I went to call on Stephen FitzGerald, the Australian Ambassador. He has been on vacation with his family visiting fairly remote parts of the country. He advised me to leave Peking as frequently as I could and emulate his example. Of course as a Chinese scholar he draws much more benefit from these trips than I would, but I know his counsel is wise.

He has not seen Sihanouk since the latter's return from North Korea. We speculated about the situation in Cambodia, especially over why the insurgent forces have ceased--at least for the past week--their drive on Phnom Penh. He believes that if Chou En-lai did attempt recently to bring about a meeting between Sihanouk and Kissinger he failed, and will continue to back the Prince.

He considers the North Korean rulers almost the toughest and least sophisticate in the Communist world. He is baffled by the Party Congress delay, abortion, or whatever has happened. FitzGerald has a lively, enterprising intellect; he is decidedly good value as a companion, a keen observer of the Chinese scene. His Prime Minister and patron Whitlam is coming here later in the year.

For lunch today we had the French Ambassador Manac'h and his wife, his sympathetic deputy Charles Malo and wife, the Al Jenkinses and the Don Andersons. Manac'h is an amusing fellow, a thorough Quai d'Orsay product. He was named Ambassador here by General de Gaulle who gave him his credentials before he could present them, the General had retired, so Manac'h was presented a new set issued by the Acting President, the presiding officer of the French Senate, whose name was unknown to the Chinese. At any rate, after ludicrous misunderstandings, he came to rest in Peking more than four years ago.

He is on good terms with many of the Chinese political leaders. He finds them almost obsessed by the Soviet menace. He is surprised at the speed with

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

which they moderated their anti-Americanism, and by their exhortations to NATO countries to increase their defensive armaments, even if it means bearing more of the financial burden of maintaining a strong U.S. military presence in Europe. These Chinese leaders think the Soviets are wolves in sheep's clothing, and their advocacy of détente a mask for aggressive imperialistic ambitions.

When he saw our unfurnished, unfinished ground floor at the Residence, he inquired laughingly whether we were going to leave it that way until we removed to a permanent Embassy establishment. Latterly, some reports from Taiwan reflect the growing fear there that the United States and the PRC may establish full diplomatic relations within the next year.

Our ground floor reminds me of Abigail Adams' consternation, on the day she and President Adams moved into the White House, to discover the largest reception room was being used to dry the laundry. Oddly enough that is exactly the case at present with us except, in addition, a troop of carpenters has also invaded a part of it for hammering and sawing away at a huge contraption intended for Heaven knows what.

E. and I, snug on the upper floor, are quite content with our dwelling as it

Thursday, August 23, 1973

A bomb exploded over American radio networks with the announcement here this morning of Bill Rogers' resignation, effective as of September 3, and the naming of HAK as his replacement. Since the Senate is not in session, Henry will not be able to assume his duties as Secretary of State for some time. I take it for granted he will be subjected to longthy interrogation at a Foreign Relations Committee hearing but will ultimately be confirmed. Apparently, he will continue to serve as the President's Special Advisor on Security Affairs.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

us more and more." Also, he referred to his fear that a full scale assault on Phnom Penh might result in the President persuading Congress to renew the bombing.

The Prince's pronouncements are often contradictory. Journalists enjoy his press conferences--they resemble a raree show.

Peking's avowed sympathy with revolutions anywhere is deeply embedded in Mao's ideology. PRC support of insurgencies in Southeast Asia, as in Thailand, Burma, Malaysia, and the Philippines, has been consistent, though it has been renounced in some instances elsewhere, notably in Ethiopia and Zaire. Chou En-lai, completely loyal to the Chairman, has followed the same line, except when, by slow persuasion, he has succeeded, for diplomatic advantages, in altering it. The general doctrine is against using a parliamentary method to gain power, and decrees: "Violent revolution is the universal principle of proletarian revolution --to this there is no exception. The proletariat must use the gun to seize political power and must use the gun to defend it." This is strong meat, but may, like long hung game, pall on the palates of younger Chinese, whose impressions of the Long March are less vivid than those of their elders who participated in it.

On August 19, a Peking-owned newspaper, published in Hong Kong, made the first analysis of the Watergate affair we have noticed in a Chinese Communist publication. Replying to inquiries as to why it carried so little news on that subject, it commented that essentially the matter reflected the usual internal contradictions and struggles among different factions of American "monopoly capitalists," and "was not worthy of any special attention."

Tonight, E. and I dined with Elizabeth Wright of the British Embassy at her apartment on Jian Guo Men Wai. The invitation included the words, "Dress, very casual." There were a lot of young people there--mostly from the British,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Australian, Canadian, Belgian Embassies. Elizabeth had prepared a tempting dinner, conversation was free and engaging. My only mishap was overturning a bowl of soup as well as a glass of beer on my pale blue trousers. I have not mastered the technique of eating in a floor position. Perhaps the Chinese and Japanese are double jointed, for they squat easily.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, August 24, 1973

My early morning was like the continuance of a nightmare. While I was about to start on my usual breakfast feature of local strawberry jam, Brunson appeared waving a telegram from HAK, who is with the President at San Clemente, bidding me to join him there for consultation as soon as convenient. After digesting the preserves and the startling summons, I ambled over to the office, soon to be confronted with another message from the same source. It had to do with the setting of a new date for Henry's trip to Peking because of his inability to leave the U.S. before he has been confirmed as Secretary of State by the Senate, and suggesting a period in October. Also, there were some substantive matters he had discussed with Han Hsu in Washington; they were to be followed up by me here, so I must ask for a meeting with Messrs. Chou En-lai and Ch'iao Kuan-hua before my departure. I imagine I am unlikely to see both of them, but made application through customary channels to the genial Vice Foreign Minister.

Upon asking for air accommodations on the Chinese internal line to Canton where it is necessary to spend the night, before leaving by train the next day for Hong Kong, we were told all seats were booked for the whole week, but I would be informed in due course when passage might be available. Signals were changed this afternoon by a new rocket from California, suggesting I go to Washington after September first for the proposed consultation. We decided the best route for this would be Peking-Shanghai, then a change to Air France for Paris-New York. There the matter rests for the moment.

In his message to the Chinese, HAK had told them I was coming home for consultation, including advising him on affairs connected with the "reorganization of the State Department." It is a tall task, for I have been so long unfamiliar

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

with its functioning and younger personnel that I think this must be only a polite gesture. It was also said I would remain in the U.S. a week or longer.

I have just read a classified report on Chairman Mao's health. It alleges he has Parkinson's disease (for which I hope he takes Hoffman-Laroche pills), high blood pressure, and excessive chloresterol. He is prone to spells of loss of memory. The real danger to him is a possible brain hemorrhage. There is nothing new in this diagnosis; the sturdy old man was written off years ago as a bad survival risk, before he demonstrated his physical vitality by a famous, though perhaps apocryphal, swim in the Yangtze River. Most of the business of Government has long been in Chou's keeping, but the Ancient is constantly consulted.

I have at last learned the secrets of my salary. I am paid $36,000 a year as a "Re-employed Civil Service annuitant"; as I draw $4,400 per annum in annuity, I receive a balance of $31,560. These two stipends are taxable as income by the Federal Government and by the District of Columbia. The effective date of my employment was April 13, 1973, with the comforting reminder: "Tour of duty two years with one rest and recuperation trip during tour (subject to needs of Service)."

I read today an amusing political interview reported by the Italian journalist, Oriana Fallacci, in an August Los Angeles Times. It is entitled: "Vivid Self-Portrait of Prince Sihanouk." The bizarre Prince, in reference to his gay youth, observed: "I have no intention of ending up as a playboy in exile. I intend to wind up as a man of honor, making a victorious entry into Phnom Penh and satisfying my desire to see Lon Nol hanged on the gallows." He spoke of the period before his marriage when he had five "favorites" who became mothers of 11 of his 13 children. He remarked that five favorites were not many when compared to the 60 his grandfather had, and his great-grandfather's 300. He commented: "It was

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

hard work! Now that I am fifty, I am really happy to have only one wife. Not just because Monique is beautiful, intelligent, cultivated, and, I hope, faithful, but also because at my age I would no longer have the stamina to take care of five women."

Of the Khmer Rouge he said: "The Khmer Rouge do not love me at all. I know it. I understand very well that they keep me with them because they stand to gain by it, because I am useful to them. . .I understand very well when I shall no longer be useful to them they'll spit me out like a cherry pit."

Of Chou En-lai, he said: "He's the truest friend I have ever had. And what's more he is an exquisite man, extremely considerate and kind, very sophisticated. The most aristocratic aristocrat you could ever meet."

Saturday, August 25, 1973

Another telegram from State suggesting a different date for California. Also a message from HAK.

The Department has asked if I objected to distribution elsewhere of my comments a few days ago on a proposed exchange of exhibitions in 1976. I countered with profound objections to its further dissemination except to the White House whence the original request originated. I felt sufficiently adamant on this subject to send a personal message to Acting Secretary Rush as follows:

> "1. I dislike burdening you by asking whether you would be kind enough to give your personal attention to above matter.
>
> "2. I had assumed from language used in State 161172 that Department wanted comment from this Mission to serve only as background for answer by Secretary Rogers to Leonard Garment's inquiry. On that assumption I sent response believing some of its comments might serve such a purpose but if any of them might be considered useful for the Secretary's reply they not be attributed to this Mission.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"3. I am now fearful that this message might by dissemination, leakage, and attribution to this Mission be harmful, as it undoubtedly would be to our interests here. I expressed this in Peking's 899 yesterday.

"4. Since sending Peking 899, I have received a letter and brochure from Frank Stanton which indicates the USIA's involvement in this subject. This makes me doubly apprehensive.

"5. I would great appreciate, if you find it appropriate, your reviewing this matter, and ordering any action you deem advisable to avoid the textual expression of USLO views regarding it. I most certainly would not have commented so freely if I had not understood these views were only for the background to Secretary Rogers' answer."

Still more telegrams about dates for my trip. I cannot get a plane ride to Canton on Wednesday; consequently I have applied for Thursday. The train journey from here to Canton requires forty hours so that is not a possibility. Protocol, through whom such affairs must be conducted, may try to displace some one on the Thursday aircraft but can give no answer before Monday. If that worked out, I could, because of the international date line, get to Los Angeles Friday night.

This afternoon the Jenkinses, Holdridges, and ourselves were unexpectedly invited to the opening ceremony tonight of the Asian-African-Latin American Table Tennis Friendship Invitational Tournament. We presented ourselves at the amphitheatre on the dot of 7:30. There were about 18,000 guests—every seat was filled. We were too far from the dais, where the most distinguished spectators were enthroned, to identify them; the Acting President, Chou En-lai, Prince Sihanouk were certainly there; and perhaps Madame Mao—it was undoubtedly a Big Brass occasion. Players representing eighty countries (if the Palestinian Liberation Movement can be termed such) marched in distinct delegations through large doors at either end of the immense playing floor, to make a round of the stadium before falling alphabetically in order into their appointed stations.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

During this parade, one of three bands played bastard Chinese-Western music. It was a great scene, perfectly orchestrated, so that the viewers were finally confronted by serried ranks of potential players, many of them such as the Peruvians and the Sierra Leoneans in picturesque native costumes.

Next came speeches, not too long.

The Programme consisted of:

1. Dance: Fresh Flowers for Our Friends from Asia, Africa and Latin America.
2. Wushu (traditional combat exercises) by Youngsters.
3. Acrobatics: Spinning Bowls of Water.
4. Dance of Textile Workers.
5. Lion Dance.
6. Group Calisthenics. The Little Celluloid Ball Carries Friendship.

Three of these numbers, Wushu, Acrobatics, and Lion Dance were worth going a long way to see.

The appreciative audience rose at 10:00 p.m., and we all went home.

At the office, I found two messages from HAK--they can be attended to in the morning. E. and I nibbled at cold food, and were abed by midnight.

Sunday, August 26, 1973

Poor E. At 5:30 this morning, she answered the telephone. One of our communicators was calling to say he had just decoded an urgent Washington message for me, but he was certain there was nothing I could do about answering it now, and its contents were not of a substantive nature.

He was certainly right. It was a fourth alteration of the time for a meeting with HAK at San Clemente. The rendezvous is suggested for next Friday afternoon. The only way I can do it is to leave Shanghai Tuesday by Air France for Paris, then transfer to a plane for California. I must now wait until tomorrow to

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

ascertain whether first the Chinese air line, and second Air France can accommodate me. Air France flies only on Tuesdays and Fridays out of Shanghai.

This proposed gambol home is proving frustrating and occupied a number of us all morning at the office. Al, John, and I must remain in readiness to accept on short notice any tendered meeting with Ch'iao Kuan-hua and, hopefully, Chou En-lai.

E. and I slipped away this afternoon for an hour's prowl in the antique world, in the course of which we acquired another reproduction Han hound, a quaint pottery caricature.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, August 27, 1973

After frenzied telephoning, including a call by John Holdridge to General Scowcroft in San Clemente, my itinerary for a trip home is tentatively settled. I leave here with the McKinleys by Chinese aircraft on Thursday, August 30, spend the night at Canton in a hotel, proceed to Hong Kong by train on Friday morning, take PanAm that afternoon to Los Angeles where, thanks to the interposition of the international date line and changes of time, I arrive Friday night, with the prospect of meeting HAK at San Clemente on Saturday. We are out of telegraphic communication temporarily with Washington, because of a breakdown somewhere, but secured permission this afternoon to use our radio facilities if necessary.

Al has gone over to the Foreign Office to try to prod them into arranging for me to call on Chou En-lai and/or Ch'iao Kuan-hua as we requested last week. He and John are to receive the North Korean Chargé d'Affaires secretly this afternoon—he has been pressing for an appointment, and Washington has authorized it.

E. and I are having drinks for Monsieur Tual (son of E.'s Paris friend Denise Tual), Cultural Attaché at the French Embassy, Elizabeth Wright from the British Embassy, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Terrill (with a letter of introduction from Sister Parish).

Tonight we dined as guests of Jonathan Sharp and Timothy Pearce of Reuters (British), Jane and John Burns (Canadians), Clare Hollingworth (British), Colonel and Miss Struthers (Canadian Defense Attaché), and the charming Madame Wu (Chinese) were the other guests at the Duck Restaurant. The food was superlative, the atmospherics thoroughly congenial, in a converted old Chinese

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

private compound whose rooms clustered around courtyards. Madame Wu's English is Oxfordian; she was once Clare's interpreter, then in the Foreign Ministry, [illegible] and is now connected with the Capital Theatre. Her husband, a playwright absent in Shanghai, is said to be equally fluent in English. E. admires her as I do. These news bureau chiefs are an unusually sympathetic lot.

The cocktail Terrills were stimulating persons. English by birth, this serious but amusing bearded designer and promoter has spent twenty years off and on in the Far East. His most successful area was South Korea. His wife is equally active in the partnership. I agree with the advice they have given Chinese officials during their visit here; namely to increase exports of luxury articles of a cultural nature by redesigning to satisfy Western tastes. They believe the standard of Chinese artisanship in this potentially lucrative field is exceptionally high, but most of the end products are not appealing to European or American buyers.

In the late afternoon, Al and John, with permission from State, were visited secretly at the office by the North Korean Chargé d'Affaires with his English-speaking interpreter. His objective was to obtain USG guarantees of diplomatic immunity, personal security, and various privileges for the North Korean delegation that has been invited to attend United Nations sessions at New York with observer status. There was no American visa problem involved, for their people have been already issued visas in Moscow.

Jenkins and Holdridge informed the Chargé they would report his requests to Washington. The conversation was amiable. We suspect that this meeting may be followed by future discussions on more substantive questions. Peking might prove a logical place for the North Koreans to try to establish such contacts.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, August 28, 1973

Nothing of moment is stirring in the office today. Outside there is much clamor. Construction work on Third Avenue, or elsewhere in New York, is almost noiseless compared with what assails us here. Pile drivers to right, bulldozers to left, cranes to the rear, volley and thunder week-days and Sundays. From a distance, knots of workmen look like African ant hills. What is in progress has not been divulged; the present estimate is that five diplomatic compounds are to be finished by Christmas in our immediate neighborhood. Almost monthly, another state opens formal relations with the People's Republic, already top dog in the Third World.

The violence of public statements by the Chinese against the Soviets, and vice versa, have mounted to a new peak. The vituperative tone of mutual recriminations could not be excelled in a quarrel between rival oystermen in Chesapeake Bay.

Satan would have difficulty in finding work of his type to be done here by idle hands in the Diplomatic Colony. Most Chiefs of Mission are at Peitaiho, or on long vacation in their own countries. This Capital is spared the golden horde of August tourists who invade Europe and Britain. Foreign visitors in Peking are not on pleasure bent, and the only carnal pleasure open to them is gastronomy. Yet they seem, with few exceptions, fascinated by the visual pleasures of this city, so majestically exotic and unique in many still unmodernized parts. Though much of the physical past has disappeared, much abides. It should be a Western painter's Paradise; nowhere is light more lucent or cloud effects more frivolous.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, August 29, 1973

Since in response to HAK's summons I shall be leaving Peking tomorrow en route to California, I was bedevilled at the office with many private and official tasks.

We gave a cocktail party tonight on the second floor of the Residence for Mission personnel. They are a wonderfully companionable and jovial group. It was primarily intended to honor the Seabees, whose Herculean labors in the Communications Section have substantially terminated. Most of these splendid and expert technicians will have left before my return.

The big news today was that the Tenth National Party Congress had met from August 24 to August 28. It was the shortest such convention in PRC history, though because of almost nightly preliminary gatherings starting about August first its advent had been widely predicted. The final ceremonies were, however, so secretly conducted that the most assiduous China Watchers were befooled.

Chairman Mao presided over it; we do not know how often he attended or addressed the sessions. Chou En-lai delivered the political report. Huang Chen, Chief of the PRC Liaison Office in Washington was reelected to the Central Committee; Foreign Minister Chi P'eng-fei, Vice Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Permanent Representative to the United Nations Huang Hua, were for the first time elected to it.

The membership of the new Politburo and its Standing Committee will be closely scrutinized in efforts to determine what changes in power may flow from these proceedings. Chou En-lai remains indisputably Number Two in authority. The greatest surprise was probably the naming of Wang Hung-wen, a man of thirty-seven from Shanghai, to the Politburo and the Standing Committee, ranking after Chou En-lai as a Vice-Chairman of the Standing Committee. I had met him during the Sino-American basketball games, and been impressed by his forcefulness of speech, and emanation of vigor.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Probably a good deal of crockery was smashed in the confrontations preceding the final event. Compromises on individuals and programs were undoubtedly made, and many disappointments suffered. However, from the public viewpoint, harmony prevails. The civilians now outnumber the military in the Central and most Provincial Governments, which must be bad tidings for potential warlords.

Chou En-lai is the real victor in whatever contests took place. His political report has not yet been published but is expected shortly. I suppose there will be a good deal of boiler plate in it on foreign affairs, with castigation of the USSR, and lesser criticism of the USA as imperialistic superpowers. The whole affair terminated not in a fizzle, but like the delayed explosion of a time bomb.

Thursday, August 30, 1973

At the office this morning to glean information on the Party Congress events. Nancy, Brunson McKinley and I set off in the early afternoon on an Ilyushin plane for Canton. I hated leaving Evangeline.

We motored a while on the Canton streets; our most attractive route was that alongside the Pearl River, a muddy but immense stream, responsible for the alimentation of the seaport so renowned in Chinese history.

We fed well on local dishes, almost as different from those in Peking as is Cantonese from Mandarin language. In fact, I am told there can be no real oral communication between those from the respective regions when each speaks in his own native tongue.

We spent a comfortable night in the huge unmodish Tung Fang hotel of Chinese Victorian vintage.

Friday, August 31, 1973

Then came the rail trip to Hong Kong where we were met, in a heavy rain, by David Osborn, who took me to his house for lunch with charming Helenka.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

We had a brief exchange of views with experts at the Consulate General, before I departed on Pan American for California.

We refueled at Tokyo. After a sleepless night, I was glad to descend at Honolulu in radiant sunshine. Admiral Noel Gayler, now CINCPAC, was kind enough to meet me. He was our Defense Attaché in London; I have great admiration and confidence in his character and judgment. Bill Sullivan was also there, looking sparkling. He had been with HAK at San Clemente, and was about to embark for his post in Manila.

I had first in Hong Kong, then in Honolulu, bought six of the series in paperback of the adventure books "The Executioneer" by Don Pendleton. They would cause the dead to wake with their tales of massacre by an unerring gunslinger of wicked, contemptible mafiosi. They were less soporific than the [redacted] books on Chinese history and politics I had been reading for four months.

We were late, of course, in arriving at Los Angeles. I was delighted not to spend the night in that besmogged, garish city; instead a Western White House car settled me after midnight at the Newporter Inn, twenty miles or more from San Clemente. I had no idea where I was, but was glad to bed anywhere. It was baffling to reflect that somewhere on that forty-four hour journey I had lost a day out of life because of the International date line. Here I was, plunked down in a Californian desert on the same date I left Hong Kong. On the other hand, I was fortunate in having secured passage by air from Peking to Canton on the crowded Chinese internal lines, for if, like some of my associates, I had taken a railway train as the only alternative an additional thirty-eight hours would have been required.

Saturday, September 1, 1973

Early morning access to American newspapers was enlivening, though not an unmixed blessing; they are more weighty in bulk than in content. In Peking

DECLASSIFIED

we are largely restricted to the International Herald Tribune because its delivery by Air France at Shanghai brings it to us within a few days of publication.

For the first time, I read the gist of Chou En-lai's report to the Congress. He stated the necessity of the PRC being prepared to repel a Soviet "surprise attack" and "to wipe out any enemy that may invade." He inveighed against the menace of internal political intrigues, and in effect declared China was in mortal danger within and without.

About us, he said: "Sino-U.S. relations have been improved to some extent." But his heavy batteries were aimed at Russia. "Internally (the Soviet leadership) has restored capitalism, enforced a fascist dictatorship, and enslaved the peoples of all nationalities. . . Externally, it has invaded and occupied Czechoslovakia, massed its troops along the Chinese border, sent troops into Mongolia, supported the traitorous Lon Nol clique, suppressed the Polish workers' rebellion, intervened in Egypt. . . dismembered Pakistan, and carried out subversive activities in many Asian and African countries."

This was strong meat. Fortified by it, and a hearty dish of eggs and bacon, I set out for HAK's lair at San Clemente. The President had left yesterday for Washington, so Henry was in complete command at the compound. Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin, of the perpetual smile, was closeted with him. The three of us conversed briefly but China was not mentioned.

After despatching urgent nuts and bolts business with efficient General Brent Scowcroft, I spent several hours with Henry. He showed no trace of strain or physical fatigue. His intellectual powers are formidable, the range of his knowledge quite extraordinary. Aside from personal affection for him, I entertain great hopes for his leadership in the State Department. Retaining his position as Security Adviser to the President will make the harnessing and driving of

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

these two temperamental horses a fearsome experiment. To succeed, he must have in State a responsive administrative apparatus and a proper allocation of personnel it has always sadly lacked. Our discussions centered on these problems. I told him my age was such that the individuals in the Foreign Service with whom I had been most closely associated were either retired or reaching their limit of service, but amongst the younger men I knew there was a wealth of inappropriately utilized talent which needed and craved strong and clear direction.

It was decided I would return to Peking via Washington where we would confer again. Monday, Labor Day, is a national legal holiday, so he will not fly to the Capital until then.

This afternoon I quitted San Clemente for the Newporter Inn. Its swimming pool area was almost solid with suntanned bodies, its golf course encumbered with toiling obese men and women, laboring under the delusion that a leisurely round would counteract later excesses at the bar. The young must have been frolicking elsewhere.

The buxom bar lady Jay-Jay shook for me a couple of martinis, then prescribed a platter of jumbo shrimps and salad. This luxury joint was crowded with holidaying, free-spending citizens pampering themselves. With the aid of a last volume of the Executioner, and a Queen size bed, I enjoyed a restorative night.

Sunday, September 2, 1973

To the Los Angeles airport where I boarded a TWA plane for a placid trip to Washington, spending most of it rereading John K. Fairbank's The United States and China.

Oscar Armstrong kindly met me at Dulles, and conveyed me to Georgetown. He brought me up to date on Far Eastern developments.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Until I turned the key in the front door of our house, I had not realized how much I had missed its familiar amenities during a four month absence. Smiling Portuguese faces greeted me; if only Evangeline could have been there to complete contentment.

Paule Obendorf, E's cousin, who is living at 1405, had just arrived from Staunton Hill where she reported everything was in passable order, and Jamie more reconciled to his cancerous fate. She is like a gift from God to us, intelligent, charming, capable, sympathetic.

We had a merry dinner together. I telephoned several friends, but found, as I expected, they would be away until Tuesday.

Monday, September 3, 1973

Continuation of 90 degree weather which has lasted a week. Streets deserted. Took a walk, extracted from the cellar oddments such as cigarette boxes for Peking, spent an amusing two hours with delicious Loraine Cooper this afternoon, dined with Paule.

Tuesday, September 4, 1973

Lunched with Joan Braden at the newly opened Bagatelle. She seems to have been engaged in constant travel for her Foundation. Tom, she, and six or eight of the children had just returned from New Hampshire; previously they had been inspecting Indians in the Western desert. This feminine dynamo cast off sparks and information on divers subjects, more complete and perceptive than I could have extracted from assiduous reading of Time and Newsweek

Had my teeth cleaned chez Dr. Chase, purchased tropical suits at Brooks Brothers, bought medical supplies at Dumbarton Pharmacy, went to State, dined at Pam and Averill Harriman's. The indestructible Governor was in great form, rather champing I thought at a non-existent political bit, with news of nations

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

in his talk. Pam was, as always, serene and attractive.

Truman took me there in his new moonlighting Cadillac. The previous one had been damaged in an accident. By some feat of financial legerdemain he had obtained a replacement. On my way to Averell's, he informed me that he had repaid in transporting us all my previous loans to him over the past ten years. On our way home, he borrowed the promise of a five hundred dollar refreshment. He is really a wonderful man, deservedly esteemed in Washington

Wednesday, September 5, 1973

To State Department to confer with the people in Far East Asia and Mongolia Bureau. Called on Hummel, a Sinologue, Acting Assistant Secretary of State for Asian Affairs. Found him informative. HAK had told me at San Clemente he had no existing negotiations over Cambodia. Hummel corroborated this as respecting his office, saying all were agreed this was a question to be settled between Cambodians. He spoke at some length of the military situation there, stating it was not nearly as desperate as depicted by journalists. He thought the Lon Nolites could defend Phnom Penh against the insurgents, at least until the other side found it necessary to negotiate a settlement.

In Peking, I had formed quite another impression from various foreign sources, as well as from what intelligence reports were available to me. They had indicated the imminent collapse of the Governmental forces perhaps even before the cessation of U.S. bombing on August 15, but certainly shortly thereafter. I should have learned long ago to be sceptical about any such predictions, especially from American journalists, who are ignorant of conditions in Communist territory, and who generally seem to have a vested interest in writing prejudicially—often gleefully—about U.S. policy and military failures in Indo-China. This, however, does not alter my belief that Lon Nol is an ineffective leader. He

NLN-NSC-10-3-8 SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

should somehow have been brought under restraint after he had a stroke. It is rumored that General Haig, during his last trip to Cambodia, tried and failed to induce him to leave his country for medical treatment abroad. Sihanouk has reverted to his wish to see him hanged, presumably on the same gallows as the Prince's hated cousin Matak.

Lunched with Joan Braden at La Toque d'Argent, she breaking an engagement with HAK to do so. He twitted me good-naturedly about this later in the afternoon. When I saw him at the White House, we resumed our conversation about Departmental affairs. In response to one of his questions, I told him I would not take any official position in Washington. He has been busily preparing for his confirmation appearance before the Foreign Relations Committee by talking to Senators on the Hill. He appeared perfectly equiliberated and in good heart. I look forward to seeing him at Peking in October—the date has not yet been set—he may wish me to accompany him as far as Tokyo on his return journey. I was glad to see Jack McCloy waiting for him. Jack repeated what he had written me when I was named for China: "Congratulations once more into the breach."

I left tonight for London on Pan Am.

Thursday, September 6, 1973

We had an uneventful crossing, lasting less than seven hours. Heathrow airport was replete with passengers; it took me two hours to capture my solitary suitcase and a taxi.

It was pleasant to be again in Albany; we were last there in March. Lina, the garrulous Spanish maid, welcomed the arrival of someone to whom she could unbosom her random thoughts. I heard her litany, then took a bath and walk, not being enough dejetted to sleep. The weather is glorious, temperature at 70.

UNCLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, September 7, 1973

I got on the horn to connect with friends. Jeannette Rothschild came to lunch with me. Her decorating business is doing well; she says it has been little affected so far by inflation, recession, and pessimism.

This afternoon I called on Fleur Meyer. She and Tom had just come back from their now restored castle in Estramadura, Spain. Always enthusiastic about her projects, she considers this one a complete success. An invigorating lady, a constant friend. We were equally sad over her being informed yesterday of the rejection of their application for a visa to stay with us in Peking, commencing October 22nd. Cy Sulzberger had telephoned me in Washington to say that the visa granted him more than a month ago had been annulled. I spoke to HAK about Cy's case in which he intends to intervene. Henry Brandon, of the Sunday Times, telephoned me this morning in London to report the turndown of his and Muffie's applications. It looks as if there were to be something of a boycott on foreign visitors to China until the end of the year, for in all these cases they were invited to reapply after January First. This may presage an early meeting of a People's Congress in Peking, which will overtax the city's reception facilities.

I talked to Mary Manners who arrived tonight with her family in Lincolnshire after a three week stay in France. She will be in London tomorrow to see her sister off to South Africa.

During the afternoon, I stopped by to see Bill Redford and Susie Shankland, then to Heming's the silversmiths. The only objects I have purchased here are socks.

Saturday, September 8, 1973

Mary Manners, that cherished fount of gayety, lunched with me at Albany. She is to inquire on Monday at the Chinese Embassy about her visa application. I fear she too will be grilled tired.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Jim Surtees came to see me, radiant over the prospect of visiting Peking later in the year. The two sisters were here until their father's death in 1922 in the American Legation. She is deeply engaged in the preparation of her third book; it has to do with Lady Canning.

Sunday, September 9, 1973

An early start on Air France this morning for Paris. A Foreign Service China specialist, Mark Pratt, met me at the airport to take me to the Ritz Hotel, which I found more opulent than ever.

I managed with rare skill to lock the key of my suitcase within it. To remedy this inadvertence I had to destroy part of the zipper, but finally arrayed myself for lunch with Jack Irwin at the Embassy Residence, 41 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. Thanks largely to Nancy and Dick Watson, this house, so dilapidated when I had an office there, has been renovated, or as Ambassador Annenberg would prefer to say, "refurbished," with great taste. They were assisted in their task by Dolly Hoffman, whose decorative touch is excellent. Generous donors, such as the Charles Wrightsmans and the Douglas Dillons have contributed fine furniture and objects, the Watsons doing so on a grand scale. Jack's own pictures are excellent, his porcelain of high quality. As a result, I think this the best of all our Government residences. Its lawn is beautiful, as is that of the adjoining British Embassy.

It was a treat to see several of the French servants who had been with us as long ago as 1949. Jack, a cordial host--I've always liked him--took me on a tour of inspection of almost innumerable rooms. I do not fancy the architectural "style Rothschild" but, in this instance, it admirably serves its present purpose.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

We had a sumptuous lunch, prepared by the Chef Robert, who, after Jefferson Caffery left Egypt, returned to the American Embassy in Paris, where he burnished pots and pans for us until we moved to Washington.

This enjoyable occasion terminated by our walking toward the Ritz, which I finally entered after a round of window-shopping. I cannot believe that any other people present their wares as gracefully and invitingly as the French—thanks to its being Sunday, temptation did not move to consummation.

Jean Lambert spent a couple of hours with me at the hotel, reciting his latest difficulties over the complex financial deal which, if ever implemented, might well make him the richest man of our time. He had telephoned me in Peking, California, and Washington about this meeting. The subject is fascinating, the obstacles almost insurmountable.

This talk of millions made me thirsty, so I repaired to the Rue Cambon bar. I must confess this choice was dictated by the wish to view the display of elegancies in the cases along the gallery. I have heard of the inflated cost of living in Paris; after imbibing two Martini cocktails at $2.50 apiece, I am prepared to admit the verity.

At last to bed, with the expectation of early rising.

Monday, September 10, 1973

Mark Pratt left me at Orly at nine o'clock. Delay followed delay. I lunched there by courtesy of apologetic Air France officials. Finally, just as I had settled down for a good talk with Jayne and Charlie Wrightsman, who were bound for London, I was incontinently called to scramble aboard our craft, already six hours behind schedule. I read all night. We paused briefly in Athens and Cairo, then in Rangoon and Karachi. When we at last reached Shanghai, where Nick Platt met me (he was there to join the Philadelphia Orchestra Group which

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

will arrive tomorrow) we found the Peking flight had postponed its departure in our favor. Instead, however, of proceeding, the hospitable Chinese insisted on all hands sitting down for dinner in a vast restaurant. The passengers had been eating and drinking almost without cessation for over twenty hours, but seemed content to resume gastronomic experiments.

We reached Peking at midnight; Brunson conducted me to the house to reunite me with E. I was relieved to have circumnavigated the globe without any untoward incident.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, September 12, 1973

The Great Talleyrand would be pleased if he were told in Heaven or Hell that Air France had named the Boeing in which I flew from Paris "The Chateau de Valencay."

At the office, there was much talk about the 133 Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra group, due to arrive here tonight by chartered plane. Endless negotiations and arrangements about their visit have been effectively managed at this end by Nick Platt. Changes of schedules, programs, passports, visas and personnel have been almost incessant for over four months.

This afternoon, Claude de Leusse of Elle, and Hector de Galand, Chief Editor of Le Nouvel Observateur, members of President Pompidou's journalistic party, came to see E. and me at the house, with a letter of introduction from Jessie Wood. Madame de Leusse is beautiful and beguiling; Galand a left-wing, well-informed commentator. Since Pompidou only arrived yesterday they had nothing of political substance to discuss, but in customary French style spoke amusingly about their first impressions of Peking. When abroad, the French are inveterate sightseers; they seem more often than those of other nationalities to have prepared themselves by advance study for cultural novelties they might encounter.

I have the proverbial bug in the rug contentment at being home here again.

Thursday, September 13, 1973

We had a telegram from Mary Manners yesterday, saying her application to come to Peking had just been rejected by the Chinese Embassy in London. This, added to the refusal of visas during the past week to all the friends we had invited to stay during the autumn, resolved me to try to explore these matters locally. I am somewhat baffled over the inconsistency of such decisions, for my niece, Jim's daughter Peasie, landed here Sunday after having secured a visa in a trice at Washington

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

on the strength of our telegraphed invitation to come to us during her present tour in the Far East.

We have always understood we should not sponsor any one seeking visas unless they were to be our personal guests, and consequently no burden on the Chinese for lodging, transportation, interpreters and other facilities in desperately short supply.

Accordingly, I obtained an interview with friendly Lin P'ing, Foreign Office Director of American and Oceanian Affairs. I related my troubles to him. He said I should always inform the Foreign Office about applications made to their Embassies by prospective personal house guests; they would then be taken under consideration in Peking. This was moderately satisfactory, so I left with him the names of Mary, my sister-in-law Virginia Surtees, and our daughter Sasha. He volunteered that the case of Cy Sulzberger was being reviewed, and his visa might be reinstated.

Friday, September 14, 1973

Michel Leleu of Agence Franco Presse, one of the sixty journalists in Pompidou's entourage, saw me this morning. He attributes exceptional importance to Mao's two hour talk with the French President, although he is uninformed of its substance. The Chinese are evidently bent on convincing the French of the dangers of a détente in Europe, as well as of the utter insincerity of Soviet policies.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its first performance tonight, to be followed by three others in Peking and two in Shanghai. E., myself, and our Mission associates have been invited to the Sunday evening concert where important Chinese dignataries are expected to appear. These invitations are controlled, as are all tickets, by the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, the sponsor of the Orchestra.

Saturday, September 15, 1973

At the office this morning. I went delightedly shopping with Maureen Molinari this afternoon. We are equally keen on rummaging about in curiosity shops. I bought

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

a pair of immense glazed earthenware pots, dark brown in color, about four and a half feet high, each weighing several hundred pounds, said to be used for fermenting wine or storing grain. They resemble those made in Mediterranean countries as olive jars. The cost of two was around forty dollars. I think them magnificent, but they would be a load for a dromedary. We came across nothing else of equal merit.

Sunday, September 16, 1973

Peasie left us this morning bound for Sian. I spent the day, except for lunch, at the office. At 6 p.m. poor Peasie appeared there. She had been stuck for hours at the airport before coming back here after the definite cancellation of her flight was announced. We bundled her back into her former bedroom, and left her in a servantless, foodless house, while we went to the concert for which no spare ticket was available.

Before the concert, Sheila and Nick Platt had drinks with us. When we reached the theatre, we were regaled with tea, then seated in the hall that could contain about 1,300 people. It was selected because of its superior acoustics; it was where the Vienna Symphony Orchestra had played earlier in the year.

It was a gala evening, the reigning figure being Chiang Ch'ing, Chairman Mao's wife. I sat on her left, Mrs. Ormandy on her right. There was row upon row of Chinese political functionaries, and miscellaneous elements of the population. Chiang Ch'ing was vigorously applauded as she made her entrance. I thought she looked more fatigued than when I previously saw her. She was dressed, as she had been at the basketball game, in a long gown. Her complexion was sallow. Some years ago, she is said to have undergone an operation for uterine cancer, which left her in fragile health. She was, however, animated, gay, and profuse in applause of the musicians. At fifty-eight, she has no title of beauty, but one is conscious of her

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

strong femininity. She must once have been a sexy star; now her interests are supposed to be concentrated on politics and culture. I should judge her a woman it would be wise not to offend; steel is evidently mixed with blandness in her. She is wonderfully polite, and probably enjoys the quasi-regal attention she receives.

The concert was an overwhelming success. Toward the end, a piano was shoved onto the stage and the leading Chinese pianist, a young man of roly poly physique, attacked it as if it were a beloved enemy. He lagged slightly behind the imported musicians, but the popular Yellow River brought the spectators to their feet in applause.

The Americans felt proud of their talented compatriots; the Chinese, less exuberant by nature, were enthusiastic. Everything went well.

Madame Mao and others of us went on stage where she exchanged courtesies with the attractive Conductor Ormandy, was photographed, then shook hands with each member of the orchestra. She presented them with a sachet of caccia blossoms culled from her own garden.

Thereafter, we adjourned to a reception room, where cakes, sweets, juices, and beer were served. Chiang Ch'ing presented Ormandy with an inscribed rare Chinese book of music; also she gave a present to his wife, offered a glowing toast in which she referred to a charity performance he had given in aid of China in 1940. She did all this to perfection.

I sat for a while next to my preferred official Ch'iao Kuan-hua. He is going to New York at the end of this month to deliver his country's chief speech before the United Nations General Assembly. Like Mehitabel he is "toujours gai." He told me Cy Sulzberger's visa had been restored, and I was free to tell him so. He always teases E. about his and my drinking and smoking habits being closely akin.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

We started home about eleven o'clock, which is a late hour for the conclusion of a Chinese entertainment. We all concluded that Ormandy was a master diplomat, conductor, and charmer.

Monday, September 17, 1973

I was up at 6:30 to conduct Peasie to the airport. Brunson smoothed her way there, and she made a prompt embarcation. She has given me a copy of her father's memoirs that I have much enjoyed reading--he is another "scribbling Bruce."

Ambassador Huang Chen (Chief of the PRC Liaison Office in Washington) lunched with us. He arrived with his wife and an interpreter a half-hour in advance for what he termed a courtesy call. Physically, he is too large to be larkish, but is full of humor, and puckish expressions. China's Number One Diplomat abroad is a General, a veteran of the Long March, a playwright, and poet. His wife is sweet--they have seven children. We ate native food and drank French wines. The others were Lin P'ing of the Foreign Office, the Jenkinses, Holdridges, Lilleys, twelve of us in all.

Huang does not intend to return to Washington until after the great celebrations on October 1st. He has already been here several months; my guess is he will remain through HAK's visit. They have not yet found quarters for their Mission, having encountered difficulties over zoning law restrictions. When the Taiwan imbroglio is settled, he expects to move into the present 24 acre residence of the Republic of China's Ambassador. The United States will never do that well here.

This afternoon, at Platt's urging, I was interviewed by Kathi Wetzel, who does daily televised newscasts for CBS in Philadelphia. I spent more than an hour conversing with this sympathetic young lady of mid-twenty age. Hungarian by birth, most of her early youth was clouded by her Father and Mother, both journalists, being held in Communist prisons in Budapest. When she was about eight, she moved

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

to Paris, later to the United States, so possesses the advantages of being trilingual. She and her husband live in Philadelphia; he has a PhD as a Sinologue, but is not on this trip. She is beautiful and intelligent, an evident favorite of her fellow Hungarian Ormandy and his Viennese wife.

Tuesday, Sepetember 18, 1973

This was a busy day. I commenced it by going to the Swedish Embassy to sign the book of condolences in connection with the death of King Gustaf VI Adolf who died last Saturday in his nineties. When I last saw him a few years ago, he still played tennis actively. He had a fine collection of Chinese Art, a field in which he was considered a connoisseur. He had been a lifetime friend of Mildred and Bob Bliss who visited him almost annually.

The Swedish Ambassador, Arne Björnberg, his wife, and some of their staff, all clothed in unrelieved black, were lined up to shake hands with sundry signers. Their ample compound, as to landscaping and buildings, was designed by a Swedish architect; I thought it in pleasing contrast to the conventional diplomatic residences mass produced here.

Tonight, E. and I gave a farewell reception in honor of the Ormandys and the Orchestra. We had invited 250 people; a few more than that showed up. Fortunately the skies were clear, so guests could spill out from the congestion in our unfurnished salon and dining room onto the terrace. Those invited were: The Philadelphia Orchestra Group, 130 persons; Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, 15; Foreign Ministry, 6; Peking Municipal Revolutionary Committee, 1; State Council Cultural Bureau, 4; Chinese Music Performers, 27; other Chinese involved in the trip, 18; USLO personnel, 40; miscellaneous, 15.

Mr. Chiang our butler, with his assistants, swollen by levies from the International Club, proved himself to be a Napoleonic organizer. Food, mostly

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

pastries, abounded, drink gushed as from geysers. I was told the Chinese present consumed little hard liquor, addressing themselves instead to their own beer and fruit juices; of the latter, they did away with more than 250 bottles. Our Orchestra friends, on the other hand, favored imported liquids, especially Scotch, Gin, Bourbon, and Coca-Cola. We are now completely out of Coke, and will be unable to locate more short of Hong Kong.

In retrospect, I am fully satisfied with the impression made by the Orchestra; no one put a foot wrong while here, and their musical ability was too patent to elicit other than unstinted praise. They are a remarkable group.

During the reception, Lin P'ing told me the Government had authorized the issuance of visas to my sister-in-law, daughter, and Mary Manners.

Wednesday, September 19, 1973

VOA reported this morning the approval by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of HAK's nomination, with only one dissenting vote, cast by George McGovern. It is expected he will be confirmed by the Senate later this week.

I understand that chess is now being played all over China. Like card games, it was formally forbidden during the Cultural Revolution.

Nations sometimes take pride in bizarre things. The press here has contained many references to the discovery last year of the body of a Chinese woman buried about 2100 years ago, which if not in pristine condition had at least been almost miraculously preserved. Lady Li, wife of the Marquis of Tai, during the Western Han dynasty had been interned in an airtight coffin covered by sixty feet of earth. When exhumed her flesh was still moist, the joints flexible, the hair anchored in the scalp. With the exception of the brain, her other internal organs were in such shape as to make possible a diagnosis that she had once been consumptive, had gallstones, had been a mother, and to cap it all had eaten melon shortly before her death.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Cy Sulzberger is in high feather over his visa grant. He cabled today from Paris to say Marina and he would arrive on September 27 to spend a month with us.

We lunched today with Michael and Celia Richardson of the British Embassy who had Mr. and Mrs. John Rankin of Cleveland, Ohio as their other guests. An exceptionally pleasant gathering in every respect.

A book in Chinese totalling 1,000 pages only lately known in the West, entitled Long Live Mao Tse-tung's Thought is intriguing scholars. Certain excerpts of interest are:

1. "Take me, for instance—there are many problems in economic development that I don't understand. I don't really understand industry and commerce; I understand a little about agriculture, but only relatively speaking. I don't really understand very much."

2. In May 1950 he said: "We've had no experience of nuclear war, so we don't know how many people would be killed; hopefully, half the world's population would survive, or at least a third, leaving 900 million people out of 2,900 million. In the space of a few five-year plans, we'd begin developing again, capitalism would have been wiped out, we'd have eternal peace—that wouldn't be such a bad thing."

3. In 1968, reprimanding four Red Guard leaders, he informed them that although he was not in the habit of tape-recording his conversations, he had taken the precaution to do so this time--"otherwise you might just quote what you pleased on your return. If you do so, I'll just release the recording."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, September 20, 1973

President Pompidou has come and gone. Those who saw him closely, as well as current photographs, represent him as being swollen of face probably as a result of doses of cortisone. Some assert he has cancer of the marrow bones, and is unlikely to survive for more than a year.

His visit to China seems to have been a qualified success. It was the first one made here by a French Chief of State. The final communiqué was innocuous. One paragraph stated: "The two sides examined the situation in Europe. China supports the efforts made by the European peoples to safeguard the independence, sovereignty, and security of their respective countries and, on this basis, to unite themselves for the preservation of their common security. With loyalty to her alliances, France pursues a policy aimed at détente, understanding and co-operation among all the peoples of the continent as well as the building of a true European union among the nine member countries of the EEC."

Both parties declared themselves against "all hegemony," and said the "Cambodian problem must be regulated by the Cambodian people themselves, without foreign interference."

Pompidou was accorded a courteous reception at all times; Chou En-lai accompanied him to Shanghai whence he left for Tehran. In public, the Chinese accented the similarity of Sino-French Arms policies, and the Soviet threat to Europe. Pompidou did not endorse the latter view.

The Netherlands Ambassador Vixseboxse called on me this morning. He was pleased with the manner in which the Chinese received his Parliamentary delegation the highlight being their bedazzlement by Chou En-lai.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I find Vixseboxse an engaging companion. He is interested in the philosophical and psychological aspects of Chinese life. We discussed the long campaign to break down the influence of the family system, and the present drive against the doctrines of Confucius.

The Austrian Ambassador and Mrs. Leitner lunched with us. They have lately returned from a vacation at hom having journeyed there on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. He praised the pleasures of that trip, but his description did not convince me it was worth a week out of the world. For several days, they seem to have voyaged through interminable birchwood forests. Nowhere did they descend from the train long enough to visit Ulaan Baatar or other cities the rails traversed. These Austrians are a warm, jolly couple.

Tonight, E. and I went to the Marines Hail and Farewell party for a departing and just arrived colleague. These attractive young men have a decided talent for friendliness and the exercise of hospitality.

I was sent a newspaper clipping today about my 80 year old friend of OSS days, Judge Norwood F. Allman. He came from Southern Virginia not far from Staunton Hill. I took him on as a Chinese expert in OSS. He had lived 39 years in China, as a lawyer, business consultant, and publisher of a Shanghai newspaper --a salty individualist. He told the interviewer that in 1916, as a recruit at the American Consulate in Shanghai, he was examined by a British doctor who inquired whether he drank. When Allman answered "no," the doctor told him: "If you live in China you are bound to get dysentery. Drink a little Scotch every day and you will not be troubled by it." Allman now comments: "I've followed that advice ever since. I've never had dysentery and I'm doing just fine."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, September 21, 1973

The major trade objective of the Pompidou visit was supposed to be further assurance of Chinese interest in the Concorde. If so, the French must have been disappointed. Negotiations on the preliminary agreement for purchase of one aircraft were not brought to culmination; no further commitments were made.

Teddy (Theodore H.) White has sent E. and me presentation copies of The Making of the President 1972, and of his 1958 novel on China, The Mountain Road.

In the former, the following passage occurs, in relation to a conversation between Teddy and President Nixon on March 17, 1973: "We began to talk on a side matter--the recently announced appointment of David Bruce as Ambassador to China in all but title. Both of us were fond of David Bruce, and I told the President how much the appointment pleased everyone. He replied that what was vital in the appointment was its symbolism. Two years earlier he had wanted to send Bruce, not Kissinger, to make the initial contact with China. But the Chinese had refused to accept Bruce because he was then America's negotiator in Paris with North Viet-Nam--Bruce represented to the Chinese the symbolism of war. They had taken Kissinger instead. But now they would accept Bruce--and in exchange they were sending their Number One diplomat to Washington. It meant, said the President, they accepted the fact that the war in Viet-Nam was over. And so did we."

My recollection of this episode may be faulty; it certainly is not so flattering. As I recall it, the President, while I was still assigned to Paris, told me that if China opened up, as he was sure it eventually would, he would like to have me go there as the U.S. diplomatic representative. There was no mention of my making the initial contact. Later on, after HAK had established a relationship with the PRC, it had been suggested that I be Henry's substitute

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

in trips to Peking for discussions upon occasions when Henry could not do so. Upon the matter being raised with the Chinese by the President and HAK, the suggestion collided with a cold shoulder. I never knew of this rejection until I was given the notes of the President's and HAK's talks in China. I read them after agreement had been reached on the establishment of Liaison Offices, and after the President selected me as Chief of our Mission, having obtained the consent of the PRC. I was then a private citizen, freed from the Viet-Nam taint!

Although Confucius died about 2500 years ago, a campaign to discredit his philosophy is in full swing. The revered Sage is the target of some Chinese media outpourings. The attack might be considered a challenge to advocates of a return to pre-Cultural Revolution domestic policies and practices. There are commentators who believe this is an indirect attempt to stamp Chou En-lai as a Confucianist. This is all rather arcane.

Red Flag is openly condemnatory of the USSR. A recent article denominates the USSR as a monopoly-capitalist state which in accordance with classic Leninist "objective laws" inevitably turns to an expansionist policy abroad.

E. packing like mad for her trip to Paris, London, Washington, and Virginia. I have encumbered her with memoranda about houses and children.

Took a walk this afternoon, in glorious weather, in the Altar of the Sun Park. There was a spirited soccer match being played by two teams of black giants none of whom appeared to be less than six feet in height.

This evening, we had the following for cocktails:

Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Suzanne Dryfoos (Mrs. Sulzberger's granddaughter), Mrs. Seymour Topping, Chester A. Ronning (Audrey Topping's father, Sinologue, born in China, war-time Canadian Ambassador here), Dr. Herman M. Tarnhower (Sulzberger family doctor).

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Boeing Aircraft Representatives

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Allen, Chairman Emeritus; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wilson, Chairman; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buckley, Vice President, Production; Mr. and Mrs. E. Raymond, Contract Manager.

Also, the Ambassador of Canada and Mrs. Small, Colonel and Madame C. M. Molinari (Argentine Embassy), Mrs. Clare Hollingworth (The Daily Telegraph, London), Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jenkins.

The drink most in demand was gin and tonic. Iphigene Sulzberger at 81 is lively as a cricket, an attractive lady. Mr. Allen of Boeing was a great friend of John Semmes, head of the Baltimore law firm for which I worked several years; he is also a friend of George Love, one of the most companionable of American business tycoons. The Boeing group is satisfied with their transactions with the Chinese. They hope to receive additional orders for the 707, two of which have already been delivered.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, September 22, 1973

Arose in the dark--no cocks crowed. E. had preceded me. By 5 a.m., she had almost completed her packing. The overweight for her luggage, which largely consists of material to be submitted to her publishers, will be almost as heavy as a nuclear missile.

Brunson, E. and I foregathered at the airport before 8 a.m. Ambassador Huang Chen, my counterpart in Washington, is booked on the same plane, he in First Class she in Economy, but with the Legion of Honor ribbon on her lapel she is certain to be coddled by the Air France stewardesses. I hated to have her go; we have had such a happy time in Peking, but she must see to our domestic affairs at home, and meet our dispersed children.

After the office closed, Clare Hollingworth, an invaluable friend, lunched with me. First we chatted away, but there were no signs of provender. My attempts this morning to order a meal for two had not registered. I routed a couple of sleeping domestics out of the basement. We were soon faced with dishes of spare ribs, cabbage (ethereally transformed), mushrooms, stewed meat, rice, fruit. Clare, an urbane intelligence agency, told me many things of value. She will undertake to launch Cy Sulzberger, an old friend of hers, on the path to journalisti wisdom here.

This afternoon, Maureen Molinari and I toured the Sun Yat Sen Park in the Imperial City. Much restoration and new building was in evidence. Best of all were the troughs containing gold fish of varied hues such as neither of us knew existed. This display was more satisfying than anything devoted to a single species I have ever seen in an aquarium.

Maureen, an Argentinian, has a predilection for life in Guatemala, where only man is occasionally vile. She does not think it an ideal residence for wealthy

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

or prominent North Americans, who have recently been kidnap and murder prone. In the Argentine, once the richest and best ordered country in Latin America, the economic situation continues to deteriorate. The population has increased, the production of beef, their chief export, has diminished. Industrial unrest has persisted for more than twenty years, inflation rages. She loves her country, and refrained from any comment on Peron or other political figures.

The weather today was, as has long been true, matchless for its balminess and purity.

There are always two PLA sentries at the gate of the front entrance to our compound. They lurk under an umbrella during hot spells; if it is cold, they can have recourse to a nearby box shelter. Another soldier patrols the back wall, stumbling about in the débris between us and a hospital. Our Marine Guards keep a twenty-four hour watch with eight-hour shifts. They check the office building periodically--at night they are steady readers of detective or adventure books, perhaps also of Chinese phrase pamphlets. The Residence is entirely unprotected. It would be folly to try to remedy this during its present condition. No door locks, and the windows are usually open. Any one can enter or leave without being observed. Work is constantly in progress within it, hammering, sawing, drilling, painting or whatnot. The Chinese, unaccustomed to privacy in their own homes, are not respecters of it. They barge into our bathrooms, bedrooms, or elsewhere without knocking, comporting themselves naturally and politely. I doubt that nudity as such interests them much.

Sunday, September 23, 1973

Although Americans had never wrested concessions from them, the Chinese at the treaty ports often used to refer to us as "second-chop (quality) Englishmen."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

It is true that Americans had been actively engaged in the lucrative opium trade, but in doing so they rode on the coattails of the British as the Chinese were fully aware.

I lunched today at the Molinaris. Monsieur and Madame Cuendet (Chargé d'Affaires of the Swiss Embassy) were there. They have been in Peking for over four years and seem to know every nook and cranny of it. Unfortunately, this attractive couple are leaving in mid-February for his new post in Lebanon.

The food was absolutely super, especially the heaps of Marco Polo noodles. Maureen showed us part of her collection of Guatemalan textiles, clothing materials and artifacts.

Afterwards, we motored out to the Eight Li Pagoda (about 5 miles from the city) to view this startling Buddhist structure, only slightly degraded by time and neglect. Built in the fourteenth century, a plenitude of stucco carvings, massive walls beneath its thirteen roofs. Once there must have been monastic buildings and dependencies nearby. Now it stands in lonely splendor on a dusty mound encroached upon by field after field of glistening green crops. Two marble nine or tenth century steles, little impaired by countless rubbings taken from them, are close to the pagoda. The figures on them are as delicate as etchings. The whole is an extraordinary sight.

From there we drove along the canal to enter one of the lesser gateways in the wall enveloping the Summer Palace grounds. There we came almost immediately upon the famous marble bridge with its friezes of baby lions, leading to the island where the Empress Dowager imprisoned the unfortunate next to last Manchu Emperor.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Even though it was Sunday, dozens of men and women were working on preparations for the October First celebrations. Floats were being hammered together on the lake, a temple was being festooned with flowers, exotic edifices had been burnished, all in anticipation of the expected arrival next Monday of several hundred thousand merrymakers.

It is idle to enthuse almost every day over the perfection of weather, but this was another in a series almost unmarred for a fortnight.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, September 24, 1973

The Turkish Ambassador Eren called on me this morning. He was voluble for an hour and a half, but I had hot flashes of occasional enjoyment. He had asked the U.S. Government to participate in making representations to the PRC on Palestine refugees, and is holding an Ambassadorial meeting tomorrow on the subject. I told him I was under instructions to tell him our Government believes an approach to the PRC on UNRWA by us alone or with others would be inappropriate. He did not criticize this decision. I like this eager beaver; but his political gossip requires sifting.

French Foreign Minister Jobert, commenting on the discussion of Cambodia durin President Pompidou's visit to China, said if there were to be a solution to it "the salad would have to contain some Sihanouk sauce."

The PRC's leadership is troubled by the controversy over the "down-to-the-countryside" youth program. One to two million additional youth, male and female, were due for rustication this year, but many have showed no alacrity in responding to the call.

Tonight, I dined with Colonel and Mrs. Weston-Simons who were entertaining the wife of the British Ambassador to Mongolia, now on her way to England with her children. She is rather beautiful, young, vivacious. She said she liked her life there in spite of the average temperature on a yearly basis being minus two degrees Centigrade. Her husband enjoys the fishing and shooting; he sounds a Nimrod.

The Turkish Ambassador feels there is a somewhat dangerous situation for the PRC in dealing with their minorities, amongst whom the USSR try to spread dissatisfaction with Chinese rule. There are over thirty million Turkish-speaking people in divided Turkestan. They jealously guard their language, religion,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

and customs, although they are so geographically remote from Turkey. They remain, however, sentimentally attached to their former fatherland.

Population statistics in the PRC are baffling. Occasionally, census checks seem to be made in cities but not in the rural areas where the overwhelming majority of people is located. Some estimates place the total as low as seven hundred million, other at eight hundred and fifty million. Perhaps the Government has a more specific figure, for it must have in order to deal with the food-population problem in the cities. The conclusion is that the PRC is gravely concerned with reducing urban overpopulation, as well as, secondarily, bringing it under control generally. This, of course, accounts for their unceasing interest in birth control measures, which are contentious and difficult of enforcement.

Prince Sihanouk continues his dizzying interviews. He says a meeting with HAK is "out of the question." After the victory of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, he states he would not return to Phnom Penh but would take up residence "as nominal Chief of State" at Angkor Vat. "The country will not be governed by me but by the Khmer Rouge and their allies." "He would, however, never live in France, since the French have betrayed us by making common cause with the Lon Nol regime."

Tuesday, September 25, 1973

Nick Platt has returned from his duties as Liaison Office shepherd of the Philadelphia Orchestra, a task he carried out superbly. Their tour, including performances in Shanghai, was a triumph. The Chinese who heard them have been unanimous in praise. Eugene Ormandy proved to be the possessor of rare diplomatic skills; his musicians were considered public benefactors. Juding by press reports, literally nothing went amiss. Ormandy kindly sent E. and me an

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

inscribed copy of a book on the spectacular history of what is represented as the greatest ever of American orchestras. Its most famous conductors, to whom it largely owes its fame, have been Leopold Stowkowski and his successor Ormandy. Stowkowski--now in his nineties--made an indelible impression on me when I met him almost fifty years ago. He was, like Arthur Rubinstein, a magnet for women craving love; his most glittering conquest being Greta Garbo. He was as handsome as a Greek statue, but fortunately more animated.

The leaves have begun to turn; at night there is a chill of autumn in the air. Old Pekingese say October is their finest month. Incidentally, I have not yet seen a single Pekingese or Chow dog, but have lately noticed a few migratory song birds.

Much ado over Cy Sulzberger's impending visit. Charming Madame Woo has been assigned to be his interpreter--lucky fellow.

Nothing new on the situation in Cambodia. Superstitious Lon Nol seems to have recently received good advice from his soothsayers and astrologers. His sister-in-law, unsavory Madame Lon Non, is said to have been apprehended for trying to smuggle $170,000, stuffed inside a toy dog carried by her child, as she was leaving Paris to join her husband in the United States. Her defense seems to be that these funds were for her personal expenses and for the Cambodian Government Embassy in Washington.

One never ceases to marvel at the exotic things on sale in Peking. Under the heading of Chemists' Shops, Nagel lists those which use fruit stones, sea-weed, fish-skins, tiger bones, deer and rhinoceros horns, snakes, sea-horses, centipedes, scorpions, toads, dried grasshoppers and silk-worms, oyster-shell and tortoise-shell powder, amber. The Dumbarton Pharmacy in Georgetown is comparatively a fuddy-duddy.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

My midnight reading for three days has been confined to Peking Picnic by Ann Bridges. I find it enthralling, and good fare for any one whether or not he has visited China.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, September 26, 1973

I was summoned this morning to call on Lin P'ing, Director of American and Oceanian Affairs at the Foreign Office.

He had only one subject to discuss. Reading from notes, he said our Marines have opened a Bar with a sign: "U.S. Marine Corps Bar." There they sell tickets and drinks to diplomats, journalists, and others.

Noise and drunken brawls have disturbed their neighbors. Such activities have aroused resentment. Chinese sovereignty "cannot brook such activities by U.S. Marines in our country."

No other country has sent troops here to guard its Mission. Nor have the Chinese done so in Washington.

The Chinese side considers it inappropriate to have Marines here, and asks for their withdrawal.

As for security within your Liaison Office, that is for you to decide as long as you do not violate regulations applied to foreign Missions in China.

I asked him whether this is an order. He answered "Yes." I queried "When will it become effective?" He replied that they had not set a specific date, but the withdrawal should be "as soon as possible."

In the interchange that followed, I pointed out what grave problems a withdrawal would present. We had Marine personnel all over the world performing such functions, and no other system for doing so. I was sure other Missions in Peking used military men for such duties. He replied that the others do not have recognizable military. Our Marines have made themselves conspicuous in their capacity as members of a Marine Corps. I referred to the Soviet compound manned entirely by Soviet citizens, some of whom were certainly military. He

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

said that if so they were not identifiable. I discoursed on others having Defense Attachés. No good, the refrain was "Your Marines are conspicuous."

I told him I could not give him any answer today, as I could have done if I had been personally declared persona non grata. The issue of withdrawal would require consideration at the highest levels in Washington--I would expect to receive instructions from there. Perhaps, I suggested, it might fitly be considered during Secretary Kissinger's proposed visit to China in October. No answer.

We batted the ball back and forth a few times, then I left the always amiable, personally friendly Lin P'ing.

Back at the office, I thrashed out this affair with Messrs. Jenkins and Holdridge. First, we sent for Sergeant Osborne, in charge of our Marine Detachment. I ordered the external signs taken down at the Marine House, the dissolution of their 200 member Club, discontinuance of selling liquor or anything else, restricting themselves entirely to normal social activities, and the preservation of as low a profile as practicable. I did not mention the order for their withdrawal from China--nobody in the Mission is now to know of that except Al, John, myself, and Ray Jones who will type these notes.

After a late lunch, we three met again to consider an eyes only telegram I had drafted for despatch to HAK. It was sent off this afternoon and should reach him by his breakfast time today.

I am profoundly disturbed by this development. If the Chinese demand for withdrawal were complied with, the resultant effect on our mutual relationship, when this action was publicly known, might be little short of catastrophic. It is not difficult to envisage the harmful worldwide ramifications of such an action. It would especially redound to the benefit of the Soviet Union, and play havoc on our domestic scene.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I think we should view it calmly and coolly, and temporize until we are prepared for a frontal confrontation on this matter. I should think it best to argue about it in the context of discussions between HAK and Chou En-lai on other important aspects of our nascent association.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, September 27, 1973

I noticed today that Merle Cochran, our first Ambassador to Indonesia, recently died in Houston. I knew him well. When admirers in Indonesia suggested erecting a statue of him there, Cochran suggested they cancel the project because his enormous girth would make the statue too costly.

The Chinese are said to have discovered a large major oil field in Kwangtung Province, said to be larger than Taching. If true, this is of prime importance to the PRC economy.

I have received as a gift from an American Cattle Association, the second volume of John E. Rouse's work World Cattle. In riffling through it, I read that in Mainland China the village owner of one or two cows took them to a bull, maintained in the village, and paid a fee for the breeding service. It was a common practice to feed a bull two eggs at each service, and a cow was sometimes given wine after intercourse on the theory this was considered an aid to conception.

The New Zealand Ambassador, William Bryce Harland, called on me this morning. I had an eulogistic letter about him from Francis Mason of Steuben Glass, that talented man who worked with me in London. The Ambassador is also an old friend of John Holdridge, Al Jenkins, and Bob Skiff.

I found this 42 year old diplomat the proverbial breath of fresh air. In his first interviews with Chinese officials, he spoke with unusual candor on sensitive issues such as Cambodia. He has served for 20 years as a Foreign Service Officer, and was head of the Ministry's Asian Affairs Division for the past three years. He does not speak Chinese, but intends to study it. He will have a small staff.

Brunson McKinley told me he had bought two Mongolian rugs in a local store. I accompanied him there, and bought for 500 Yuan (about $260) a faded, I thought pleasing, Turkestan carpet on which appear two crude pheasants, one clinging to

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

what looks like a cactus plant, the other precariously perched on a large black and white rock. This piece, somewhat patched, is probably a peasant production of the nineteenth century.

Nancy, Brunson, and I went to the airport tonight to meet the Cyrus Sulzbergers. They arrived on time in a crowded plane from Canton. Talking to them at the house was like opening a window onto the great world. They are both dynamic, imaginative, gifted, and above all affectionate friends. We sat up late over a cold supper. Since our domestics leave at 5 p.m., such evening meals are not the most satisfactory I have experienced. They usually consist of hard-boiled eggs, raisin bread, toast, Australian butter, Chinese cheese, stewed fruit, with alcoholic beverages--beer the favorite--at choice. The natives are unaccustomed to preparing what they probably disdain as snacks--they like hot food at all times.

I was bucked up by the arrival of these dear friends, and only regret Evangeline had to miss them. On an incidental note, they reported that Chip Bohlen is again bed-ridden with his painful cancer; also, Susan Mary is said to have parted from Joe Alsop. Both of these items were sad news.

Friday, September 28, 1973

Amid the clangor of hammering for closet building in E.'s minute sitting-room, Cy struggled at the telephone this morning. The Peking system, especially for those who do not speak Chinese, is a far cry from its efficient American counterpart. Journalists, however, have a sort of lingua franca that enables them to communicate where fainter hearts would fail.

We had made an engagement for Cy to call this morning on Mr. Ma, the big Chief of the Information Division in the Foreign Office.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Marina brought me a welcome present of French paté de foie gras. They were more than generous with gifts of his novel, a history (most apposite) of Marco Polo, and the Itinerary of Ludovico di Varthema of Bologna from 1502-1508.

I think the Sino-Soviet border dispute is pregnant with future trouble. The Chinese wish to resolve it through negotiations which would use as a base the frontier treaties of the 19th Century. China says it has no territorial pretentions toward the Soviet Union.

The Soviet position is that they not only want the Chinese territories seized under the "unequal treaties" but also other territories.

By the treaties imposed in the Nineteenth Century, the Czarist Russians acquired about 950,000 square miles of Chinese land. Subsequently, they possessed other areas in China, in violation of the treaties, which although annulled in 1905 left the territorial disputes unsolved.

The Peking Man fossil mystery continues to intrigue many people. Christopher Janus, a wealthy Chicago investment broker expects to arrive in Taipei October First to follow a cold trail that may lead to a hot scent. His visit is prompted by rumors that the fossils may have been taken to Taiwan when the Generalissimo removed the National Art Treasures from the Mainland in 1948-9.

I was struck by this quotation from Peking Picnic.

"That I spent, I had,
That I gave, I have,
That I kept, I lost."

Brunson and I went out tonight to meet Mary Manners at the airport. Her Air France plane from Paris was only forty-five minutes late, its only stop having been for refueling at Taiwan. This flight, scheduled twice a week, will be a boon to travelers to and from Europe since it shortens any other transportation time to Peking by many hours.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Charming and spirited, Mary was in her unfailing high spirits, lugging two heavy suitcases. Their contents, when disgorged, seemed to consist largely of enormous lily bulbs, a variety of plants, seeds, and other horticultural nifties she had discussed with Evangeline, as well as a dozen lemons, a fruit unprocurable in Peking.

Marina and Cy went to dinner at the French Embassy; Mary and I settled down to consumption of hard-boiled eggs, toast, and cheese about 9:30. After being joined by the Sulzbergers, we all stayed up long after conventional Peking hours.

The Chinese information people have obviously decided to accord Cy most favored journalist treatment. First, he is to have as interpreter and cicerone, delightful
~~exceeding~~ Madame Woo.

Saturday, September 29, 1973

For the first time since arriving here, I had a meal yesterday at the International Club. Marina and I ordered from the voluminous menu, written in Chinese and English, a multitude of Chinese dishes.

Cy has read us a list of questions he has submitted to the information people as guides to a search for information on which he would like to comment in his tri-weekly columns. They include queries on ecology, genetics, population and birth control, military affairs, medical matters, foreign exchange and bullion reserves, domestic and foreign politics, economics, as well as a host of other topics.

It is already clear that he is to be given wide latitude in pursuing his researches. Invaluable Mrs. Woo has been assigned to remain with the Sulzbergers throughout their stay; also it has been broadly hinted that, if he desires, they may remain on after the expiration of the thirty days specified in their visas.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I had expected to take my guests today on a picnic trip to the Ming Tombs. Higher authority intervened; Mr. Ma, Mrs. Woo, and others from the Foreign Office corralled the Sulzbergers for an early start toward the Great Wall and Mingland. After a stint at the office, I sped off with Mary, well supplied with victuals and beer. The weather was faultless. We spread our little feast on a stone bench at the Jing Ling tomb, and spent an hour in indolent degustation. There was no one in the extensive area, which seemed enchanted into torpor.

We mounted to the glorious temple, undesecrated except for a small sprinkling o graffitti, walked a while on the lofty, paved promenade which encompasses the tumulus beneath which the sacred bones of an Emperor probably still lie, and relished the astounding view over cultivated plains and onto the rolling mountains that ringed us in a crescent.

Then we motored over to inspect the sole excavated tomb before visiting the grandest of the other twelve sleeping beauties, where courtyard after courtyard led one to temples of sheer delight.

I had arranged dinners in honor of the Sulzbergers for this evening and tomorrow night, having especially in mind giving them an early opportunity to meet the leading Western journalists permanently stationed here. Alack, they were commanded to a small banquet with Chinese officials.

The remainder of my guests showed up at the Cheng Tu Restaurant (once Yuan Shi Kai's Palace) at 7:15, and we made merry. We were ten in all; beside myself there were the Molinaris (Argentine Embassy), Mary Manners, Jonathan Sharp (Reuters), John and Jane Burns (Toronto Globe and Mail), Jane's Mother Mrs. Pequegnat, Nancy and Brunson McKinley.

The menu was something not easily forgotten for quaintness, amplitude, and excellence. There were hors d'oeuvre of seven cold dishes, br[illegible]kfins,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

prawns two ways, duck seasoned with camphor and tea, "Dashing Bull" à la maison, scallops and greens, spring chicken with onion, crisp rice with "Three Delicacies" sauce, Mandarin fish two ways, fried rose petals, bamboo pith and pork slice soup, fruits and cakes; of course, tea, Mao Tai, beer, and soft drinks were served.

The translator engaged in a slight deception when presenting "Dashing Bull." This rare treat was bulls' penises, pink spirals of flesh, stewed or fried. I had never before encountered these organs at table although I have eaten bulls' testicles in Spain. Only two of those present knew in advance what they were; the others bravely tackled the spectacular novelty; it was as rubbery as many an octopus.

Chinese protocol differs from that of the West. Here the nearer a guest is placed to the host the higher is his ranking.

The bill for this pastime was 222 Yuan or about one hundred and twenty dollars.

Sunday, September 30, 1973

Cy has been investigating and speculating over the campaign against Confucius. He told the Chinese that if they read The Republic they should consider Plato a fascist. This drive against Confucius and his teachings is considered in some quarters an indirect threat to Chou En-lai by extreme leftists who would like to have him labeled a reactionary. Confucius, according to a Peking daily paper "took the counter-revolutionary stand and waged desperate struggles against the revolutionary forces. . .He went all out to defend the old form of social economy, the old class forces, the old personalities, and the old ideology."

Somehow poor Confucius, who lived 2,500 years ago, is being linked with Lin Piao and Soviet revisionism. That is too subtle for me.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The PRC threw a spanner into the works of the IMF and World Bank meetings now concluding in Nairobi. They demanded the ejection of the Chinese Nationalists from the two institutions, without suggesting they would like to fill the vacancies. Indeed, under the rules for membership, I doubt that the PRC at this juncture would assent to making the requisite disclosures and pledges about their domestic monetary and economic arrangements.

I notice in a house publication of the Mandarin Hotel at Hong Kong in which appeared a photograph of Evangeline and myself, that I as well as Ellsworth Bunker are classified as (American) Mandarins, a designation not calculated to please my local hosts.

This and the following two days constitute the longest Chinese holiday of the year.

My party tonight for the Sulzbergers had to be cancelled because of their and my sudden invitation to attend a banquet at the Great Hall of the People to be presided over by Chou En-lai. I had asked the David Bonavias (London Times), the Serge Romenskys (Agence France Presse), Clare Hollingworth (London Daily Telegraph), Christian Tual (Cultural Affairs, French Embassy), Mary Manners, and the Nick Platts to dine. They had all accepted, but most of them would have dropped out when they received a summons to the State banquet. Such official invitations are commands; unfortunately, they are usually extended on a 48 hour to 6 hour notice, a [illegible] peculiarity.

I was sent cards for E., myself, and an interpreter. E. being in America, I was ladyless; Nick Platt accompanied me as interpreter. I found myself at a table where everyone spoke English—the Sulzbergers, Mrs. Woo, Mr. Ma, three other Government officials, Nick, and myself. There were two thousand guests seated in the vast banqueting hall, which can contain five thousand. There was an

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

orchestra in a balcony above--amongst other pieces, they played one or more composed by Prince Sihanouk who was a guest of honor at a long rectangular board facing the rest of us, who clustered about round tables for ten.

The Diplomatic Corps, the Journalists, "distinguished" residents or visitors to Peking were there in strength. There appeared to be as many waiters as guests. I have never known food and drink to be so expeditiously served to a multitude. In Chinese terms, this was a semi-buffet, not a banquet. The dishes were limited to cold roast duck, multi-flavoured chicken, barbecued meat and sausage Canton style, leek flavored snap bean salad, garlic-flavored ox tripe, chicken consommé with mushrooms, fried prawn balls and duck, steamed fish, pastries, fruit.

There were many notables at the head table. Only one toast was proposed; Chou En-lai spoke briefly, naming Sihanouk pointedly as an honored guest, and everyone drank everyone else's health in Mao Tai that had circulated freely all evening. From our entry at 7:30 (the Chinese are invariably punctual) until our departure at 9:00 p.m., there was never a hitch. Chiang Ching (Madame Mao), Wang Number Three, and the big brass vanished in a trice as if they had dropped into an oubliette. Within fifteen minutes, two thousand people were on their way homeward, by automobile, bicycle, or afoot. Our hosts are masters of organization necessary for such functions.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

We went back to find Mary, the prey of an abominable head cold, customarily ebullient, and sat for hours prodding Cy into relating exotic tales of his endless travels. His memory must be almost infallible; his anecdotal recollections, both serious and comic, are amusing, picaresque, and instructive.

We made a few sight-seeing essays today but they were unproductive. Multitudes had come from country to town in anticipation of tomorrow's celebrations.

Monday, October 1, 1973

This is the annual holiday to commemorate the announcement of the formation of the PRC in 1949.

(A strange conjunction of personalities; on his first visit outside of Asia, the Dalai Lama was received on Sunday in Rome by the Pope.)

The Sulzbergers were Shanghaied for the day by their Chinese information friends. Mary and I went to the Summer Palace. This area, with its conglomeration of 19th Century buildings, was thronged with people of whom there must have been several hundred thousand Chinese, and a few small clutches of foreigners chiefly diplomats.

The route from Peking to the Palace was encumbered with bicycles; red flags flew overhead and on the sides of streets. Once arrived, we were in the midst of carnival. Little coteries of children performed folk-dances in tented enclosures, miles of artificial flowers were suspended along the colonnades, around courtyards, on the restaurants, and temples. The Marble Boat was a great attraction; a brass band blared opposite it. Loud speakers roared out exhortations. The sky was overcast, the damp cold penetrated one's marrow, but the crowds were orderly and good-humored. They regarded the strangers impassively, but not with hostile expressions; whenever one lingered, knots of natives gathered to survey him with curiosity. The children were dressed in gay colors, the adults in

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

conventional blue cotton, the plentiful PLA, male and female, all capped for the occasion, in olive drab. A peculiarity of tailoring of military uniforms here is long sleeves; they cover the wrist and usually reach to the base of fingers.

To me, the most attractive feature was displays on the lake. Red balloons, red streamers, trailing slogans, were wired to a master barge, next to which was a float bulging with musicians. Small boats contrived in the form of fantasy fishes, others doubling as white swans, were gracefully propelled past admiring audiences.

We must have walked about four miles before returning to the Capital. Others from the Mission witnessed this afternoon the entry of Chou En-lai, Prince Sihanouk, and lesser satellites into the Sun Yat Sen Park. Chairman Mao and his wife surfaced nowhere.

We had all hoped there would be ~~exhausting~~ an incandescent display of fireworks tonight, but this was disappointed. It has not happened for several years, perhaps for reasons of economy; those who have seen such entertainment in the past spe[illegible] rapturously of it.

Tuesday, October 2, 1973

The final day of holiday was an anti-climax, though literally millions of people wandered around. At the office, which was officially closed, there was a wrap-up review by our China watchers of yesterday's events. I detected nothing important in their crystal gazing.

The Soviets are beating their tom toms to signal opposition to China. Not much given to subtlety, Moscow Radio is warning against "false Chinese smiles," archly quoting:

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"There was a young lady from Riga,
Who went for a ride on a tiger,
They came back from the ride,
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."

Clare Hollingworth came for a drink tonight; afterwards she went with us to the International Club to dine.

Wednesday, October 3, 1973

A chilly day, no sun, belieing the reputation of October in Peking as a month of sunny, temperate weather.

Our work schedule has been slightly altered, so that we take Wednesday and Friday afternoons off from duty; by working on Saturday morning, we maintain our forty hours a week routine. In practice, of course, the forty hour limitation is a formality, since many of us whirl in and out of our establishment regardless of time clocks.

Cy has been entirely converted to Mao Tai and beer. We sit up late each night discoursing, and drill into the depths of his past adventures.

The Friendship Store was open, so I picked up the fifteen-skin red fox coverlet E. had ordered as a Christmas gift to me. These Manchurian foxes bear little resemblance to the Virginian species. They have a red streak down the middle of their backs, but are larger, with longer fur, than our own. The lopped off legs, masks, and tails are to be made into cushions. There is an abundance here of furs--snow leopard, rabbit, marten, otter, sable, ermine, mink, muskrat, various cats, and others. The cognoscenti say they are cheaper than in Europe or the United States, but not as well cured and prepared. I have never seen a tiger skin for sale here.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

This afternoon Mary, having watered her plants, oblivious to her distressing head cold, and I went to the Temple of Heaven Park. After the Forbidden City, it is my favorite resort in Peking. The harmony and beauty of its structures and emplacements is almost beyond the grasp of mortal vision. Around one of the edifices is a whispering wall, and there is a courtyard with a triple echo. It is said if one whispers at the wall, the message will be clearly transmitted a hundred yards or more to a listener. There were too many people engaged in this experiment for us to attempt it--unless there is a clear field, the communication is garbled.

Cy telephones his copy every day or so to New York. It takes about fifteen minutes to establish contact. This is swifter than cabling, also probably cheaper with telegrams costing ~~about~~ $1.50 a word.

Thursday, October 4, 1973

Cold weather continues. Heavy rain last night. Fitful sun this afternoon. HAK has announced he will be in Peking from October 26 until the morning of the 29th. He is to hold a meeting of U.S. Chiefs of Diplomatic Missions on October 23 in Tokyo. I am expected to attend it, which means a long journey via Canton and Hong Kong.

Cy was taken in hand early this morning for a lesson on Chinese agriculture. He said it was conducted by a bureaucrat who evidently did not have even a nodding acquaintanceship with a farm. Cy was quite overcome by being told there were seven hundred million native mouths to feed; each had a daily intake of almost three thousand calories. This afternoon, he is to be thrown to the economists, tonight to Prince Sihanouk, who proclaimed only a few days ago his fixed resolution to grant no interviews to journalists, and to respond only to written questions.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Maureen Molinari lunched with us; later she took the other M's to the Forbidden City. At six o'clock, I gave a cocktail party for Mission Officers and their wives, and Ray Jones, to meet my three house guests.

We dined tonight at the little restaurant in the Altar of the Sun Park.

The Indian Chargé d'Affaires, L. L. Mehrotra, called on me this morning. We had an amiable interchange of ideas, mostly on the Chinese economy.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, October 5, 1973

A rocket from HAK this morning, requesting my views on topics he should discuss during his China visit. Al, John, and I are to prepare answers this afternoon.

E.'s beloved Air France has recalculated the charges on her excess baggage to Paris. Having already paid $600, she still owes $300. For a budding authoress carrying her note and reference books has proved an expensive luxury.

The Spanish Ambassador, Angel Sanz-Briz, paid an hour long courtesy call this morning. Naturally, he is a cousin (by marriage) of darling Casilda Santa Cruz whose relations appear to be a sort of Mobilier National for stocking the Spanish Diplomatic Service, and supplying Abbesses for convents. I was much taken with him, an urbane, intelligent, attractive man. He lived for some years in the United States, and is reputed to be a connoisseur of ceramics and rugs. Like us, insufficiently supplied with furniture, he does not expect refreshment in that particular before the New Year.

Since this house is to be vacated tomorrow, when we all go a-voyaging, there was a flurry of packing tonight, and a satisfactor[illegible]umption of anticipatory stirrup cups.

Saturday, October 6, 1973

We made a staggered departure this morning fo[illegible], one group (the Sulzbergers) preceding the other (Bruce et al) [illegible] minutes at the witching hour of seven. As more privileged characters, the Sulzbergers, Clare Hollingworth, and Mrs. Woo are to visit Yenan, Sian, Shanghai, Hangchow. [illegible]tourage--the McKinleys and Mary--are on the more restricted itinerary of

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Nanking, Soochow, Shanghai. The weather has been intermittently foul recently, so uncertainty prevails until the moment of air departure. There is insufficient apparatus in China for weather forecasts, also radar arrangements are scanty. A security compensation is a refusal to allow flying unless conditions at take off and landing points have been pronounced favorable.

We were comfortably aloft for an hour and three quarters before making landfall at Nanking, there to be met by two cordial representatives of the China Travel Service. They conducted us to a spacious Guest House, the Nanjing Shuang Men Lou Bin Guan. No other occupants were visible. Before viewing the gigantic chambers allotted us, we were introduced to the Chief of the Travel Service and the Director of the Hotel. Seated in leather armchairs, that might once have comforted elderly Generals in a pre-revolutionary club, our kind hosts proposed we discuss over tea and cigarettes our program for the afternoon. We countered by pleading starvation, so the enterprising Director bustled away kitchenward to ascertain what might be rustled up. The result was amply satisfying; the delayed discussion proved fruitful.

Off we went in a couple of Shanghai automobiles to see the approach to the local Ming tombs. That avenue, much less formal than the one near Peking, was adorned with the same marble statuary; elephants, camels, monsters, mandarins, all magnificent but more carelessly dispersed, in more sylvan surroundings than the Pekinese. It was a glorious spectacle, though smacking of neglect. We drove onward through the park in which lie the remains of two Emperors, whose burial mounds have not yet been excavated. Still further was a section memorializing Sun Yat Sen, the Father of Revolution. Facing his statue is a templed hill which tops an ascent by a hundred or more steps. This is modern; we paid our respects from afar.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

It rained, so the much vaunted beauties of the principal park and lake were obscured. As seems always the case in China, the absence of green turf diminishes the attractiveness of extensive parkland.

Nanking, several times the Capital, now has a population of about a million and a half. Its city walls are monumental and mostly well preserved. It was here that Sun Yat Sen was in 1911 elected President (Provisional) of the Republic.

We were richly rewarded by a visit to the Municipal Museum. The chronological range and variety of its art objects were enthralling, many of them discovered during the last ten years. I suppose Chiang Kai-shek had made off with many of its former treasures when he fled to Formosa. Once dominant here, he is now execrated, if mentioned at all; none is so poor as to do him reverence.

We are the only residents in the Guest House; the cuisine is refined and tempting. We had an especially good go at it tonight when invited to a banquet by P'eng Ch'ung, Vice-Chairman of the (Nanking) Revolutionary Committee. Many a Gambai was drunk in Mao Tai, many an attempted jest was annihilated by interpretation, but jollity shook its locks. Our host was solicitous of our welfare. Politics, national or international, were not mentioned. I would judge him to be a man of fifty. His face was blandly expressionless, heavy lids overhung unsmiling eyes; I would not care to be caught in his nutcracker, but his hospitality was perfection.

Today was the beginning of Yom Kippur. Brunson heard on his radio that the Syrians and Egyptians had attacked Israel. That is all we know, or need to know, to realize that another grave crisis in that troubled area is in progress. I regard this news with gloomy forebodings. This time, most of the Arab nations may join in the assault, and display more courage and military skill than they did during the Six Day War.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, October 7, 1973

Squired by China Travel Service stalwarts, we boarded a train at 8:40 this morning for Soochow, a three and a half-hour trip, on a faultless road-bed through a countryside well watered, immaculately tended, where uncultivated land was non-existent. The fruitful soil of the vast plains we traversed produces three crops a year in its rice belt--one of rice, then grain, afterwards rice again. The cottages visible in those communes are sturdily built and invariably looked freshly whitewashed. Were one unaware of the land tenure system, one would suppose them to be dwellings of prosperous independent farmers.

Trains in China are reputed to run exactly on schedule. That has been our experience. One lolls comfortably on padded seats in compartments with lace window curtains while the sparkling green carriage is drawn forward by a steam powered locomotive with flaming red wheels. Tea and a thermos bottle of hot water are always on hand.

At Soochow, we were warmly received by an interpreter and his titular superior, to be transported to a modern guest house originally occupied by Japanese invaders. There was a single servitor to satisfy the wants of its only occupants, ourselves. We lunched, late by Chinese standards, where 11:30 or 12:00 o'clock is the norm for the middle meal, in a huge dining-room in a building a hundred yards from our living quarters. We are all hearty trenchermen, and dealt havoc amongst a medley of delicious courses.

Thereafter, we applied our energies to aesthetic ends. Gazing at gardens was the leit motif of the afternoon. The first we entered was small, compared with others we were later to see, but infinitely pleasing.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The theory of planning gardens in China is so alien to Western tastes that at first, and perhaps permanently, it is difficult to enthuse over them to the extent they probably merit. ~~Their~~ Gardens here seem to be contrived by man to correct nature. Mountains, water, and rocks are more important than floral displays. The wildness of an English garden would, I imagine, appear to them an exhibition of carelessness, negligence of symmetry, lack of imagination, disregard of accepted canons of beauty. A straight tree is sometimes tolerated, but they prefer one tortured from birth into grotesque shapes. Their garden mountains are molehills, but they figure they have entrapped the Himalayas in their back yards. Water is an acknowledged passion with them--to a discerning eye a stagnant pool is a lake; not for them a running brook or rushing stream. But their greatest preoccupation is with rocks. If one is found, or hewn by human hand, into a vague semblance of an animal, a devil, a bird, or anything that appears harmonious, they transport it vast distances, at inordinate expense, for location in their gardens. Often selected pieces are tailored by stone masons, then immersed for weathering, tempering, or partial erosion, in lakes until they have assumed more desirable shapes.

The perfection of attention to detail, to perspective even in the placement of their rocks is intriguing, but to my untutored eye represents too much of a muchness.

Be that as it may the first place we visited: "The Fisherman's Garden" or "The Garden of the Master of the Nets" was ideal for meditation and ceremonial teas.

My memory fails me about the next visitation; I believe it was to the "Garden of the Pavilion of the Waves," not intimate like the preceding one, but

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

rich in buildings, kiosks (such as that for "Watching the Fish") with a plenitude of ponds, covered walks, and lotus ponds.

Motoring through the wide streets in Soochow reminds one of French Provence. As in Nanking, they are planted on both sides with plane trees imported from France. The tops are heavily pruned, the leafy branches meet overhead, the bright light is subdued as it riffles through them to form shifting patterns on the streets.

Soochow is lovingly called, "Paradise on Earth," sometimes the "Venice of China." It is intersected by canals, small and large, on which are freighted boats of many shapes, one of them propelled by a single gondola type oar. Merchandise of varied description is so transported. The early morning traffic brings produce, especially vegetables and fruits, from the countryside. The women there are said to be the most notable in China for beauty; clothed in blue cotton smocks, one sees little of them except amiable eyes.

Soochow has almost half a million inhabitants. In what must never be referred to as "the good old days," it was a favorite retirement place for the wealthy and the aged. There were more than one hundred important private gardens, of which ten have been restored and now maintained by the State and Municipality.

Collectively and individually, we shortly fell in love with Soochow and its ingratiating inhabitants. Bill Paley, a specialist in Gastronomy, claims its cooking is the best he met with in China. After trying such restaurants as "The Duck and the Crane," I would not dispute him. Michelin would quickly run out of stars if they sent tasters there.

Amongst other visits, we inspected a silk filature factory. It has 1,600 workers with an average age of forty, of whom over eighty percent are women.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

It is half mechanized. Most of the workers come on foot and reside in the city. Others ride to and from it by bicycle. The remainder live in dormitories, and take all their meals there. The employees sort cocoons with greater speed than do oyster shuckers at their craft. Presently, it is operating on an eight hour, two shift basis.

The Directress--over tea and cigarettes--a lively lady in her forties, could be a college cheer leader. She evidently dotes on her work and her employees. I found it all most heartening, and have never seen people more deft in hand work.

No Revolutionary Committee entertained us, so we gorged happily together, drinking a local beer reminiscent of British Bitter.

Monday, October 8, 1973

Last night, the moon was almost full. This morning vagrant birds warbled. Our cicerones are early risers, and intent on strenuous chaperonage. We started today with the Liu Garden, the best we were to see. The favored ingredients of mountain, rock, water were there, but added were scattered buildings romantically situated, architecturally alluring. It was designed in the early part of the seventeenth century for an affluent civil servant. Nearby were two other gardens (one the "Plain Man's Politics," the other "the Garden of the Forest of Lions"), each several acres in size. The first was misnamed through politeness; the owner was a deep dyed rascal who made a great fortune through peculation of public funds, but was allowed to withdraw to Soochow where he was known as the "Awkward Politician." All of them were frequented by crowds of natives who must have found that to sport was less tedious than to work. Everywhere one goes in China, places of public resort are crowded; although there is technically no unemployment, many citizens must necessarily do a shorter stint of work than is prescribed, in view of the undoubted superfluity of laborers.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The creator of a garden, it is stated in a Chinese manual, must be a person [redacted]xtremely varied knowledge. The true master must be at least an architect, a [redacted]ter, a poet. The aim is to create as many perspectives as possible within a confined space.

For us, the most thrilling experience of the day was a trip to Tiger Hill, about two miles from the city. The legend of a tiger having appeared there to guard a King's tomb is fanciful, but a pretty piece of intellectual embroidery. The feature of the Hill is its great brick pagoda. The Tiger Hill Pagoda was finished in 961. One storey of the unstable structure was rebuilt in the Seventeenth Century. The whole has a distinct list, perhaps even greater than that of the leaning Tower of Pisa. In the Twentieth Century, its center of gravity moved a yard, and the pagoda split from top to bottom. Now it has been shored up, but still has a drunken appearance. It is an intriguing building, 150 feet in height. Near it is a modern conversation temple for distinguished visitors. Our mentor, having ordered tea, there recounted local tales. He had already shown us a massive stone severed into two parts by a King's sharp sword. This King must have had a fancy for such weapons, for three thousand of them are supposed to have been buried with him; a thousand of his followers (we are told) were sacrificed during his funeral rites. It is claimed the location of his tomb, under a narrow stretch of water, is known and awaits excavation.

Our next stop was at a gaudy Buddhist temple where over one thousand statues of the Great Man are to be seen. Each has a distinct hideosity of its own. They were sculptured from wood during this century by Foochow artisans, to replace destroyed originals. Since there was no basis for replicas, whimsical renderings by the local artists were allowed full and humorous vein. The results are astonishingly grotesque, but not conducive to sacred sentiments.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

We went on to the City Museum where several thousand years of cultural history were illustrated by ceramics, bronzes, artifacts. It is a splendid small repository.

After absorbing twenty or more local culinary masterpieces, spiced by Mao Tai and beer, we sauntered in the moonlight.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, October 9, 1973

We pulled out of Soochow by train this morning bound for Shanghai. An uneventful trip through light rain that obscured what otherwise would have been smiling prospects.

Driving into this great city, which is said with its immediate environs to shelter more than ten million people, was no more interesting than would be entry into any other swollen metropolis, except for the signs in Chinese characters, and the overabundance of citizens on the streets.

We are staying at the Palace Hotel, once the Cathay known to many playgoers because of the Noel Coward-Gertrude Lawrence scenes in Private Lives. It is a gigantic hostelry in the style of most of the large twentieth century buildings that front on the famous Bund. The views of the busy harbor are superb--craft of every description were steaming, chugging, sailing, or oar-propelled, dashing about. Medium size, freshly painted freighters flying the Chinese flag lay unconcernedly at anchor, loading or unloading. Those of other nationalities were less spick and span. I saw no oil tankers.

We arrived in time for a late lunch in a ball-room type dining-room empty of other clients. As everywhere else, the beer was excellent, the food delicate and copious, with sea slugs masquerading as pickles, and fried cabbage resembling parsley, not to mention sea weed doubling as spinach. No cooks, in my estimation, can rival the Chinese in the preparation and presentation of vegetables.

Our taskmasters of the China Travel Service, took us on a tour of the city. It is a huge agglomeration of buildings, cleanly, but somewhat dilapidated as respects the use of paint. One department store we visited attracts an average of 100,000 potential customers a day: it has 65,000 categories of merchandise for sale. I was amazed by the variety of cameras, radios, and television sets on display--all made in China.

DECLASSIFIED

A sad sight for me was the old race course in the center of the city, on the fringes of the river, now devoted to municipal uses. Where the British had concessions, they generally had race-tracks and polo fields; none still exist in China.

Victor Sassoon, of Parsee lineage, was, together with speculative associates, a prime builder in the 1920's of offices, hotels, apartment houses, and other developments especially on the Bund. He is alleged to have had an enterprising share of red light district operations. Although wars and revolutions clipped his financial empire in the Far East, he died rich, if not honored, in Nassau.

Tonight we were invited to banquet with Mr. Feng Kuo-chu, Vice-Chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Revolutionary Committee. This suave, handsome man in his forties was accompanied by an interpreter and the local representative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

We ate at the hotel. It was I think the best meal I have had in China. Sea slugs, sharkfins, prawns in several forms, the rare silver fungus were amongst the twenty odd dishes. There were many Mao Tai toasts but no discussion of politic or substantive matters. Such Chinese are easy in small talk, fond of joking and persiflage, remarkably polite. They do not backslap, and are courteously reserved with foreigners. They make every effort to give their banquets, large or small, a touch of the picturesque expressed in food and decorations. We had an orange pumpkin decorated in red lettering, filled with fresh shrimp, a bowl of soup with a lovely pink lotus flower floating on and filling its surface, and patisserie carved into unusual shapes.

Wednesday, October 10, 1973

I awoke this morning with a sore throat and fever, a common ailment at this time amongst foreigners in China. I resolved to guard my bedroom while the

DECLASSIFIED

others wandered. They reported the Museum as having many pieces of the highest quality, especially in bronzes. I fumed, groaned inwardly, fasted until hunger asserted itself, read assiduously.

The news of Vice-President Agnew's resignation percolated through Shanghai today. I have met him on only two or three occasions. I thought him affable and self-assured. My native State of Maryland has long been notorious for political corruption, and I suppose he must have participated in it. It has been a monstrous year for the Administration, unparalled in the abdication of a Vice-President and threats of impeachment against the Chief of State.

The Sulzbergers have just arrived in Shanghai after a tour of secluded cities. The Arab-Israeli War, and the Agnew collapse must have been like solar plexus blows to them. Cy will snort like a warhorse.

As for me, I lie prone, and ponder the harsh treatment accorded to Confucius two thousand and five hundred years after his death.

Thursday, October 11, 1973

Mary, the McKinleys, and I took a morning plane to Peking. I have seldom been happier than when I took to my bed at what now seems home. Al Jenkins and John Holdridge came over to tell me what had taken place in the office during my absence. It was a short tale with no malodorous features. Swallowed vitamins, lounged, and slept. Still have a slight fever.

Friday, October 12, 1973

Eyes like Niobe, sinuses congested, temperature normal, life begins again. I stretched my disused leg muscles by walking forty paces to the office. Rid of the physical horrors by lunchtime, ready to resume work and play. Mary,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

ever resourceful, in close companionship with charming Maureen Molinari, has been flogging the streets of Peking, investigating monuments of the past and merchandise of the present, making sketches, bubbling with merriment.

Saturday, October 13, 1973

At office. Plans for Ambassadors' meeting at Tokyo, Henry's visit to Peking. In light of the Arab-Israeli conflict, I should think the first rendezvous may be cancelled, the second prove uncertain.

Sunday, October 14, 1973

The Molinaris, Mary, and I lunched then basked in radiant sunshine at the Sun Yat Sen Park. The decadent gold fish looked evil.

E. called me a couple of days ago by telephone from Washington. She and Nicky are spending the week-end at Staunton Hill whence good news seldom comes.

The Sulzbergers returned here this afternoon. Unexpectedly, they were notified, a few days ago, of being expected to leave Peking tomorrow for Inner Mongolia, a rare privilege, though Cy somewhat ruefully commented he is beginning to believe the PRC a. Wants to kill them by physical exhaustion, or b. Wishes to keep them away from the Capital. He has had a mild recurrence of gout, but after a dose of pills was able to come to terms again with alcohol. They are a congenial, talented couple for whom I have great affection.

I asked Mr. Chiang to have the cook stay on tonight so the refugees could have a good Chinese dinner. This was done with an appetizing result, at least on a par, I thought, with what might have been produced by one of the renowned local restaurants. Our cellar has been reinforced by the arrival of five cases each of Macon and Chateauneuf du Pape from Hong Kong. Our house has no proper accommodation for wines, also the climate is said to be unfavorable to their keeping well. Personally, I do not find Western wines compatible with Chinese

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

food, and seldom drink them except in foreign embassies. The Chinese grape products are too sweet for me. I have been told there are some dry rice wines but have not yet tasted such. Of course, no imported wines or spirits are on sale in China, or can be sent in except to diplomats.

Monday, October 15, 1973

The Sulzbergers departed this morning for a five day tour. Routine office day. The boasted Peking October weather has, with a two week delay, come to pass. Yesterday and today were as close to Heaven as one could wish. The nights are cold enough to make a light overcoat suitable. The central heating plant that supplies all Peking is in full blast, so indoors, with no thermostatic controls and ineffective shutoff valves, the atmosphere is almost unbearable; Al Jenkins reported the temperature at 92° Fahrenheit in his room this morning. At the Residence, a similar situation prevails. But out of doors one can still wear spring clothing.

The news from the Middle East is fragmentary here. Having totted up Syrian and Egyptian claims the Israeli Air Force has lost all its planes. Such propaganda is so obviously false as to be utterly unconvincing. Nevertheless, the Israelis have taken hard knocks; a new type of Soviet Sam's have undoubtedly curtailed their air effectiveness. On the ground, the Arabs seem to be better led, and improved in tactics, over their sorry performances in the past. The oil producing states are issuing dire threats. Almost all the Arab countries have entered the fray. The Soviets have, it is said, made 400 air cargo deliveries of materials to the Egyptians; we have announced our intention of resupplying the Israelis. American Jewry has contributed one hundred and fifty million dollars to the Tel Aviv Government. China has announced our support of Israel.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, October 16, 1973

Walter Buccleuch has died in Scotland at the age of 78. I grieve. He was, in every sense of the word, a great gentleman. What will become of his vast estates, and what may have been the finest collection of art objects in private hands, accumulated over centuries by his ancestors?

I gave lunch today at the Mongolian restaurant on the lake to the Molinaris, Clare Hollingworth, and Mary Manners. We sat on the veranda in bright sunshine eating beef hotpot, dipping slivers and vegetables into scalding water, then into spiced sauces.

Later I walked with Maureen and Mary to the Fox Tower, not far from the Old Observatory. Next to it a portion of the old City Wall still stands. The Tower, an ungainly brick mass, was one of the gateways to Peking--the Canal almost laps its base. The ladies have become inseparable companions, and seem to spend every day exploring, sketching, and taking rubbings.

I mooch along at the office, with no immediate concerns on substantive affairs to haunt me. My associates are so efficient and diligent, I do not worry about the proper conduct of our business, but chew on endless reading matter spawned by our far-flung bureaucracy.

Wednesday, October 17, 1973

The new Ambassador of Pakistan, M. A. Alvie, called on me this morning. He was his country's head of the Foreign Office, Prime Minister Bhutto having the title of Foreign Minister. His predecessor here, whom I liked, has changed posts with him. Alvie is a doughty Pak, and a pleasant conversationalist. Like every Pakistani official I have known in the past he expressed, by innuendo and not explicitly, a settled distrust and contempt for the Indians.

I have reservations to go to Canton early Saturday morning en route to the Ambassadors' meeting at Tokyo called by HAK. I doubt, with the cauldron boiling

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

in the Middle East, he can absent himself from Washington at that time. The same may apply to his Peking visit, projected for October 26-29. We badly need him here to discuss Cambodia, possibly Taiwan, our Marine Corps situation, an intricate communications problem, and other affairs.

Thursday, October 18, 1973

I spent a good deal of time on and off today dealing with the fate of our Marine Corps detachment. This was precipitated by their preparations for their annual Ball, a traditional ceremony on which they place great store. Some contingents are said to devote a whole month's pay to this celebration. ~~After~~ When the festive cake is cut with a sword, the Marines have always worn their uniforms. Since this is now forbidden, they decided to hold a small private reception in their quarters, but they would be in uniform.

This Damoclean sword ~~terrified~~ worried me. Since I ordered the disbandment of their club, their morale has visibly suffered. Accordingly, after consultation with Al and John, I called in their head, Sergeant Royal Osborne, and divulged to him what was really at stake, awaiting discussion between Kissinger and Chou En-lai, namely the Chinese demand for the withdrawal of the Marines. I impressed on him the Top Secret nature of this information. He said he now understood the situation better, and would, of course, carry out my order that his men should not on the Annual Day, or any other occasion, wear uniforms.

I have offered these fine fellows the ground floor of the Residence for their party; I am also making a gift of $250 toward their expenses. Rather plaintively Osborne asked if I would permit them to have the U.S. and Marine Corps flags crossed behind the table whereon the cake is cut. To this I have no objection.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

This unsettled problem with the Chinese could have, when publicly known, serious repercussions. The withdrawal of our Marine Guard from Peking could well instigate similar actions by Governments hostile to us. Moreover, it would undoubtedly affect adversely our whole relationship with the Chinese. At least it looks as if our young men will have their cake on the 10th.

This afternoon I had a talk with intelligent Jay Taylor from the Political Section of the Hong Kong Consulate General.

Afterwards, the Jenkinses gave a cocktail party for Taylor and his wife. Mary and I attended this genial gathering.

Friday, October 19, 1973

Message from HAK this morning, instructing me to remain in Peking. This cancels, to my pleasure, my reservations for a trip to Tokyo.

Dr. Hansford, here from Bangkok, is giving members of the Mission influenza shots. I took one with no ill effects.

The New Zealand Ambassador, William Bryce Harland, called this morning with Gerald Hensley, Head of Asian Affairs in the Foreign Ministry at Wellington. Hensley had spent four years in Washington, but has had no experience with Asian problems. They are both agreeable men.

This afternoon is part of a bye day for the office. I am trying to whip up a dinner Sunday night for the Sulzbergers who will presumably return late this evening.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, October 19, 1973 (Continued)

The Molinaris, Mary, and I went to the Sun Yat Sen Park to see again those astonishing goggle-eyed, inbred, harlequin goldfish.

Marina and Cy arrived after dinner from Inner Mongolia. It must have been an exciting venture, even though they never saw a yak. They brought with them as a present a couple of bottles of the spirits drunk in those parts. Cy grinned when I swallowed a gulp. It was just like thrusting red hot coals down one's throat. No wonder, for the proof was said to be 160 or 170; Mao Tai is mild in comparison.

The voyagers were enthusiastic over the gay native costumes they had seen, the Wild West cowboy atmosphere of life in that autonomous province. It seems it is now inhabited by almost eight million people of whom only 400,000 are indigenous, the others being Han Chinese infiltrated by mass emigration methods. Their rodeo shows, dancing, horsemanship--especially firing rifles while riding at a full gallop--sounded much more entertaining than the comparative calm of life in Peking. Their guests ate great amounts of mutton.

Saturday, October 20, 1973

Stephen FitzGerald, the Australian Ambassador, visited me this morning. Always fertile in ideas, his observations were interesting. He has recently seen Sihanouk twice. We wondered whether the Prince could commit the Khmer Rouge to any line of political action. Meanwhile, the war in Cambodia ebbs and flows in a desultory fashion.

Cy remained at home to work. The rest of us lunched as guests of Clare Hollingworth in a restaurant at the Fragrant Hills where the autumn leaves were on the turn, assuming brilliant colors. Tim Pierce, an attractive young Reuter's

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

representative, came with Clare. We had a brisk walk in the spicy autumn sun to the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha, he a monstrosity of the first degree.

Dined at home, extracting many stories from the Sulzbergers on their early lives, filled with danger and adventures.

Sunday, October 21, 1973

Mary and I walked in the precincts of the Temple of Heaven--it is my favorite portion of the Capital, saving the Forbidden City.

Tonight, I gave a capacity dinner of twelve for the Sulzbergers. I tried to get a number of journalists to join us but all were engaged except Gerd Ruge of Die Welt and his wife. We lit into the Macon and Chateauneuf du Pape with vigor, they being my only concession to Western tastes. Our cook excelled himself with a multitude of unrecognizable, savory offerings. Nick Platt played the guitar, Sheila sang. We dispersed at Cinderella hour.

The guests were: The Holdridges, the Jay Taylors (Hong Kong), the Ruges, the Sulzbergers, the Platts, Mary Manners.

Monday, October 22, 1973

This is Veteran's Day at home, therefore a Mission holiday. A sunny sky has lately been a fixture. At the office, I undid a folder from Washington containing an entirely unexpected gift--a photograph sent in a Vice-Presidential envelope, of Agnew and myself warmly inscribed by him. It must have been taken about May First at which time he seemed not to have a care in the world.

The VOA has announced the sacking by the President of Archibald Cox, Elliott Richardson's resignation, clamor for the impeachment of Nixon, HAK's presence in Moscow in connection with the Arab-Israeli conflict.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

In Peking, while Washington burned, we fiddled, walked in the Forbidden City, wrote, read, ate, drank, and saw our unhappy domestic political scene as through a glass darkly. We might as well be, as respects such occurrences, isolated on another planet.

By evening, the peripatetic Secretary of State was in Tel Aviv, whence he departed to reason with Alec Home in London.

In the late afternoon, I bought what the maker must have imagined to be a rhinoceros; a reproduction in clay of a Western Han type of abominable beast. I could not resist so bizarre a creation.

HAK has offered to come here around November 11, or perhaps later. No date has yet been fixed. As yet, he has not announced his inability to arrive on Friday of this week.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, October 23, 1973

During their trip to Inner Mongolia, the Sulzbergers were shown the bones and mass burial places of thousands of Mongolians massacred by the Japanese during their occupancy of the country. Many of them had evidently been buried alive.

FitzGerald on Saturday, and Cy last night, talked to me about the problem of minorities in China. The Chinese have always had a great capacity for absorbing minorities, but they remain a tempting potential target for subversion and insurrection.

HAK and Le Duc Tho have been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, the share of each being slightly more than $65,000. There has been some criticism of this award on the ground that there is no real peace in Indo-China. I am glad for Henry--it is a great honor, and the money will be especially useful in his case as he has almost no private means. Le Duc Tho has refused to accept the award.

I met a young American yesterday, polite and personable, but almost intolerably babble-mouthed. He reminded me of the observation made by Sir John McEwen years ago about a pompous, loquacious friend of his children. When they asked their father what he thought of their new friend, he answered: "Seemed anxious to please, full of bonhomie and bullshit."

Charming Mary Manners left us today to return home to England. It has been a delight having her here; she has a perceptive eye, unfailing humor, unquenchable zest, and a gift for friendship.

Brunson and I accompanied her to the airport where she boarded an Air France plane for Paris. While waiting for it, we whacked into an assortment of satisfying Chinese dishes at the airport restaurant.

Marina and Cy spent the afternoon at the Summer Palace. He has <u>almost</u> been promised an interview with "Mr. Big," his name for Chou En-lai. Meanwhile, I have read with interest and profit his tri-weekly articles.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

No real news on Cambodia, except that we have been successful in persuading the Lon Nol Government to allow the Queen Mum (Sihanouk's Mother), who has been ill, to join her son in Peking. She is to bring with her over thirty persons, including relatives, ladies in waiting, valets, maids, physicians, nurses, an old-fashioned entourage.

A peace settlement in Cambodia does not seem imminent. As one ditty phrases it:

"Sihanouk's Cambodia sat on a wall.
Lon Nol's Cambodia took a great fall.
And all of the Kissingers and other bright men
Can't put Cambodia together again."

One Western diplomat recently said: "I have to admit to having been wrong about one thing: Until a week or so ago, I felt the other side was on the verge of winning. But my pessimism in that respect has now been supplanted by another kind of pessimism. I see no reason now why the Cambodian war can't last forever."

Some of our Mission personnel have imported automobiles. We have issued an order that owners must have at least 100,000 Yuan (about $50,000) in third party insurance.

The employment contract applying to all Chinese staff employed officially or personally by USLO and its members, refers specifically to "festivals and holidays" stipulated by the Chinese Government. They are few in number: 1. January, New Year's Day; 2. First three days of the New Moon (Spring Festival in January or February); 3. May 1st, Labor Day; 4. October 1 (National Day) and October 2.

The daily working time shall not be more than 8 hours. There is provision for overtime. In addition to festivals and holidays, staff and workers are each entitled

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

to a consecutive fifteen day paid annual leave (plus travel time). A half-day study period shall be available every Saturday afternoon.

The employer shall pay, as usual, wages in the case of continued sick leave or business leave for a period of up to a month, and for maternity leave for a period up to 56 days (in special circumstances up to 72 days).

As to an employee injured, crippled, or who died in work while on duty, the employer must make a settlement. If there is a traffic accident for which the employer's chauffeur was responsible, the costs shall be borne by the employer.

There are detailed regulations about traffic controls and observances. Foreign Embassy personnel have been the most frequent transgressors.

Wednesday, October 24, 1973

HAK and the Chinese will announce tonight the cancellation of his Peking visit set for Friday of this week. It will now take place from 26th to 29th.

We have innumerable current State Department reports on the Arab-Israeli War, on United Nations' debates and resolutions concerning it, but little, outside of American radio news summaries, on the Nixon tapes, the upheavals in the Executive Branch and other U.S. domestic affairs. When a belated magazine or newspaper finally arrives here, its tidings are stale, long overtaken by other controversies of which we have caught the stifling stenches.

I wrote several letters of condolence this afternoon, one to Gretchen Guffler about her husband's death (he had served under me in Berlin), another to Mollie Buccleuch about Walter, still another to Assia Visson about dear André.

I find it necessary to devote an hour or more every day to writing in long hand to friends and acquaintances for whom a dictated message would not suffice.

Marina and Cy were taken out early this morning to inspect a military installation. They admired the discipline, spirit, healthy appearance of officers and men, as well as their marksmanship with live ammunition on moving targets.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, October 25, 1973

The Iranian Ambassador, Abbas Aram, called on me this morning. He asked if I could allow him access to some of our reports on political, economic, and other matters. I told him that most of these were classified, but that Al, John, and I would be glad to brief him and his Minister orally from time to time regarding items of particular interest to him. He thought it would have been disastrous if the United States Government had accepted the proposal to post American and Soviet military forces in the embattled areas of the Arab-Israeli war. Eventually the Americans would leave, the Soviets would remain.

He said the recent diplomatic corps tour, attended by about fifty persons--to which I was not, of course, invited--had been a success. He was especially smitten with the caves at or near Kweiling which were, in his estimation, one of the wonders of the world. Ambassadors and their wives were invited to make this trip. The Soviet Ambassador insisted he would not come unless he and his wife were permitted to bring their own interpreter with them. When this request was refused by the Chinese, the Soviets decided to stay at home.

The previously set dates for HAK's visit to Peking were cancelled yesterday. The wheel has spun again; now he is expected here from November 10-13.

Under instructions, we are telegraphing answers to SecState's questions about frozen assets and U.S. claims, future exchange programs, the Marine Corps Detachment's fate, permanent American news bureau representation, and other matters. The competence of our staff in dealing with such affairs is deeply gratifying, and generally recognized.

The Mission is not involved in any work concerning the Mid-East situation, but we study it closely. Rumors are rife that HAK will, when in Peking, arrange with the Chinese for the elevation of this office to Embassy status. We have had no inkling from home of such a move; personally I think it would be premature.

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, October 26, 1973

Received and sent messages to HAK.

For lunch today at the Residence, I had Messrs. Ma, Yüu, and Mrs. Woo of the Information Office, the Sulzbergers, Clare Hollingworth. Chinese food and drink.

The three Chinese gu , all fluent in English, were jolly, intelligent company. We did not touch on any political subjects, nor did they drop hints as to their private inclinations or personal lives. What they feel about the contrast between their own austere manner of living and the comparatively luxurious amenities enjoyed by the large diplomatic colony in their capital is never apparent. Their politeness is an impenetrable shield for their inner thoughts.

Cy asked if, on this his last day in Peking, there was any chance of his interviewing the Prime Minister. Mr. Ma responded that his request had been relayed to the appropriate office--while there was life there was hope.

We tried to divert poor Cy during the afternoon, but with little effect. Each telephone call aroused his expectations. Finally, when the railway station clock boomed seven times, he yielded to gloomy resignation. I plied him with a couple of mild whiskies. At a quarter to eight, he received a summons to leave for Mrs. Woo's hotel at eight, en route to the Great Hall of the People. Two transfigured Sulzbergers gulped down hard-boiled eggs, Marina changed her dress, off they went.

At midnight, as I was lying abed reading the Ginger Griffin, they reappeared. Cy complained about the inadequacy of the interpreter, whose English translation was at times corrected by Chou En-lai, but he was obviously content to have scribbled thirty small pages of notes for later editing. Marina was victim, as most are, to the charm of the Famous Man's presence and personality, but thought he looked fragile and ill.

The happy pair retired. They will get up at six o'clock in the morning to take the Paris plane, and leave me the poorer for their absence--for almost a

DECLASSIFIED

month, I have been enlivened and made content by their warm friendship.

Marina has an unusual memory for quotations and anecdotes. One of her stories concerned a Roumanian, who having returned to Bucharest from the front, during the war, resorted to a brothel, where he enjoyed the favors of one of the pretty occupants. When, at daybreak, he had put on his corset, rouged his face, donned his uniform, the lady awoke and sleepily asked: "How about the money?" "Oh!" he replied, "A Roumanian officer and gentleman never accepts money from a woman."

Saturday, October 27, 1973

At the office this morning. Jack and Drue Heinz telephoned from Hong Kong—they are on their way to London. I had a long letter from John Keswick, still at a hot spring resort near Canton with Clare, who has a broken arm. I heard he was having a porcelain dinner service made in Peking, so asked if I might have the address of the manufacturer. The success of his Jardine Mathieson firm has been fabulous.

I spent part of the afternoon shopping with Maureen Molinari for table cloths and napkins of which we are woefully short.

Sunday, October 28, 1973

Another crystalline day. Nancy, Brunson, and I went to order chops for my three grandchildren. I am having them marked with the English and Chinese names of each child.

The Molinaris lunched with me. Afterwards, she introduced me to the "English Tailor" establishment, (still known as such) on Anti-Imperialist Street in the old Legation quarter. Although all the employees and materials for making clothes are Chinese, the exterior and interior remain as they were decades ago. A burly North Korean, with an equally robust looking wife, were the only other customers.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I had brought with me a bolt of orange silk with embroidery, purchased at the Friendship Store. I proposed it be made into a dressing-gown, following the pattern of one I furnished. At least seven tailors of various degrees accepted this challenge. For two hours, there was measuring, folding, sketching, before we were liberated. I am to return in ten days for a fitting.

Afterwards, Maureen and I walked the length of the Legation Quarter. The Hungarians and Roumanians still reside there. Prince Sihanouk's Palace (formerly French) has been recently repainted; the scarlet doors and window sashes are attractive. There were smart-looking PLA guards patrolling outside.

Unfortunately the houses in this extra-territorial area were, for the most part, designed and constructed from the 1880s onwards; they have no architectural distinction. It is still evident, however, that while the girdling wall existed the foreigners in these huge enclosures could offer a stout resistance to invaders, as they did during the Boxer (Hard Fists) Rebellion.

Monday, October 29, 1973

I had a long and welcome letter today from E. who will be arriving here on November 9th from Paris with Virginia Surtees. She is now in London, after vexatious episodes, as far as household matters are concerned, at Georgetown and Staunton Hill. It is a good thing she went home, for otherwise I do not think even a measure of tranquillity there could have much longer been sustained. Absentee landlordism always breeds discontent.

My Mandarin dressing-gown will not be in consonance with current Chinese ideas about the proper mode. Everything connected with the Mandarinate system is now anathema here. This privileged class enjoyed exemption from conscription, taxation, and other obligations laid upon the ordinary citizen. Their favored

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

position in society stemmed, as did that of Louis XIV's aristocracy, from the monarch. They were selected by an exacting written examination procedure which did not necessarily equip the successful ones to govern wisely. But they did constitute an elite bureaucracy, in some respects similar to the later British and French civil services. Unhappily, the opportunities for corruption and for amassing wealth were man fold. Those who resisted these lures were perhaps in the minority. One such was admired for having remarked, after refusing a bribe: "Heaven will know, earth will know, you will know, I will know."

Francis Berkeley, the scholarly Assistant to the President of the University of Virginia, sent me today an excerpted copy, from the Virginia Historical Society Quarterly, of some of the letters from China by Alexis Saint-Leger, better remembered as a Nobel Prize Winner for Poetry under the alias Saint-John Perse.

We had known this brilliant man in Washington where he sought retirement in 1940, after having been for seven years Permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the French Government, the highest office in their Diplomatic Service.

He had been posted in China between 1917 and 1921 as Secretary at the French Legation in Peking.

Writing to his gifted superior Philippe Berthelot, famous for his influence on French Foreign Policy and as a conversationalist, then Director of Political Affairs at the Quai d'Orsay, afterwards (in 1920) Leger's predecessor as Permanent Secretary, he gave his prescient first impressions of China on January 2, 1917, in terms that included the following:

"The ideas of Karl Marx and Engels already exercise their clandestine attraction on all the intellectual youth of China, and over a more or less long period; in spite of much subversion and many transitional experiments, nothing

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

will stop their spread, perhaps even before the accomplishment of Chinese unity, and the final march of the Chinese community towards a collectivism close to the most orthodox Leninism."

". . .I am persuaded, contrary to accepted opinion and without the slightest paradox, that it is the peasantry itself that will one day provide the fundamental element of great revolutions. The Chinese rural masses, spread over this immense planetary terrain, will finally determine the massive orientation of everything Asiatic, and in one direction or another of future geopolitics."

I read today the text of the speech delivered on October 23 at the United Nations by my friend Vice-Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Chairman of the Chinese Delegation. It was tough and pungent. He was interrupted time and again by the Soviet Representative, Yakov Malik, who tried to stop him from speaking. This caused disorder in the conference.

The Peking news agency report on this incident comments: "Malik's behaviour has fully exposed the Soviet revisionist ruling clique's feeble nature of being afraid of the truth and as coward as a mouse, and its despotic manner of acting tyrannically and arrogantly."

I was intrigued and excited to hear last week that archaeological workers in Central China's Hupeh Province had, in connection with building construction, unearthed many rare historical treasures from more than twenty tombs, dating back more than two thousand years.

These tombs date to the spring and autumn period (770 BC to 475 BC), the Warring States period (475 BC to 221 BC), and the Western Han Dynasty (206 BC to 24 AD). The discoveries will provide new material for the study of Chinese

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

political and economic conditions, military affairs, and culture in ancient times. Bronzes, pottery, jade objects, silk fabrics, weapons, lacquerware were unearthed.

Thanks largely to the sanctity with which tombs have been regarded in China, this country is an El Dorado for the discovery of antique relics.

I lunched with Martha and Al Jenkins at their San Li Tun apartment, in company with the Holdridges, the Ropes, and Virginia Schafer. The Chinese food was marvelous—we lingered over it for two delightful hours.

Another message from HAK—the Ambassadors' Conference will be held in Tokyo on November 14 and 15.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, October 30, 1973

Had a haircut this morning at the International Club. Was shorn like a lamb. My directions to the Chinese barber were obviously imperfect; I, who am no Samson, exited, feeling deprived of strength.

Axel Iveroth, President of the Federation of Swedish Industries, called on me. He sees little opening for the sale here of capital goods from his country. We agreed on the necessity of the Chinese adapting their exports of consumer articles to the tastes of the importing companies. That would mean a revamping of their present methods of designing, packaging, and marketing.

I would think Iveroth a superior man. After leaving here, he will visit Japan then go to Washington. There, as head of the Swedish-American Foundation, he will strive to bring about a more amicable governmental relationship between our two countries. I sensed that he was not in accord with the extremist, almost fanatical, attitude adopted by his Government toward our involvement in Viet-Nam, which amongst other expressions, granted safe haven to American military deserters, who used it to denounce their own country.

We had our first report today on Sulzberger's interview with Chou En-lai. During two and a half hours of interchange, the Prime Minister indicated there can be no establishment of normal diplomatic intercourse until the United States ceases to recognize the Republic of China, and Taiwan is brought under the People's Republic sovereignty.

Chou felt Sino-American relations had in no way been affected by our internal Watergate affair, and was confident that "isolationism" would not reassert itself in the United States even if the Democrats win the next Presidential election, because of the existing "objective" world situation.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Chou assailed Soviet "expansionism" abroad and "Fascism" at home, saying the Kremlin is dragging its heels on the chance to settle border disputes with China in hope of finding "other opportunities" to make trouble for the PRC. He also expressed scepticism over the possibility of achieving a lasting Arab-Israeli settlement.

Chou said there have been useful Sino-American developments during the past eighteen months, especially in increasing exchange visits, and technological, scientific, commercial, sports contacts. He expressed understanding, though not approval, of U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union, as well as voicing support for keeping NATO and Western Europe strong.

There is a crescent moon tonight, fit for a Turkish flag.

I have often been puzzled by the array of small tile figures on palace roofs especially the end one. I've now been told it represents a Bong, the most malevolent of the Demons. He was once caught, tied to a hen, on the theory that creature is hopelessly cowardly and will never set sail, nor can she retreat because of the animals behind her. But if the Bong were set free, he would incubate evil, and bring bad luck.

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, October 31, 1973

In the early hours of the morning, an aborted telephone attempt from New York, the instigator unknown, perhaps a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. One of the pleasures of living in Peking is the infrequency of long distance calls. Communications via satellite are usually good, but the language difficulties frighten away many addicts.

I have been periodically trapped by a man in California reaching me at weird hours. When he connects, his first words are: "Is this Walter Bruce?" "No," I answer, "this is David Bruce." A pause, then "Is Walter Bruce there;" answer "there is nobody named Walter Bruce here." "Oh" is his comment before disconnecting.

A snippet from Paris informs us that the PRC Ambassador to France takes his weekly turn at vacuuming Embassy carpets, as well as regular stints of working on the Embassy's pig farm at Versailles.

Lin P'ing (Director of American and Oceanian Affairs at the Foreign Office) sent for me this morning. John Holdridge accompanied me.

He had two subjects to discuss: 1. The Marine Corps 197th annual anniversary party, scheduled for Friday, November 9th; 2. The Jay Taylor affair.

Our conversation on the first was summarized in the following telegram:

"1. I was summoned to Foreign Ministry at 10 a.m. October 31 by Lin P'ing, Director of Oceanian and American Department. DC Holdridge accompanied me. Once again, main subject was activities of USLO Marine Security Detachment, specifically the Marine party scheduled here for November 9 on anniversary of Marine Corps founding.

"2. Lin P'ing recalled my discussion with him of September 26 in which I requested postponing settlement of Marine issue until Secretary's visit to Peking, and also Secretary's similar request expressed on September 29 in Washington. Because of these representations Chinese side had not urged us for a reply. However, USLO Marines were still continuing 'public activities' and had in fact

DECLASSIFIED

ordered a cake for 130 persons decorated with Marine Corps emblem in order to celebrate Marine Corps anniversary. It was only because Chinese confectioners could not make such a cake that request for emblem was dropped. Fact cake was intended for 130 persons indicated that celebration would not be limited to USLO staff itself. Lin then said Chinese hoped that course of events would not be such as to compel us to handle the question of the Marine Corps in USLO before Dr. Kissinger's visit to China.' He added that he believed I could understand this matter and would take measures accordingly.

"3. I pointed out steps that I had taken since I had last seen Lin on question of Marines to remove their emblem from door of their apartment and to dissolve their club. I also described worldwide nature of Marine Corps anniversary celebrations, the tradition which it represented for this elite unit, and its purely social nature. I stressed that Marine Corps party was a long tradition to which not only our Marines but our people in general attached considerable sentiment. I noted participation in most cases of military representatives from countries in which our Marine units were stationed. I had told our Marines that on this occasion, unlike procedure in other countries, there would be no waring of uniforms either then or on other occasions while they were in China.

"4. I assured Lin P'ing that I would of course comply with whatever demands his side made and would do so immediately. I remarked that this sort of thing was likely to be taken up by journalists who heard of it and that I would not like the repercussions.

"5. Lin P'ing reiterated that Chinese position concerning Marines had already been made clear on September 26, and even though some steps had been taken by Marines, such as removing their emblem from their door, they were still using the Marine Corps name in connection with public activities. The Chinese did not consider this appropriate. He hoped I would be able to understand and take measures accordingly to tackle this problem.

"6. I said I would do so. It was difficult for me because a morale problem would be created and what I did would be resented very much by some of our people here and at home. I would just like to make one last comment: he had referred to the Marine Corps party as a public activity, but as Lin P'ing was aware many social events not of a military nature took place in the diplomatic circuit here to which the members of our Mission in small or large numbers were invited. In effect I regarded the Marine Corps party as being of a similar nature. To conclude, I said that I would not need to refer the matter to Washington and would cancel the party in compliance with Lin P'ing's instructions. He said in response that he hoped this matter would be handled 'normally' as he had just described it.

"7. Comment: As I noted above, I had allowed USLO Marines to proceed with plans for their party on assumption that the measures already taken to lower Marine Corps profile in Peking had eased our immediate problem and that the party

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

would be taken as a social affair of a purely private nature. (It was to be held either at my residence or in Marine apartment.) Clearly the Chinese do not see the matter in the same light. It is evident from Lin P'ing's words that had I not undertaken to cancel the Marine Corps party forwith, the Chinese would not have hesitated to act promptly and unilaterally with respect to the issue of the Marine Corps presence in USLO. Morale among the Marines and others in USLO will undoubtedly suffer, but this is nothing to what the situation would be if the Chinese had proceeded to take more drastic action prior to the Secretary's visit. There still remains the opportunity for the Secretary to work out with Chou En-lai some arrangement by which our security requirements and Chinese sensitivities on foreign military forces in China can both be satisfied. I have informed NCOIC of Marine Security Detachment of what has transpired, and have instructed him and his subordinates to take the public line, if asked, that the Chinese have ordered the cancellation of the Marine Corps party. They are to make no further comment. The remainder of the USLO staff will, of course, follow the same line."

On the second, we commented to Washington as follows:

"1. Following a conversation on separate issue which I had at Foreign Ministry October 31 with Lin P'ing, Director of American and Oceanian Department, he said he had another matter to take up with me, namely, activities carried out in China by Mr. Taylor, a Consul assigned to the American Consulate General in Hong Kong. (This was FSO John J. Taylor, who visited USLO recently for consultations.) Foreign Ministry had been told by PRC department concerned that Mr. Taylor, who had applied to come to USLO Peking on official business, had 'unlawfully intruded' into a military reservation while riding on a bicycle. Near the gate of that military area was a conspicuous sign reading 'military area, no entry.'

"2. Lin then declared that 'this act of Mr. Taylor is something we cannot tolerate, and our Department concerned has already sent a warning to Mr. Taylor himself.'

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

"3. Lin said it should be pointed out that since USLO's establishment last April it had applied for visas on behalf of nearly 30 officials of the U.S. Consulate General in Hong Kong or the U.S. Government to come to China on official business or for other purposes. The Chinese Government had provided assistance to visiting U.S. Government officials and had offered conveniences to them during their visit to Peking or other parts of China. The Chinese believed that the U.S. side could well understand this good-will gesture on the part of the Chinese side. In the past year or more, relations between China and the U.S. had improved to 'some extent,' and they thought our two countries should work for a continuation of this process and should not do anything to hinder it. Nor should either side do anything which would interfere with the other's sovereignty. Lin expressed the hope that there would be no recurrence of acts such as that of Mr. Taylor.

"4. I told Lin that I was thoroughly in accord with him on the undesirability and reprehensibility of any American, official or otherwise, intruding into a forbidden area. I was aware of situation affecting Mr. Taylor and my guess was that he was not aware of the signs forbidding entry or had neglected to read them. I would also doubt from my knowledge of him that he was making observations of a military nature.

"5. I agreed with Lin P'ing that the Chinese Government had been enormously helpful and courteous about facilitating and aiding Americans, official or otherwise. When our people came to Peking we told them that they had to be extremely careful not to violate any of the regulations which are in force, either in Peking or elsewhere in China. We would continue to do so, and I hoped there would be no recurrence of actions such as that by Mr. Taylor. I said I would personally call Mr. Taylor's attention to this matter. I had not seen or communicated with him since he left China.

"6. I then asked DC Holdridge, who was with me, to describe the incident as we had learned of it from Mr. Taylor. Holdridge did so, pointing out that Taylor had been riding his bicycle in the southeast section of Peking and had tried to cut across what appeared to be a vacant lot in order to return to Chang An Street in the central part of the city. He had been stopped by a PLA soldier who said area was off limits and who asked for his identification. Taylor had been allowed to proceed on his way after explaining that he had not seen any signs saying the area was off limits. He had explained this to officials of the Chinese Government who had questioned him in Canton, and had expressed his regrets.

"7. I said to Lin we recognized perfectly that ignorance of the law was no excuse. We did have a problem, though, over fact that large numbers of American officials wanted to come to China on official visits and we would be continuing to ask for visas.

"8. Lin expressed appreciation for my statement that there would be no recurrence of actions such as that by Mr. Taylor. As for the 'real situation' about Mr. Taylor's intrusion into a forbidden area, he, Lin, had been informed about the matter by the people concerned. Perhaps Mr. Taylor had failed to

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

mention the existence of a sign, and this had been reflected in what Mr. Holdridge had just said; nevertheless, there had actually been a sign near the gate which was very conspicuous. Mr. Taylor also knew Chinese and could speak it very well. It was very natural for foreigners traveling in China to look around when they came to a new place, and therefore it was 'not fully convincing that Mr. Taylor had not seen the sign.'

"9. Lin remarked that this matter had of course now passed, and they only wanted to remind us against such an incident happening again. They did this because they believed that we both should respect each other's sovereignty, and for their part they welcomed American friends coming to China for a visit. It was precisely because of this that they had provided assistance to the U.S. side in the cases of U.S. officials from the Consulate General in Hong Kong or the U.S. Government asking for visas.

"10. I said I appreciated Lin's words, and apologized for Taylor's transgression. I would try to see that there would be no recurrence because the Chinese had been so helpful in assisting American visitors to China. However, I could not prevent human beings from being susceptible to error from time to time. I considered Lin's position justified, and was very sorry that such an incident had taken place.

"11. Lin concluded by stating that he appreciated my remarks.

"12. Comment: Having learned of the incident involving Mr. Taylor beforehand, I was prepared to deal with it when the subject was raised by Lin P'ing. From fact that Chinese authorities in Canton who had questioned Taylor had apparently accepted his explanation, we had hoped that issue would not reach us via this particular channel. The atmospherics during the meeting were quite good, and it does not appear that the Chinese intend to hold back on issuing visas to U.S. officials on the basis of this episode. Protest had ring of being made for the record and at behest of another PRC department (in this case, the PLA). At the same time, if the Chinese for any reason wish to restrict the number of visas issued to officials in our Consulate General in Hong Kong, they now have a pretext for doing so. This situation illustrates the care which we here and U.S. officials visiting us must exercise in seeking to avoid violations of Chinese regulations. I have re-emphasized this point to members of my staff and trust that appropriate steps will be taken in concerned U.S. Government agencies and offices elsewhere to do the same."

This afternoon, shopping with Maureen, I acquired two fur collars for overcoats, a bolt of white silk for shirts, but was foiled in my desire to locate, at a music shop, a red drum of a size suitable for the placement of ashtrays and cigarettes.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tonight, the Holdridges invited the Mission members, wives, and children to a gay Halloween buffet party in their apartment at San Li Tun. Most of the guests were in fanciful costumes, some of them found at a store selling second-hand theatrical dress. The Holdridges had set up a fearsome ghost room in which the children delighted. Al Jenkins held, as a palmist, consultations. I spent a relaxing four hours there, before returning home to commence Barbarians and Mandarins by Nigel Cameron, published in 1970.

About midnight, Bill Hearst called me from America to ask whether, if he obtained a visa, he might stay with us for a few days next month. I told him this would be fine; he will be in Tokyo during HAK's visit so we will settle the matter there.

I was distressed by the edict concerning our splendid Marines. I ordered the annulment of their party enjoining all our people, if queried, to say it was demanded by the PRC Government, and we would make no further comment. These disciplined men are seriously unhappy; they had already issued about 130 invitations, and made other preparations for a joyous blowout. Most of them would welcome transfer to posts where off-hours conviviality is not frowned upon.

Thursday, November 1, 1973

As befits the onset of winter, today broke gloomy, cold, and rainy. A telegram from E., who is in London, specifying the welcome arrival of Jim Surtees and herself a week from tomorrow, as well as Kisty Hesketh's plans to come here, if she obtains a visa, on November 20th.

I had Bob Blackburn, his mother and father, to lunch today. Introduced them to Mao Tai. They have a daughter in the Foreign Service, now stationed in Ghana. An agreeable couple.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

HAK will have over fifty people in his group, including fourteen journalists and three camera men (what that last genus is to do we are not aware). As a consequence, arrangements for their housing, communications, safe-guarding documents is complicated--Platt, in charge of all that, harries the Foreign Office. Their security is a problem for us since we are short-handed; also, can we deploy our Marines in the Government Guest House where Henry is to stay? His first stop will be Rabat, then he goes on to Cairo, Ryiadh, Amman, Tehran, Islamabad.

The tempo in the office is slow. There is always an abundance of internal work to be done, but the shape of events outside of China is indistinct.

I often feel we are marking time, waiting patiently for important matters of substance to be presented for consideration. The remoteness, in almost every respect, of the West from China is frustrating, the sound of drums distant and unalarming. We know little of the preoccupations or thoughts of political leaders here, nor are we likely to be taken into their confidence, especially on domestic matters. Never the twain shall meet is an extreme prophecy, but certainly at present, as in the past, the Gulf separating West and East is profound.

Amongst the chief concerns of this Government, aside from maintaining its authority, are security from external attack and feeding the people adequately. The latter requires a decrease in the rate of population growth. Considerable progress has been made in this respect, but more is necessary if the country is to be self-sufficient in foodstuffs. As long as China has to make large outlays for the purchase of foreign grain, even its comparatively modest industrialization program will be penalized unless it resorts to massive borrowing operations, a procedure regarded with distaste and suspicion.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Gough Whitlam, arrived here Thursday, the first Prime Minister from his country to visit the PRC. Chou En-lai met him at the airport where there awaited him on the tarmac an honor guard drawn from the three services of the Chinese armed forces, and thousands of children who performed elaborate dances.

They drove in a long line of ~~Soviet~~ Chinese manufactured red star automobiles, with shielding lace curtains, into the city down the main boulevard Tienan (Eternal Tranquillity), under streamers and banners, to the great square, adorned with Australian and Chinese pennants. Afterwards, the two statesmen conferred. That night Chou En-lai gave Whitlam a banquet in the course of which he inveighed against the power politics, expansionism, and seeking for hegemony by the two superpowers, praising the independent role of Australia in foreign affairs.

Additional reports are current about the Ch'iao-Malik shouting match at the UN last Wednesday. Malik accused Ch'iao of being "a protagonist of chaos." Others rushed into the fray. Israeli Ambassador Tekorah's remarks were stifled by the clamor. When he interrupted Saudi Arabian Ambassador Baroody during a speech of more than an hour on Middle East history, Tekorah accused him of "anti-semitism;" "Shut up" replied Baroody. Peace returned--Ch'iao burst out laughing.

More nations in the Third World have withdrawn recognition of Israel. The struggle between the PRC and USSR for the allegiance of Third World countries is intense. The Chinese tactic of wooing them by unvarying politeness, subtle forms of flattery, the offering of banquets with unparalleled delicacies, constitutes a diplomatic triumph. By contrast, the Soviet approaches seem brutal, uncouth, begrudging. Manners maketh man is not necessarily true but they surely do lubricate the machinery of diplomacy.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Clare Hollingworth lunched with me today. She is courageous, intelligent, endowed with dogged pertinacity and curiosity. She is also a boon table companion with the appetite of a hussar.

After lunch, I went with Maureen for a fitting of my precious dressing-down, a gay garment on this murky, cold day.

The more I read Chinese history the more convinced I am of their innate, traditional disapproval, even dislike, of foreign barbarians. If they cannot absorb them, they will suffer their presence only insofar as it is necessary in the light of their national self-interest.

Clare thinks she has noticed here an increasing animosity toward foreigners during the past two months. The Chinese will never forget our exploitation of them, especially during the Century of Humiliation. It must also be galling to observe the privileges and luxuries enjoyed by a conspicuous handful of strangers in their midst.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, November 3, 1973

Long confabulation this morning, attended by Jenkins, Holdridge, Blackburn, Horowitz, with Dr. Paul Luebke, who has come, as a Washington expert on education, to survey American school facilities in the Far East. Here the seven children, offspring of Mission members, attend the Pakistan School. They and their parents are dissatisfied with the curriculum, critical of the competence of the teachers, and generally discontented in spite of the advantage of meeting there pupils of more than twenty nationalities. The courses are in English. The Chinese International School is open to our youth, but the instruction is in the native language which at this stage our young are incapable of comprehending. The same applies to the French School. A morale problem is increased by the continued residence in hotels of some of the children.

The existing shortage of housing for our personnel is unlikely to be further alleviated before next year; meanwhile we will have no accommodations or classroom for a possible teacher. We shall make certain plans for the future, but there is little else we can now do. I strongly favor a solution that would at least ensure the children opportunities to learn the Chinese language. For the present, Pat Holdridge is generously giving them supplementary lessons from the Calvert system in her parents' apartment.

The Australian Prime Minister visited the Summer Palace yesterday; the Hsinghua News Agency bulletin solemnly reports he showed great interest in the Hall of Magnanimity and Longevity, in the Pavilion of Happy Longevity, and the Cloud Scraping Hall!

Mr. Whitlam's foreign policy is not entirely clear to me, but at least it is adventurous and imaginative. He seems to have concluded that essentially

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

his Nation is a Far Eastern power; though anxious to maintain close ties with the West, its destiny will unfold more importantly in the Orient. This is a far cry from the attitude of Sir Robert Menzies, British in outlook, Knight of the Thistle, who guided his country during a long period of hate for the Japanese whose actual commercial relationships with Australia are multifarious and constantly increasing.

It was bitterly cold and rainy when I sallied forth this afternoon with Maureen to the Friendship Store to buy a modern blue and white porcelain bowl in which to dump paper money and coins. The only other purchase was a package of Albanian cigarettes, the sole imported article I have ever seen for sale in Peking. I had hoped they would be made of Macedonian tobacco but was deceived. By mischance I was given a carton containing a small reproduction Tang horse, which I shall have to return tomorrow, hoping to retrieve my ten Yuan (5 dollar) bowl. Friendship does a brisk business with foreigners. I wish the unappealing designs of most of their objects were more in accord with barbarian tastes.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, November 4, 1973

The skies are clear, the sun shines, the moon is almost three quarters full. The long hatless local people have burrowed into their chests to extract headgear of every description, the PLA now wear olive green caps with frontal red stars. Padded blue cotton short coats are in vogue.

At home there is turmoil; impeachment of the President or his resignation is being widely demanded. HAK is on the eve of circumnavigating the globe. His wit, and ability to handle press conferences, have not deserted him. Old chestnuts of his humor are often repeated here, such as "To what do you ascribe your popularity with beautiful women?" Answer: "Power is the greatest aphrodisiac." Also, when he first became Secretary of State: "Should you be called Mr. Secretary or Dr. Kissinger?" Answer: "Why not just call me Excellency."

Maureen lunched with me; afterwards we walked, then I read Barbarians and Mandarins for hours. I have searched everywhere for my wedding ring--lost after more than twenty-eight years of incessant wearing. I think it must have been pulled off when I was doffing my gloves and it failed to give a desolate tinkle.

Monday, November 5, 1973

Our activities are largely concerned with the pending Kissinger visit. Perhaps for this reason the Diplomatic Service Bureau has set in motion its program for planting trees and shrubbery in the courtyards, as well as acceding to our request to have a bamboo forest screen (about six feet in depth) interposed between the Residence and Office. Our limited personnel are bracing themselves for what in some cases may be twenty-four hour stretches of duty to supplement the resources of the Secretary's party.

Today I gave a sixty minute briefing to the ten members of the National Council for United States-China Trade who have just arrived here.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The members were: Mr. Donald C. Burnham (Westinghouse Electric Corporation), Ambassador Christopher H. Phillips (NCUSCT), Mr. William A. Hewitt (Deere & Company), Mr. Gabriel Hauge (Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company), Walter Sterling Surrey (Surrey, Karasik and Morse), Mr. Andrew E. Gibson (Interstate Oil Transport Company), Mr. Fred M. Seed (Cargill, Incorporated), Mr. William M. Batten (J. C. Penney Company, Inc.), Mr. Charles H. Weaver (Westinghouse Electric Corporation), and Mr. Eugene A. Theroux (NCUSCT).

This is the most high-powered American business delegation to visit China. We then had a question and answer period before adjourning for drinks and lunch at the Residence. There fifteen of us (including Jenkins, Holdridge, Horowitz, and Platt) slaked our thirst, and subdued our hunger for two hours, on a plentiful assortment of Mao Tai, beer, and many splendored Chinese dishes, eaten with chopsticks. I was interested to converse with these intelligent and agreeable individuals.

Tonight, I finished Barbarians and Mandarins, an informative work with an intriguing bibliography of titles on the subject of China. I have culled out some to search for in Hong Kong, Tokyo, and London.

No one can read this book without being appalled by the evil behavior of Westerners in China over a long period of time. The consequent dislike of Chinese for foreigners seems amply justified. Avarice, and desire to convert the heathen, were a dreadful incitement to arrogance, cruelty, spoliation, and bigotry.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, November 6, 1973

I have started reading portions of Science and Civilization in China by Joseph Needham.

This tremendous, magisterial work in many volumes is a triumph of scholarship. It is too deep and detailed for ordinary entertainment, but any student of Chinese history should consult it. In one of its pages, Bertrand Russell is quoted as writing: "I think that if we are to feel at home in the world. . . we shall have to admit Asia to equality in our thoughts, not only politically but culturally. What changes this will bring about I do not know, but I am convinced that they will be profound and of the greatest importance."

Brunson and I made a brief sortie from the office this morning to pick up the chops I had ordered for the grandchildren, as well as to have two of my own marked in Chinese and English for possible use as bookplates. Also, I succumbed to the charm of a small modern Western Han pig as well as that of a brown bullock drawing a cart. Such articles are picturesque and cheap—the artisanship is often as good as that of the extravagantly priced originals; also the potters are allowed to exercise their own quirks, instead of being confined to slavish copying.

I finished last night Cy Sulzberger's spirited novel The Tooth Merchant. I had not realized he was so Menckenesque in the use of rare, sometimes archaic, words. He says about linguistics that the Emperor Charles V recommended that "Spanish be spoken to the Gods, French to men, Italian to ladies, German to soldiers, Hungarian to horses, Czech to the devil, English to geese."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, November 7, 1973

The current Newsweek is replete with comment on whether President Nixon will resign or be impeached. The American media and other denunciations of him have penetrated the fastnesses of the Diplomatic Corps in Peking giving them juicy morsels for gossip.

I lunched today with Stephen FitzGerald, the Australian Ambassador, at his house. The others were Mr. A. Y. Renouf (Secretary-Designate of the Australian Foreign Office), the British Ambassador (Sir John Addis), Ambassador Harland of New Zealand--a companionable, intelligent cluster.

FitzGerald was forthcoming about the meeting which he attended between Chairman Mao and Prime Minister Whitlam. On Mao's side were Chou En-lai, Wang Hung-wen (Number 3), and three ladies, all of them interpreters, unfrocked nurses, and attendants on Mao. Nancy Tang was of their number.

The Chairman looked physically feeble. He has lost weight, but not in his massive head and face. He spoke of his body being "riddled with disease." Also, he said he was: "Awaiting a summons from my Maker." This is like the words he has used previously: "God has sent me an invitation." I am surprised he did not mention "A Mandate from Heaven."

He spoke coherently, but almost inaudibly, seeming slightly forgetful but in full command of his mental faculties. He rose and walked unaided to greet and later to dismiss his visitors. Habitually a chain-smoker, he did not use tobacco on this occasion. His guests surmised that he is kept posted by deferential Chou, and consulted before decisions on major policies are reached.

This was a half day at the office, so this afternoon I went with Maureen to the Forbidden City to see the jade, porcelains, and fabrics in its museums. I

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

thought the textiles and embroideries the most interesting. The other collections were mediocre in comparison with many in Europe and North America, to say nothing of the Imperial treasures at Tai an. Selected woolen material at the Legation Quarter tailor shop for conversion into a winter blazer.

Thursday, November 8, 1973

Since HAK left the U.S., incoming messages have been in reduced volume.

This morning, with John Holdridge, I received Thomas B. Manton, President of the China-America Relations Society of New York. Born in Burma, he has had considerable experience in Far Eastern Affairs. He strikes me as a ready-witted promoter-type character. His Society is not as well known as some others operating in that field, but this ambitious individual will enhance its stature--this is his fourth visit to China in the past two years. Although he spins outside our Governmental orbit, he has promised to keep us informed of his projects.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, November 9, 1973

Clear, excessively windy this morning. Last night, I read the chapter in Edith Sitwell's English Eccentrics on Squire Waterton. It is hilarious, and I must get a biography of that singularly fanciful character. Such adventures as bestriding a savage crocodile, subduing a boa constrictor, washing a sprained ankle in Niagara Falls, inviting a vampire bat to suck his big toe, putting his head into the mouth of, and embracing a belligerent orangutan, were commonplace with him. Withal he was a saintly man.

In yesterday's Chinese News from Foreign Agencies and Press which until the last two issues has carried little or nothing on Washington political scandals, Senator George Aiken is quoted as saying: "Members of Congress are seeking to escape responsibility when they call for Nixon to resign and demand a Watergate Special Prosecutor 'with the virtues of Caesar's wife and the unfettered authority of her husband.'"

The Chinese have given us the following proposed menu for the banquet HAK will give in the Great Hall of the People on the eve of his departure for Tokyo: Cold Dishes: salted duck, crab meat with ginger sauce, ham, chicken rolls, long tail anchovy, bamboo shoots with shrimp roe sauce, prawn salad, consomme of asparagus and silver agaric, abalone with liver and lard, fried chicken and prawn rolls wrapped in bean curd sheets, stewed mushrooms, duck with five delicacies (sea cucumber, spiced bean curd, pork, bamboo shoots and mushrooms), chestnut cream. Pastries: rice-flour dumplings with mashed lotus seed filling; fried turnip cakes and fruits.

Chou En-lai continues to carry out his ceremonial functions. The Chief of State of Sierra Leone is now here. He was met at the airport by Chou and

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

treated as a great potentate, with the customary banquet, banners, etc. Since the PRC do not differentiate between greater and lesser powers, such receptions and hospitality are heady stuff for the visitor and his entourage.

This afternoon we had a briefing on arrangements for meeting the SecState contingent tomorrow. Its advance guard is due this afternoon on the same Air France plane as E. and Virginia Surtees.

I went out tonight with Brunson to welcome with a full heart Evangeline.

E. and Virginia arrived in high spirits. They had been on the same plane with the advance guard, headed by Oscar Armstrong, of Kissinger's party. They looked, I thought, unfatigued and most attractive.

Thanks to Brunson, all baggage was found, and by eight tonight we left the cold outdoors for the shelter of our overheated Residence, there to consume varied Chinese dishes. The two sisters must have been dog tired, but chattered gaily until bedtime that approximated four o'clock in the morning Paris time.

Earlier in the afternoon, I went for the first time to the Scroll Museum in the Forbidden City. I thought it a great exhibition, though I know nothing about scroll painting. Maureen and I walked extensively through the courtyards near the Museum which I thought even more pleasing than any others in this vast complex of beauty.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, November 10, 1973

After seeing HAK, his party, and a mountainous load of baggage deposited in spacious Guest House Number Five, about twenty minutes from here by car, I returned to the Residence where pneumatic drills, carpentry, painting, and plumbing activities were temporarily quiescent. The American journalists and photographers are lodged at the Minzu Hotel. I have a notion they will have slim pickings at this conference.

At seven thirty, we congregated in the Great Hall of the People for a banquet, hosted by the Foreign Minister, Chi P'eng-fei. Chou En-lai and Vice-Chairman Yeh Chien-ying attended it, as did E. and many members of our Mission, and the Kissinger party, including Bob Ingersoll (Ambassador to Japan and Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs-Designate), Bob McClosky (U.S. Ambassador to Cyprus and currently Press Secretary), Art Hummel, Jr. (Acting Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs), Tom Pickering (Executive Secretary), Winston Lord (Director of Planning and Coordination Staff-Designate), Roy Atherton (Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Near East and South Asian Affairs) Oscar Armstrong (Director of the Office of PRC and Mongolian Affairs), Commander Jonathan Howe and Dick Solomon of Kissinger's White House staff.

Prior to the banquet, Chou En-lai and Yeh Chien-ying met our group. Other Chinese present were Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Pei Shih-chang, Wu Chung, Chu Mu-chih, Ma Jen-hui, Ten Kang, Wang Yeh-chiu, Wang Hai-jung, Wu Wei-jan, Lin P'ing.

The Foreign Minister, as host, offered a warm toast in a five minute speech. HAK replied. Amongst other remarks, he said, in connection with his first secret trip to the PRC: "None of us who took this trip can ever forget the sense of excitement when we entered China for the first time. It was not only that we were visiting a new country, and what we thought was the mysterious country

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

7. Southeast Asia. A preliminary reference. It will be discussed thoroughly at later meetings.

8. India and Pakistan. A cursory treatment.

The Prime Minister read an extract from the last number of Newsweek. It was not really pertinent to the conversation, but another instance of how thoroughly he keeps informed on international affairs.

Except for a brief interval for eating delicious cakes, we were in session until seven o'clock when we broke off to attend the ballet of the "White-Haired Girl" scheduled for 7:30 in the immense auditorium of the Great Hall. This is one of the PRC's propaganda spectaculars.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday Afternoon, November 12, 1973

1. HAK said the airplane plant on Taiwan is not a production but an assembly plant. We supply only parts.

2. Re the establishment of formal diplomatic relations: PM asked if there were some flexible wording that might possibly point the way. HAK answered he would give thought to this.

3. Re Taiwanese Consulates in the United States: We speculate that their purpose in maintaining such establishments is to have forms of representation in the United States after inevitable full diplomatic recognition of PRC takes place.

4. Most Favored Nation, and Claims and Frozen Assets: Until latter are settled, we cannot deal with the MFN problem. Would only affect import taxes, since we have no export taxes.

Prime Minister

1. Further remarks on date and steps toward peace. How about Syria? HAK answer is we would expect Syria to join the conference, but real negotiations would take place privately, and outside the conference, as was done in the case of Viet-Nam.

2. Discussion of dependence of West and Japan on importation of petroleum and products from Middle East; those of U.S. to become largely self-sufficient in ten years, from liquefying coal, extracting oil from shale, and production of energy from nuclear power.

3. North Korea: U.S. will make effort before United Nations General Assembly next year to bring about an accord on Korean question.

4. HAK. Soviet expansionism is the crucial issue of this era. U.S. policy will be to resist if the Soviet Union engages in a major military adventure.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Their political expansionism may prove even more difficult to arrest, but by cooperation of key nations it should be possible to do so.

5. Return to the Middle East: HAK thinks the Jerusalem aspect of the settlement will prove the most perplexing.

(It is intellectually absorbing to hear two political philosophers--Kissinger and Chou En-lai--ruminating on world conditions. Chou is inclined to stray off into such dissertations as recent maneuvers of the Soviet fleet.)

At one point yesterday, Chou, an exceptionally courteous man, roved around the room offering cigarettes to the company. He said he had no objection to others smoking, indeed he had done so himself during thirty years.

At one of the sessions today, Chou referred to HAK as "The Middle East Cyclone."

After a couple of hours talk this afternoon, a message was handed to Chou who told HAK Chairman Mao would like to see him, accompanied by Winston Lord. Henry kindly suggested that I also go with him. This was telephoned to the Chairman's office and found acceptable. I was of course delighted.

We motored about ten minutes to the Chairman's residence, in the enclosure of the Imperial City, adjacent to the Forbidden City. There were many soldiers posted in the street leading to the ornate, illuminated entrance portal. There, other PLA men stood smartly at attention as our cars passed within.

It was not possible to form an impression of the exterior or interior architecture of this house. It was spacious, but nondescript. We traversed a long corridor, terminating in an unusually large library. The walls were lined with shelves on which thousands of books were arranged one on top another in Chinese fashion. Huge garishly upholstered arm chairs and sofas formed a semi-circle. Near one wall, behind a long table, was a plain bed, almost pallet, which is probably where the Chairman sleeps.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Mao advanced to the door, unaided, to shake hands with us. He greeted HAK warmly, remembered Winston, then, through an interpreter, said to me: "You are somewhat younger than me." My feeble answer to this Parthian dart was: "Not by much Sir."

Small tables with teacups, cigarettes, and ashtrays were handily arranged. The Chairman, once a devotee of nicotine, whose daily consumption was until recently said to be about 100 cigarettes, and several cigars a day, did not smoke, nor, unlike the Chinese custom, did he suggest any one else might. No one did.

On the Chinese side, there was only Mao, Chou En-lai, and three ladies (including Nancy Tang). One of them is thought to be the Chairman's niece. The delightful, joyous Nancy did the translations, another took notes, as did Winston for us.

Mao appeared completely relaxed. He began by saying, with a laugh, that his words might be somewhat indistinct as he had just lost two teeth. Certainly this inconvenience had no effect on his vocal chords, for he carried the major part of a conversation that lasted for two hours and three quarters.

His head is huge, his color normal, a slight sagging around the ends of his mouth and neck, but his forehead majestic. He is bald for several inches in front, but abundantly furnished with black hair from the middle of his dome to the neck. When standing, he gives the impression of being rather tall. His gray suit hung limply on him as if his body had lost much weight. I saw no signs of swelling on his small ankles or hands. The high blood pressure attributed to him certainly did not affect his equanimity on this occasion.

He was obviously pleased to see HAK for the third time. It was interesting to observe the relationship between him and Chou. It struck me as being like

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

that between devoted brothers, with the younger one showing affectionate deference to the elder. They joked with each other frequently. It was evident that Mao had been minutely briefed by Chou on the progress of the meetings to date. It seems to me impossible to credit rumors of any rift between them; their easy intimacy is proof of that--it is too clear to be feigned.

I made no notes at this meeting. It was recorded by Lord. HAK has always rightly imposed special restrictions on the dissemination of reports of the President's or his interviews with the Chairman. Suffice it to say that Mao confined himself to principles and, in a sense, generalities. His memory is prodigious and accurate; he spoke of nothing with bitterness or reproach. He is without question a man remarkable for leadership and intellectual qualities, passionate in his convictions, sure in his authority.

I think he would gladly have continued the conversation indefinitely. He had launched on a comparison of the philosophies of Hegel and Marx when Chou reminded him of the banquet he was giving at 8:30 that evening for Henry. Our departure was already overdue. Mao arose and, again unaided, conducted all of us to the front door, where, looking a sturdy patriarch, he dismissed us with bone-breaking hand clasps into the night.

We were late for Chou's banquet to which he had invited all members of our Mission and of Henry's party, with an equal number of Chinese. He is a superb host. Of medium build, he has the appearance of an aristocratic Humphrey Bogart. He has the habit and air of command, with a tinge of the swashbuckler.

During the dinner, he offered many silent toasts in Mao Tai. Later he circulated around all the round tables, clinking glasses with his numerous guests. He was exceptionally cordial to attractive Betty Lord, conversing with her in Chinese. He invited her, to her joy, to stay on in China, after Winston's departure for Tokyo, and see more of her family, who are, I imagine, classed as reactionaries

DECLASSIFIED

There were no speeches. We adjourned late but I believe the indefatigable Chou and Henry resumed their conversation elsewhere.

Due to our visit to the Chairman, I missed the cocktail reception E. and I had arranged to give tonight at the Residence for the HAK party and our Mission. E. said it went well.

The menu this evening at the Great Hall of the People was: Hors d'oeuvre, soup with bean curd shreds, fried pigeons, chicken dices in chili sauce, curly greens with mushrooms, bean curd junket, Szechuang style, stewed meat balls, eight-jewel rice pudding, pastries, and fruits.

Tuesday, November 13, 1973

During his visit, HAK came to the Office and Residence. I think he was surprised by the smallness of our compound, and the austerity of our house with its unfurnished ground floor. He has also done some sight-seeing, inspected a commune, kept in close touch with Washington and the rest of the world, by telephone and telegrams. "Extraordinary" is the only appropriate word for his vitality.

HAK: I. Intrusion of cruiser, City of Oklahoma, into Chinese waters. He apologized for this "stupidity."

PM: II. Your talk with Chairman yesterday pointed up sobjects we had previously discussed.

PM: III. Relations with Soviet Union. Do not make agreements with Soviets that will alarm your allies and Third World countries into feeling the two super powers are disregarding their interests. HAK answered we had been careful about this.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

PM: IV. Re Chile: Can you exercise influence against mass executions in Chile? PM referred to CIA activities there. HAK countered that CIA had done nothing about the coup, and had no influence on ensuing situation. On many walls in Latin America one sees two portraits--one of Chairman Mao, the other of Che Guevara. PM then delivered a dissertation on Guevara's guerrilla operations having been ineffectively conducted. Soviet Union is making use of both Guevarists and Trotskyites in Chile.

HAK will, after his return to the United States, inform the PM of our assessment of the true figures on the "massacres" in Chile.

In summary, the PM concluded that Latin America presents a complicated problem.

PM: V. Soviet Union has two policies: a. expansionism and b. deceptive tricks. After the banquet tonight, we will talk further about the Soviet Union. Now I will take up bilateral subjects.

HAK: VI. Talked about treaty for the prevention of nuclear war.

1. We linked prevention of conventional attack with nuclear attack.

2. An aggression by them would, under Article Four, violate treaty. It gives us legal basis for resisting attacks which otherwise we did not have.

3. Permanent U.S. journalistic representation in China.

4. Claims and frozen assets.

After scribbling the above, I ceased to take notes, for I became engaged in small meetings where matters of great sensitivity were discussed between Chou and HAK. Amongst other topics, they conversed frankly about Southeast Asia.

Tonight HAK gave a banquet at the Great Hall of the People. The menu was:

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

consomme of asparagus and silver agaric, abalone with liver and lard, fried chicken and prawn rolls wrapped in bean curd sheets, stewed mushrooms, duck with five delicacies, chestnut cream, pastries and fruits.

Afterwards I went, with Henry and Chou, to a small conference room for a discussion attended by our Commander Jonathan Howe and Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, the famous Chinese military chief.

Others later came in to compare the respective drafts of a communiqué. After a deal of good-humored interchanges, agreement was reached. Henry and Ch'iao Kuan-hua (always in high spirits) joked about how easy it was to write this communiqué as compared with their almost interminable struggles over the Shanghai pronouncement. About 2:30 a.m. we all went home. On parting, Chou told Henry he would call on him at the Guest House at seven o'clock in the morning.

One of the happy by-products of tonight's talks was the resolution of the fate of our Marine Guards--they are to stay on. I regard this as most gratifying.

There has been speculation over the absence of the Third Man, Wang Hung-wen, from all these meetings. He did not surface. A possible explanation is that the Chinese representatives were the same as those present at past conferences with Henry.

Wednesday, November 14, 1973

We took off this morning from Peking airport at 9:00 a.m. in HAK's Air Force Plane. The Chinese had waived the requirement we be guided by their navigators to a stop in Shanghai; consequently, we made the 2,020 statute miles in a straight run of 3 hours 35 minutes, flying at an altitude of 33,000 feet. Had a good private talk with HAK before he gave a backgrounder briefing to newsmen on the plane.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

At Tokyo, our Embassy had made elaborate plans for our disposition and comfort. Miss Kathryn Groot was my control officer. After motoring in with Messrs. McCloskey and Atherton, I lodged at the New Japan Hotel. Had drinks with Charlie Whitehouse (Ambassador to Laos) and his son Sheldon. Dir. with Frank Galbraith and Marshall Green.

Thursday, November 15, 1973

Our conference convened at nine o'clock in the Embassy Residence. After preliminary remarks by the Secretary an hour of discussion, directed by Graham Martin, was devoted to Indo-China and Thailand. I trod the boards for thirty minutes declaiming on Mainland China, to be followed by Ambassador McConaughy from Taipei. The Secretary and Ambassador Ingersoll left for an appointment with Tanaka, during which the rest of us gave rein to observations on our posts. We had a copious buffet lunch at the site of our labors.

The afternoon sessions included: 1. "Japan--Its role in Asia and globally," opened by Ingersoll; 2. "Long term U.S. interests and policy in Asia" by Messrs. Green and Sullivan; 3. A masterful summation and exhortation by Secretary Kissinger.

There was a stag reception at the Residence in HAK's honor. Afterwards, we had a buffet dinner at Deputy Chief of Mission Shoesmith's house. Ingersoll is leaving tomorrow to assume shortly his new duties as an Assistant Secretary of State.

HAK had asked me to come to his apartment in the Okura Hotel at eleven p.m. He seemed unfatigued--heaven knows why. He thought it would be a good idea if I came home every couple of months on consultation; this idea does not repel me. We talked about the Middle East which is likely to be his thorniest obstacle. A remarkable man.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, November 16, 1973

The Kissinger party left this morning for Korea. There was a final meeting of the stay behinds on Aid policy and prospects, Budget and Staffing Matters. I extracted satisfactory promises from Ernest Colantonio on our Mission's entertainment allowances, presently set at a meager $1,000. We expect to raise this to $6,000, then in the next fiscal year to $11,000. I have no personal interest in it since I do not intend to take any portion of these sums, but it is essential that our people be in a position to entertain the Chinese and others adequately.

Went to a large lunch party at the Foreign Office given by Vice-Minister Hoge.

Dined tonight with Graham Martin in the Orchid Room of the Okura Hotel. Everything Tokyo is super-expensive. A modest French cuisine meal for two cost me about forty dollars. I have been moved from the New Japan to the Okura, from darkness to light. The latter caravanserai is a favorite haven for rich travelers and natives. It has large public rooms much frequented for bridal and other receptions.

Saturday, November 17, 1973

Although advised to leave polluted Tokyo in search of country beauty spots, I have not time to do so. The weather is perfect, like nippy spring. I walked for hours, gazing at shops and skyscrapers. Traffic congestion is overwhelming. This will diminish as oil supplies from the Middle East, which supplies Japan with about 80 percent of its requirements, are reduced. The energy crisis is the greatest threat to Japanese prosperity. It presently preoccupies politicians and people here almost to the exclusion of any other consideration.

Tokyo, as inadequately viewed by me, does not attract my curiosity. It seems too blatant, brash, bustling.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I went for tea to the British Embassy to see my old friends, charming Simone, spectacular Fred, Warner. Their official residence, as so often is the luck of British Ambassadors, is perfectly situated, across from the Emperor's Palace and 250 acre Park. It was bowered in flowers, with greensward (almost unknown in Peking) everywhere about it.

More pavement pounding. I have not altered my earlier conclusion that Tokyo is an overdone dish.

Tonight, dined with Simone and Fred. Kisty Hesketh and George Jellicoe had arrived this evening to stay with them. There were also two Japanese couples from the Foreign Office whose wives wore/~~enchanting~~ fetching Japanese gowns. One of the men, Fumico Arima, had attended St. Paul's School in New Hampshire when Nick Platt was there; afterwards he was a classmate of Nick at Harvard. The dinner, with a great French Red Bordeaux, and the best of food, was in every way delightful. I lingered late to talk about Japanese politics.

Sunday, November 18, 1973

Another perfect spring day. Took Swiss Air to Hong Kong. David Dean, kind man, met me there, conveyed me to the Mandarin Hotel, and made various arrangements for a pleasurable stay.

Tonight, I dined with Bill Hearst and Joe Kingsbury-Smith. They long ago applied for visas to visit China without favorable results. Now they plan to go home for Thanksgiving.

Monday, November 19, 1973

Spring has even come to Hong Kong. Cloudless skies, weather temperate enough for tropical clothes.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Ray Jones lunched with me at the Mandarin. Then we went a-shopping. Disappointment. Few intriguing objects, extravagant prices. Last night a Sotheby auction sale here of Chinese antiques commanded total purchases of more than one million pounds sterling.

Tuesday, November 20, 1973

Joe Kingsbury-Smith telephoned to say he and Hearst had been given five day visas; they will arrive this week to stay with us.

Left the fleshpots this morning by rail for Canton. Thence flew to Peking where Al Jenkins met me. Home, enchanted to see E., for a hot Chinese dinner. Perhaps it is a result of living in an austere environment, but I really do not now feel zestful over stays in overblown luxury spots like Tokyo and Hong Kong.

Sat up late running through piles of personal mail.

Wednesday, November 21, 1973

Mao's precept about possible attempts by the military to control the civilian authorities: "The party commands the gun and the gun must never be allowed to command the party." Another citation from the Chairman is: "The tree may prefer calm, but the wind will not subside."

In connection with Philippe de Rothschild's long and finally successful struggle to have Chateau Mouton-Rothschild classified as a "premier grand crû," the owner need no longer keep the motto: "First, I may not. Second, I disdain Mouton I remain." Mouton had just been bought by Philippe's great-grandfather Nathaniel (of the English branch of the family) when he realized the classification of 1855, drawn up by the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce for the Great Exhibition, had listed Mouton as a "deuxième crû classé" while naming Ch. Latour, Ch. Margaux, Ch. Lafite, Ch. Haut Brion to the first rank. At Bordeaux, merchants now say: "1973 is the year the Mouton grew into a Lion."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, November 24, 1973

Office in the morning. Delivery of gorgeous dressing gown this afternoon.

We dined, with Nick and Sheila Platt as hosts, at the Mongolian Restaurant Kao Rou-dian. The dinner was in honor of Nick's agreeable parents the Geoffrey Platts. There were twenty of us, two Germans, the Bonavias, the John Burnses, the Holdridges, six from the British Embassy.

We arrived home a few minutes after Bill Hearst and Joe Kingsbury-Smith whom Ray Jones had generously waited for during our absence. Otherwise these wayfarers would have found it empty, as our domestics go to their own homes at five p.m. Strong winds today. Sat up late.

Sunday, November 25, 1973

Hearst and Kingsbury-Smith were abducted today by congenial Mr. Ma of the Information Department who suggested a list of engagements for them. They lunched with us, then went off with Ma to the Forbidden City.

I spent morning and afternoon at the office, where I wrote steadily for seven hours.

Nick and Sheila Platt, John Holdridge, Herb Horowitz came to see me. Nick while driving his family to the Great Wall this morning in his own car, ran into a girl cyclist. She had a bad brain injury, and may die. They had difficulty in transporting her by truck first to one then to another Chinese hospital. Nick has spent hours testifying to Chinese security people. He is deeply shaken. No one in his own family was injured. He said he was travelling at a rate of about 45 kilometers an hour (30 miles an hour) when the unfortunate girl, proceeding from the opposite direction, swerved across the road.

Bill and Joe went to a banquet tonight; E. and I gratefully stayed at home.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, November 26, 1973

The Austrian Ambassador (Leitner) came to see me this morning to inquire what had taken place during HAK's meetings in Peking. I replied as fully as I deemed advisable. To his specific question about Taiwan, I responded by paraphrasing Henry's backgrounder of November 21 at Washington in which he described as "totally inaccurate" news stories that while in Peking he had attempted to bring about an immediate, full normalization of U.S.-Chinese relations. He said what had been achieved was an expansion of the functions of the Liaison Offices, an expansion of trade and of the Washington-Peking "consultative process." These were, he emphasized, the "maximum we set as a goal" to be accomplished during the visit. He said it has "always been understood that movement toward normalization would be aided by tranquility and stability in Asia." The United States and China have an obligation "to do their utmost" to create that type of Asian atmosphere.

Our houseguests, my old friends Bill Hearst and Joe Kingsbury-Smith, have been taken in hand by competent Mr. Ma of the Information Department. Bill moans over the lengthy schedule suggested, and yearns for an appointment with Chou En-lai. His stay thus far has not been tranquil; his back is covered by a rash contracted in Hong Kong for which soothing ointment is not available here; his glasses were left at the Mandarin Hotel; there are no outlets in our house for an electric razor; his queasy, digestive apparatus does not adjust to Chinese food. Much walking fatigues him; he is extremely deaf, has only ten day old newspapers to read, but is withal in good spirits. Tireless Joe is intrigued by all he hears and sees.

Kisty Hesketh was due to arrive tonight from Hong Kong via Canton to stay with us. She telephoned this afternoon from Canton to say the onward flight to Peking had been cancelled, so she would come up tomorrow evening.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, November 26, 1973 (Continued)

The girl, struck by Nick's car, died. He went today to the scene of the accident where careful measurements were taken of the extent of his skid at various speeds. It seems settled that he was not exceeding the speed limit. The Chinese officials concerned have been invariably courteous. We have fully reported the incident to the Department. This occurrence has been deeply distressing.

Hearst and Kingsbury-Smith are pleased by the cordial reception accorded them. Bill's pungent American slang has proved difficult to translate.

Tuesday, November 27, 1973

The weather being below freezing at night, also cold despite perpetual sun during the day, the Pekingese in considerable numbers wear their padded cotton coats, and many of them have white masks over their noses and mouths. Hawking and spitting by men, women, and children, despite Chairman Mao's earlier proscription, remains a general unpleasant practice.

I went to a stag lunch at Norwegian Ambassador Per Ravne's fortress like residence in San Li Tun. Western food and wines. Designed by a Norwegian architect, this house has small windows--it is said that the Ambassador's bedroom does not receive any outside light.

The Ambassadors of Canada, Australia, Turkey, Germany, and two members of Ravne's staff were there. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

I returned to the office a bit late for my appointment with the Chargé d'Affaires of Chile, Yoacham. It was not clear whether he is or is about to be Ambassador to the PRC. In any case, he would like to be Chief of Mission in Mexico, or, failing that, in Guatemala. His family are in Los Angeles where he was Consul General. He has also served in Ecuador and elsewhere. A voluble man.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

E. retrieved Kisty Hesketh at the airport. The two ladies dined with Bill, Joe, and myself tonight.

This was darling E.'s birthday. She does not like it celebrated, so it passed out almost unperceived.

Wednesday, November 28, 1973

The Hearstians have been almost incessantly during daytime in the custody of efficient Mr. Ma. They usually return to the Residence for lunch.

The friendly Turkish Ambassador Nuri Eren called on me this morning to ask the stock questions about the Kissinger visit. He is not a reticent diplomat. Long residence in the United States has embellished his vocabulary with many Americanisms.

Cy Sulzberger had sent us from Paris two great tins of pate de foie gras which added to the pleasures of our cold supper tonight, contrasting with platefuls of Chiao tzu and hard boiled eggs.

Thursday, November 29, 1973

The Belgian Ambassador Jacques Groothaert called on me this morning. Afterwards Judy and David Bonavia lunched with Kisty, Bill, Joe, E., and myself.

I continue to dig myself out of the mass of accumulated epistolary rubbish.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, November 30, 1973

Holdridge, Blackburn, and I went this morning to see Mr. Hsu Huang, Director of the Foreign Office Diplomatic Service Bureau. I told him and his compeers how grateful we were for their past and present generous support.

Our chief remaining want is housing for members of our Mission and their families, many of whom are still living in the Peking Hotel after almost seven months of sojourn there. He explained, as we expected, the pressures they were under from others in the foreign colony seeking similar accommodations. They have in terminal construction three apartment houses in which space will be available about February 1, 1974. They hope to build another large edifice by the end of next year for the same purpose. They cannot say now what may be allocated to us. I informed him we expected in early 1974 to add three persons to our staff.

John and Bob strengthened my argument; Bob also mentioned our situation in respect to warehousing, for which facilities are woefully lacking.

It was a harmonious meeting.

We had a lunch at home today for the Belgian Ambassador and Mrs. Groothaert, the German Ambassador Rolf Pauls, the attractive Richardsons from the British Embassy, Kisty Hesketh, Messrs. Hearst and Kingsbury-Smith.

This afternoon I took Kisty to an antique shop on Liu-li-ch'ang. Afterwards, we went to see the Dutch Industrial Exhibition that some of our staff were anxious for me to visit. It was finely displayed. Their medical and surgical instruments are novel and desirable.

The anti-Confucius campaign continues in full swing. Cadres are told its purposes are to eliminate totally the ideology and practices of Confucianism from Chinese society. It serves only the interests of the reactionaries while suppressing the interests of the masses. This is in complete contradiction to

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Chairman Mao's ideology, which serves the interest of the people. Confucianism should be examined from the historical, dialectic viewpoint, compared with Mao's thinking, and studied to understand why it is harmful to the building of a Socialis fatherland.

Lin Piao, who finally deviated to his death, once stated the Chinese case for the destruction of Capitalism by liberation movements. He wrote: "Taking the entire globe, if North America and Western Curope can be called 'the cities of the world' then Asia, Africa and Latin America constitute 'the rural areas of the world'. . .In a sense, the contemporary world revolution also presents a picture of the encirclement of cities by the rural areas. In the final analysis, the whole cause of world revolution hinges on the revolutionary struggles of the Asian, African and Latin American peoples who make up the overwhelming majority of the world's population. The socialist countries should regard it as their international duty to support the people's revolutionary struggles in Asia, Africa and Latin America."

Mao has frequently stated that: "The people, and the people alone, are the motivating force in the making of world history."

Saturday, December 1, 1973

Bill and Joe left the house with a clatter about six o'clock this morning to take the Air France flight to Paris. It makes only one stop--that at Karachi--with luck they should be in Paris about eighteen hours after take off.

Kisty went to the Zoo this morning with Jean and John Small (Canadian Ambassador). She felt abundantly rewarded after seeing two types of pandas and five rare varieties of cranes, symbols of longevity.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I went to the office. E. and Kisty deserted me for lunch in favor of a picnic with ten friends at the Ming tombs. I toddled over this afternoon to the Friendship Store to buy the only Chinese cheese I have seen for sale--it tastes like an English cheddar, but red outside as if pretending to be Dutch. In the course of walking, I met our lone Seabee, emergent from the International Club barber shop, where he had a haircut and shave for one Yuan (about 50 cents) which operation, he said, would have cost about twelve dollars at home.

Must buckle down this week-end to preparation of data for income tax returns. At this distance, without business files, I find the task difficult, also slightly unreal.

E. and K. back from tomb-trotting for supper, during which we tried out a Hong Kong export of Chianti in a liter wicker-covered flask. Not bad, not good.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Sunday, December 2, 1973

Beautiful, sunny, cold weather continues. Went to the Forbidden City this morning, to the Altar of the Sun this afternoon. Worked on office and personal matters, read newspapers devoted to tales of strife, disorder, scandals--political and otherwise--energy crises, Arab-Israeli hostility, impending global economic recession, financial strains, strikes, with no mention of balm in Gilead.

Monday, December 3, 1973

The Swiss Ambassador Natural called on me this morning to inquire about the Kissinger visit.

For lunch, we had Colonel Weston-Simons (Defense Attaché at the British Embassy), Mr. and Mrs. Hans Alfred Steger (Minister, Federal Republic of Germany), Mr. and Mrs. John Burns (Toronto Globe and Mail), Lady Hesketh, E. and myself.

The personable Spanish Chargé d'Affaires Jamie de Ojeda came in with John Holdridge to see me. He served for seven years in their Embassy at Washington.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, December 4, 1973

The North Koreans are being nasty and menacing, over disputed islands, to the Southern Koreans (the debate over the United Nations Command in Korea has, primarily due to the efforts of the PRC and the U.S., been postponed by the United Nations General Assembly until next year), the Sihanouk sympathizers at the United Nations are trying to get a favorable vote to expel the Lon Nol Government from that organization, at home Governor Love has resigned as Energy Czar, the battle of the tapes is increasingly confounded in confusion, the American stock market, after prolonged reverses, hovers just above the 800 level, the Arabs are becoming even more importunate, the Israelis more stubborn, the NATO Alliance is in divided discomfiture, all news is bad news, it is difficult to cultivate one's own garden.

Last autumn in the rural areas of seven Chinese provinces, one hundred and twenty-four thousand hectares were planted to trees, another illustration of the vast reforestation programs in this country.

Today we lunched with the attractive young British Michael and Celia Richardson. Ambassador Jock Colvin, the U.K. Ambassador to the Republic of Mongolia, was there, full of wit. Michael has an informed interest in French wines.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, December 5, 1973

This morning I presented a Certificate of Good Conduct to Marine Sergeant Roy E. MacDonald. This amiable, excellent young man joined the Corps at the age of 18--he is now 23.

Few days pass without my receiving a request or an evident hint, from friends asking if they can stay with us (presumably the golden route to Chinese visas is considered an invitation from a foreign Ambassador or diplomat).

The way this is ordinarily handled is for me to write a letter to the applicant extending such an invitation. It is then submitted to the appropriate Chinese Embassy or Office abroad. Twice, in the case of foreigners (non-Americans), I have, at the last moment, bolstered a case by mentioning it at the Foreign Ministry in Peking. I sense, however, that the Chinese officials have become sensitive about the number of applications for which I have been held responsible.

I am, therefore, in rather a dilemma over several persons. We are anxious to have the John Sherman Coopers visit us in January. The Duchesse de Gramont (French, Odile) wishes to come and bring her son, Eleanor Barzin (American) is anxious to fly here. Jean Lambert (French) would like to visit us next week, John Loudon (Netherlands) next Spring.

Some of those I have sponsored, such as our great friends Fleur (American) and Tom Meyer (British) have been refused. The authorities are generous concerning admission of members of a diplomat's family; consequently, I anticipate no bar to our children Sasha and Nicky coming here immediately after Christmas.

Our small, only partially furnished house is inadequate for guests, for we have only one room where one can meet or read. Since the latter part of September, our guest accommodations have been continually in use.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

We gave a lunch at home today for the Ambassador of Finland and Mrs. Helenius; the Ambassador of Austria and Mrs. Leitner; Mrs. Leitner's sister, Mrs. Seidel; Mr. P. Sabourin (Air France Representative); Lady Hesketh; I. C. Orr (British Embassy). Camouflaged Western food, Chablis, and Chateauneuf du Pape.

Indicative of the control over intellectuals' freedom of expression in China is an article in yesterday's Hsinhua News Bulletin captioned "Central China County Steps Up Amateur Art Work." It was announced from Wuhan that amateurs in Hsishui County of Hupeh Province had written more than 4,000 articles since last year: "Works closely connected with reality and promoting the cause of socialism." . . ."The party organizations and revolutionary committees regard literary and art work as important for consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat in the ideological and cultural fields. Therefore they give much guidance to amateur art creation."

The extent of such supervision is widespread. On December 2, Hangchow radio broadcast a Chekiang Daily Commentator's article, advocating continued cultural activities in the countryside, in the course of which it was stated: "Lin Piao, the renegade and traitor, also held that orientation for literature and art had already been settled, and he spread various fallacies in an attempt to dampen or obliterate the revolutionary enthusiasm of the cultural workers in serving the workers, peasants, and soldiers in the countryside. His criminal aim was to use literature and art as an instrument for restoring capitalism."

Again, there is an exhortation: "By launching a mass movement in literary and art activities, and providing the required guidance, they (the party and cadres), will be able to arouse the people to rise and struggle against the old literature and art and feudalist superstitions which have harmful effects. They

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

will further consolidate the socialist position in the ideological and cultural fields and thus give revolutionary literature and art a full role in uniting and educating the people."

In other provincial broadcasts and editorials, Communist evangels give tongue on the class struggle. One such runs: "Chairman Mao has pointed out: 'Socialist society covers a considerably long historical period.' In the historical period of socialism there are still classes, class contradictions and class struggles. There is the struggle between the socialist road and the capitalist road, and there is the danger of capitalist restoration. We must recognize the protracted and complex nature of this struggle."

The departure from China of the attractive Finns, set for early Spring, will be a loss to the diplomatic community. Here more than seven years, next in line to the Nepalese Ambassador as doyen, he will be posted in Copenhagen. They represent their stay in Peking as having been interesting and pleasant. During the Cultural Revolution, they gave shelter in their Residence to four British Embassy employees who, having been rejected by the Albanians, sought refuge with them when the British buildings were sacked and destroyed. One Briton had a serious brain injury; he was promptly evacuated by air to London. The others had been harassed and beaten. The Finns did not think the huge, unruly mobs wished to kill these individuals, but only to torment and intimidate them.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, December 6, 1973

Last night I stopped trifling with Needham on Taoism to read parts of Harold Macmillan's sixth and final volume, At the End of the Day. It covered the period of his Prime Ministership. Many of the incidents recounted, such as the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Nassau meeting with President Kennedy (during which the P.M.'s histrionics were magnificent and effective), the Profumo affair, his advocacy of Britain entering the Common Market, the political struggle for the succession after his prostate operation, were of particular and nostalgic interest to me. At eighty, he still writes well; when I saw him a year ago, his outstanding conversational agreeability was unimpaired.

One often has to revise information about actions of Chinese officials to take account of later reports. It was commonly believed that when the Tenth Chinese Communist Party (CCP) Congress in Peking convened on August 24, 1973, Chairman Mao Tse-tung presided but did not address the meeting. Now it is equally believed that he delivered a ten minute opening speech on party unity. Also Marshal Yeh Chien-Ying spoke on National Defense and Militia. These are the sort of light nuggets for which China Watchers ceaselessly dig.

We gave a dinner tonight at the Mongolian Restaurant (Kao Row-dian) for Jean Small (Canadian), Kisty Hesketh (British), Bryce Harland (New Zealand Ambassador) and his wife, the Don Andersons.

I hoped Henry Kissinger would keep his Nobel Prize peace money for his own use. He has generously devoted it to a foundation to establish a scholarship or scholarships in memory of American Killed in Action or Missing in Action servicemen during the Vietnamese Wars.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Almost every day my attention is called to the death of old friends or acquaintances. Amongst them lately have been Marjorie Post (aged 86), Constance Talmadge Giblin (73), Marthe Bibesco (85). Marjorie was accounted fortunate in having been beautiful and rich during her entire adult life, Constance Talmadge (widow of one of my OSS deputies Wallie Giblin) faded out with the silent motion pictures but had saved a fortune, Marthe Bibesco conserved her feminine charm, literary talent, and romantic appearance throughout her chequered life.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, December 7, 1973

John Holdridge, Herb Horowitz, and I went this morning to call on Li Ch'iang, new Minister of Foreign Trade. A civilian, formerly the Vice Minister in his agency, a member of the Central Committee since 1969, he replaced Pai Hsiang-kuo, an army officer who is supposed to have returned to his former profession.

He is a jolly conversationalist. He stressed many of the same points he had raised in a recent talk with the New Zealand Ambassador. Amongst them were the desirability of having Chinese exports, hopefully destined for the U.S. market, conform to its needs and requirements re packaging and design; the importance of Most Favored Nation Treatment for the PRC; the PRC unwillingness to accept credits though ready to engage in transactions on a deferred payment basis; readiness to buy complete plants from abroad; Chinese import and export trade, varying from country to country, is in overall balance.

It was announced on the radio this morning that Foreign Service Officer Walter Stoessel would go as Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He is first class.

A report made by the special congressional delegation, headed by Senator Magnuson that visited the PRC in July has proposed granting Most Favored Nation Treatment to China. The report also stated that tourism is not regarded as an industry in China; only 200 of 6,000 American visitors in the past two years have been classed as tourists.

We had a luncheon at home today for Sir John Addis (British Ambassador), The Netherlands Ambassador Vixseboxse (his wife is ill), Mr. and Mrs. Gerd Ruge (Die Welt Correspondent), Lady Hesketh, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Copithorne (Canadian Embassy), and Martha Jenkins.

Addis told me he would be leaving Peking next summer when he will have reached the compulsory retirement age of sixty. He will live in England.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, December 8, 1973

Spent morning at the office. Gerd Ruge of Die Welt told me yesterday that he thought he would leave here next spring or summer, and probably take up television work again in Germany. He finds journalist life here banal since official handouts are not interesting to his readers at home. The infrequency of contacts with Government officials, the paucity of news that can be independently gathered, depresses him.

I went back to the office this afternoon to deal with personal correspondence. E. and I called on Ray Jones in his attractive apartment to view his recent acquisitions.

Sunday, December 9, 1973

All day at the office, engaged on sending data home for tax returns, and writin about neglected family and charitable affairs.

Martine de Courcel, that charming lady, telephoned last night to say that she was in Peking for a three day visit on an Air France inaugural tour. We took her to dinner tonight at the Kao Row-dian restaurant with the Lilleys and Kisty. Almost all the food was garlic-spiced. She is staying in a Government guest house, the old American Legation which E. and Virginia asked to see but were refused. They lived there as children; their father died there in 1923. Martine said Geoffrey was enjoying his work as Secretary-General at the French Foreign Office, where he replaced Hervé Alphand. It is a post of great importance, as he is Chief of the French Diplomatic Service. In spite of her arduous journey, she looked lovely.

For some time, we have been slightly at odds with the Consulate General in Hong Kong, and more so with American journalists there, over their interpretation of the domestic political situation in China. Reading tea leaves is an engrossing amusement but to draw correct conclusions from it is tricky.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, December 11, 1973

I called on the lively Ambassador of New Zealand, Bryce Harland, this morning. He knows the United States well. His conversation is free and informative. I so grossly overstayed my time that I wrote him an apologetic letter afterwards confessing that I was a "garrulous gaffer."

E. and Kisty went to church on Sunday, the former to the only functioning Protestant house of worship, the latter to the only Roman Catholic one. There were about thirty-five in Protestant attendance, of whom five were Chinese, most of the remainder being from the Diplomatic Colony. An aged white-haired Chinese officiated. There was no sermon but there was Communion. The service was conducted in the Chinese language.

The Catholic ceremony attracted a couple of dozen people, of whom five were Chinese. From the Diplomatic Colony blacks predominated. There were four priests and a server for the low mass. The language was Latin.

We have been examining the week-end telegram from the Department instructing us to press vigorously to bring the claims-frozen assets affair to a conclusion. There are many legalisms involved, so a lengthy negotiation must be anticipated.

Wednesday, December 12, 1973

The King and Queen of Nepal left Peking a couple of days ago. The banners and flags strung across the streets in their honor have been removed. The omnipresent Chou En-lai greeted them at the airport, talked for hours with the King, banqueted them, accompanied them to their departing plane. How he survives such a regimen, which is repeated almost weekly, in addition to his other occupations makes all wonder. Chairman Mao also received them heartily. Since the Chinese dislike the Indians, indeed, it is said, have a contempt for them, and since the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Nepalese dislike and, with good reason fear the Indians, the statesmen of the two countries have much in common on that subject. It is believed the Nepalese have asked the Chinese for large amounts of aid, military and economic.

I had a talk today with President Miller and his wife of the Textron Company. They had been warmly recommended to me by Robert Charles of Washington, one of its officers. With them was Mr. Sylvester, their chief engineer, while I had Herb Horowitz at my side. One of conglomerate Textron's subsidiaries, Bell Helicopter, has been offering its products to the Chinese Government. No transactions have been concluded, but great interest in these helicopters has been manifested. Their largest foreign success to date has been with Iran, where their contracts, including spare parts, will ultimately probably total a billion dollars. The topography of China is well suited for the widespread use of such craft, which with replacement parts, will probably cost about a million dollars each for a plane that would accommodate fifteen persons.

In connection with aviation matters here, the Chinese are woefully lacking in facilities for weather forecasting, radar, control instrumentation, and communications.

Because of the constant propaganda against Confucianism, one comes across diverse interpretations of it; current public ones are necessarily unfavorable, those by past historians largely eulogistic. On the whole the Confucian literati were traditionally against a policy of armaments and expansion. "However great a country may be, if it loves war it will perish. Arms are ill-omened instruments." This view persisted amongst the literati for centuries, and was in part responsible for the scorn with which a military career was generally treated, and for the defenselessness of an impotent China during the Nineteenth Century against its well equipped Western and Japanese plunderers.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

What Confucius himself chiefly prized seems to have been purity of intention and sincerity of heart. He recognized no difference between individual morality and civic and social morality. No mystic, he said: "Recognize that you know what you know, and are ignorant of what you do not know." He taught an active morality. One writer has observed that: "Confucianism may be summed up in the notion of jen, a notion which implies at the same time a feeling of humanity towards others and a feeling of human dignity in oneself; in brief, a respect for oneself and others with all the subsidiary virtues that this ideal involves; magnanimity, good faith, and charity."

Taoism, a later philosophy, and more difficult to define than Confucianism, has not thus far been a subject of contemporary debate. In its daily application Taoist wisdom consists essentially in the avoidance of all useless agitation. One of its sages intoned:

"Without crossing his threshold
He knows the whole world;
Without looking from his window
He perceives the ways (Tao) of Heaven."

A great Taoist teacher wrote: "Were the thunder to bring down the mountains or the hurricane to spill the ocean, he (the true believer) would not care. He is borne up by the air and the clouds, he rides on the sun and moon, and frolics beyond the limits of space."

An attitude of detachment, of quietude and serene acceptance of all the vicissitudes of human life, an indifference to civic responsibilities distinguished this non-activist doctrine which had a great influence on Chinese thought.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Those interested in tales of human cruelty and perversity will find an endless supply of them in Chinese history. A Hun (Tartar) Emperor used to have the most attractive of his concubines roasted and served at table. "From time to time he had one of the girls of his harem beheaded, cooked and served to his guests, while the uncooked head was passed around on a plate to prove he had not sacrificed the least beautiful."

Severing
/~~Serving~~ human heads from bodies has been a common practice in Chinese warfare and revolutions. A toll of 100,000 decapitations of enemy citizens, men, women, and children, was not unusual following a victory. Reliable data is lacking on such executions during the internecine struggles between the forces of Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung but the record, though incomplete, is grisly.

HAK, coursing around Europe, delivered a major NATO speech at Brussels, and last night was the honor guest of the Pilgrims in London. Today he commences his swing through the Middle East in preparation for the peace talks at Geneva on the 18th. Even greater than usual precautions are being taken over his personal security because of numerous threats to assassinate him.

The Chinese make graceful gestures toward official visitors. When the Nepalese King and Queen went to the "garden city" of Soochow, fifty young women commune members, each carrying two baskets of camelias on shoulder poles, performed a dance. They likened the traditional friendship between the Chinese and Nepalese peoples to the camelias in full bloom.

Thursday, December 13, 1973

E. and I had a delightful lunch today at the Swedish Embassy with Ambassador and Mrs. Arne Björnberg. We ate toothsome sand grouse, killed in unknown fashion, since wing shooting is no longer permitted in this country. The others were the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Canadian, Turkish, Finnish Ambassadors and wives, the Norwegian Ambassador (without wife) and Mlle. Marie-Thérèse de Corbie of the French Embassy, the pleasing niece of General de Gaulle. After many skols in champagne, white burgundy, and red bordeaux, the men discoursed on Cambodia, politics, economic problems in connection with the energy crisis, and other topics. The Finnish Ambassador commenced a collection of Chinese snuff boxes six years ago. He now has over 200 specimens, but has ceased adding to it because of what he considers too inflated prices.

The late King of Sweden left by will his magnificent assemblage of Orientalia to the Nation.

This afternoon Horowitz and I had a visit from Mr. Williamson of IBM whom I had seen in July. This dynamic Floridian has been negotiating with the Academy of Science representatives of the PRC on the sale of computers. The Chinese are particularly interested in the possibility of acquiring the latest IBM Number 168, a machine embodying the most advanced techniques, a twenty million plus dollar contraption. Williamson has warned them frankly of the COCOM difficulties that would be raised unless they agreed to the safeguard and other restrictions imposed on its use. I found him an unusually impressive executive who reduces the most complicated engineering jargon to a layman's level.

E. went out to the airport to see Kisty Hesketh off on the Ethiopian Airlines. She will lay over for six hours in Bombay before transferring to a BOAC plane for London. I think her seventeen day stay here has done her good. I have never seen a person so resilient after an automobile accident that a year ago shattered her body and temporarily impaired her mind. When she arrives home in England, she must face the dreadful decision of whether to have her useless eye removed.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

As an example of the burden on Chou En-lai of conferring with visiting foreign dignitaries, from the 18th to the 23rd of November he met the Viet Cong Delegation, headed by Nguyen Huu Tho, the Zaire Foreign Minister, a Romanian Trade Delegation, as well as trips to the airport and banquets in their honor.

Friday, December 14, 1973

We were told this morning that Jean Lambert had been refused a visa in Paris; we had invited him to stay with us, and he hoped to arrive tonight. For some reason, our visa cases are not going well. The gravest is that of a woman who was to arrive in Peking from Kuwait to replace invaluable Virginia Schafer who has just left on a long delayed and well deserved home leave. Unless her substitute appears here shortly, it will be difficult to pay our people their salaries. As in so many of our dealings with the Chinese Government on minor matters, we receive no explanation for such a delay in decision, for the impenetrable answer they often resort to is: "The affair is under consideration."

After Kisty left last night, the Residence for the first time since early September ceased to harbor one or more guests. Pleasant as it is to have congenial friends visit us, our quarters are too cramped to permit them or us to have any real privacy. We all eat, drink, read, and write in the same room.

The VOA and BBC radio news is depressing. Great Britain seems to be in an especially painful bind. Strikes, inflation, a falling pound, adverse trade figures, a deplorable imbalance of payments, threatened withdrawal by Arab countries of their enormous bank deposits, almost certain increases in unemployment portend even more trouble for courageous Ted Heath. The unshakable national character of the British, their tenacity in refusing to panic will save them in the long run, but like the rest of the Western World, they will be sorely buffeted.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Lately, when tired of reading Chinese histories during the night watches, I have relaxed in the company of Colette's Claudine series.

Colette was a truly distinguished writer. We knew her when she was old, crippled, but still fascinating. She lived happily with her third husband in a Palais Royal apartment over the famous Grand Véfour Restaurant where a table was always reserved for her. She was vivaciously witty. Her stories are told in the purest and impurest French. Her works abound in choice delineation of flowers, trees, birds, insects, landscapes, animals--above all cats--and the complexities of human passions.

We went to the British Embassy early in the evening for a showing of a movie on the life of Princess Anne, concluding with her wedding at Westminster Abbey. As was expected the pageantry was magnificent; probably not expected was the beautiful sunny day. No people seem to organize spectacles as well as the English and the Scots. The Princess photographed well except in profile when a receding chi is apparent.

Tonight after dinner E. and I went to a party given by two Canadian girls at the Marine House for our departing Marine Sergeant Mark Worrell, who is under orders for transfer to Canada. E. played darts, I drank beer, we left fairly early, the young kept going until 3:00 a.m.

Sunday, December 16, 1973

Took a walk this morning in the continuing sunny, cold weather, before once again trying to fathom the fundamental tenets of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. I have not yet had even a gnat's eye view of this vast panorama. Each reading on these subjects leaves me still ignorant and confused. Needham would perhaps straighten me out superficially, but I lack the discipline to delve further into his magisterial writings on the Three Philosophies.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

He remarked: "The Taoist system of thought which still today occupies at least as important a place in the background of the Chinese mind as Confucianism, was a unique and extremely interesting combination of philosophy and religion, incorporating also 'proto'--science and magic."

"In any case, Confucianism and Taoism still form the background of the Chinese mind, and for a long time will continue to do so. Confucianism (quoting Dubs) has been the philosophy of those who have 'succeeded' or hoped to succeed. Taoism is the philosophy of those who have 'failed'--or who have tasted the bitterness of 'success.' Taoist patterns of thought and behaviour include all kinds of rebellion against conventions, the withdrawal of the individual from society, the love and study of nature, the refusal to take office. . .production without possession, action without self-assertion, development without domination. Many of the most attractive elements of the Chinese character derive from Taoism."

The defect in Taoist naturalism was "that it was not very much interested in human society. Recognizing clearly that ethical considerations were irrelevant to scientific observations and scientific thought, it had offered no explanation of how the highest human values manifested in society could be related to the non-human world. Hsün Ching had said: 'They see Nature and fail to see Man.' On the other hand, there was Buddhist metaphysical idealism. This was one stage worse, for it was interested neither in human society nor in Nature."

As to Buddha, another writer says: "The essential character of the Buddha. . . was that he had transcended humanity and become entirely detached from all human emotion, and earthly desire. . . Buddha is universal, ageless. . .He sits in the posture of meditation, calm, aloof; the face subtly illuminated by the smile of all-embracing divine knowledge. Emotionless and sublime, the discarnate Buddha has no contact with the human race. He has left this earth for ever; he dwells in Nirvana, the absence of striving."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Japanese Ambassador, Heishiro Ogawa, called on me this morning. He is probably the busiest diplomat in Peking. An intelligent man with tiny feet. He thinks the Chinese are taking appropriate steps to tailor exports of consumer goods to attract the fancy of the Japanese market. He grilled me about the Kissinger visit. I slithered about in the pan without burning. Their negotiations over civil air rights are stalled, because of Chinese requirements regarding their existing arrangements with Taiwan. His Government is proceeding with talks about financing the exploitation of Soviet gas reserves in Siberia.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, December 18, 1973

With Herb Horowitz, I received this morning a visit from Richard Andrews, Manager of International Sales for the Bucyrus-Erie Company, and his associate, Chinese speaking C. J. Wang.

They hope to sign this afternoon a contract to sell the Chinese Government about twenty million dollars worth of drilling equipment, most of which will be used in coal mining operations. They believe the Chinese are interested in the development of other minerals, of which there is surely an unestimated abundance in this vast country. Andrews has been favorably impressed by the technical knowledge of the officials with whom he has been dealing. He also finds them hard, realistic bargainers.

We had a lunch at home today with these guests: The Ambassador of Iran, Abbas Aram; the Ambassador of Switzerland and Mrs. Natural; Mr. Christian Tual (Cultural Attaché French Embassy); Mlle. Marie-Thérèse de Corbie (Second Secretary French Embassy); Bob Blackburn (USLO); Mrs. John Burns (Toronto Globe and Mail); Mrs. Clare Hollingworth (London Daily Telegraph).

Mlle. de Corbie is charming; she is reputed to be a niece of General de Gaull

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, December 19, 1973

We lunched today as guests of honor of the Ambassador of Turkey and Mrs. Nuri Eren. The British, Netherlands, Polish, Canadian, Iranian, Egyptian Ambassadors, some with wives, were there, together with a smattering of younger people, including two Turkish musicians who gave a recital last night. The eloquent host unloosed an eulogy. We had an enjoyable time. Madame Nuri Eren has authored one or more cook-books; her culinary knowledge was apparent in the dishes served. The men delicately skirted Arab-Israeli affairs, though every one was indignant over the hijacking in Rome by Palestinian terrorists of a Pan American plane in which thirty or more passengers, amongst them four Moroccan officials, were incinerated. This successful and horrible banditry incidentally reflects discredit on security measures at the Roman airport. The five criminals, escaping uninjured, commandeered a Lufthansa craft, taking hostages along, forced it to set down at Damascus, then Kuwait, where they were arrested.

Eren said there are about 25 million Turkish speaking people in or near Soviet Turkestan, and 5 million in the PRC.

Thursday, December 20, 1973

I finished last night Stewart Alsop's Stay of Execution. This record, completed in September 1973, of his struggles to stay alive is a poignant story, admirably and cooly related. What could be more dismaying than to be diagnosed as dying of a rare form of leukemia, and yet even the same diagnosticians uncertain if he were not the victim of a different disease? It is a real tale of courage. A letter from Joan Braden today said this brave friend is once more back in hospital.

Abbas Aram, the generous Iranian Ambassador, has sent us two tins of Caspian caviar. We still have a jar of Sulzberger pâté de foie gras, [illegible]arry sauce

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

and turkeys in prospect, a box of Christmas tree bangles from Washington, so we are almost ready to make merry.

Tonight E. and I went to Bob Blackburn's buffet supper for the Chinese staff of USLO.

The Blackburn party was an unqualified success. The gregarious amiability and politeness of the twenty-six Chinese guests was well evidenced. Their politeness seems innate. Living in a society where personal privacy is necessarily limited, they are thoroughly at home in any gathering, though the women do have great reserve, certainly with foreigners, nor do their male compatriots pay much attention to them in public. Fun waxed fast, but never furious. The table groaned under turkeys, prawns, and ~~many~~ other attractions, which the hearty Chinese vigorously demolished, as did the rest of us. In the pantry Mao Tai was almost incessantly poured. Our convivial chauffeur, after having solicitously brought me a glass of it, soon returned and waggishly deposited three more in front of me. Then he proposed a round of Gambays which met with universal approval. Our gardener, the very picture of jollity, rounded like a flower tub, was in Bacchic mood. Altogether, it was a sensational occasion.

We had news today of the assassination in Madrid of the Spanish Prime Minister, Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, who had for more than thirty years been the close adviser and intimate friend of Generalissimo Franco. His enemies had dug a tunnel under the street where his automobile was later to pass. In it they had placed a petard which hoisted to death all the occupants of the car.

SECRET DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, December 21, 1973

Icy blasts and high winds from Siberia prevail. Dust penetrates our closed windows. The temperature is about 15 degrees fahrenheit. This is the shortest day of the year, the beginning of Winter.

For the first time this season, we had wild duck, of an unknown species, for lunch. It was excellent. We still have no information on how game birds are killed or brought to market in China, though we know that many are exported to Hong Kong.

Clare Hollingworth lunched with us. She had been away from Peking for several weeks, first in Japan, then Hong Kong.

Chinese Information officials have asked her not to publish anything on Chairman Mao's eightieth birthday (December 27). She had been asked to write an article on this event for her paper The Daily Telegraph. She told them she had already sent her piece to London, and was not willing to withdraw it. Her two interlocutors were strangers to her; she thought them hard-nosed, and there was an implicit note of criticism about foreign correspondents' reports on internal Chinese affairs. Later, the same individuals adversely mentioned Cy Sulzberger, prefacing their remarks by saying they knew he was a friend of hers. She said indeed this had been true for more than thirty years. They characterized some of his columns on China as mere "poppycock," and were "flabbergasted" by them. I have indirectly heard similar comment about Cy. What the Chinese appear to have expected was a captive propagandist for all aspects of their System. Personally, I found such of his reports that have reached us more objective than those from other journalistic sources.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

E. and I went this afternoon to the French doctor for shots of gamma globulin. There have been three recent cases of hepatitis in the Swiss Embassy. Thus far we have escaped all except minor inconveniences such as teeth being stained black by green tea.

Tonight, we went to a mammoth Christmas party given in San Li Tun by the hospitable Jenkinses for the Mission. Rum egg nog, mistletoe, a variety of appetizing food and drink, music, carols, and other traditional trimmings created an atmosphere of gaiety and contentment.

Before this celebration, I signed the book of condolences for the late Prime Minister at the Spanish Embassy.

Dorothy Campbell of FBO came to see us in the late afternoon, and accompanied us to the Jenkinses.

Saturday, December 22, 1973

Al Jenkins, Don Anderson, and I called on Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Vice Foreign Minister this morning; Lin P'ing and interpreters were with him. We explained briefly the instructions we had from Washington, offering a proposal, as promised by HAK when he was in Peking, for the settlement of the frozen assets-claims problem. We gave him an aide-memoire, as well as suggested texts for an exchange of letters on the subject.

He said the documents would be carefully considered, and a later discussion would be appropriate. The interview was, as always the case with him, cordial.

Meanwhile, John Holdridge was tangling with Chinese Consular Officials. Our requests for personnel to be brought here on temporary duty to replace staff members absent on leave, or otherwise unavailable, have been refused. The most important instance concerned a lady in Kuwait expected here to serve

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

as Budget and Fiscal Officer during Virginia Schafer's home leave period. The visa was originally granted but has just been annulled. Heavily overworked Bob Blackburn has been visited with the heavy burden of adding this involved operation to his other duties.

Other obstacles have also been erected by the Chinese against our establishing satisfactory relations with them on Consular matters. They do not appear to understand the requirements imposed upon us by legislation; here, of course, almost everything is settled by fiat. We are now being criticized by them for giving members of their Mission to Washington B1 instead of A1 visas. This is a legal mandate on us, because of there not being de jure recognition between the two countries.

There are other fretful strains that demand time and discussions to alleviate.

Al, John, and I talked to Nick Platt this morning and again this afternoon about his automobile accident. It has been settled by his acceptance of: 1. Revocation of his automobile driver's license; 2. An obligation to pay an indemnity of 25,000 Yuan (between $12,500 and $13,000), to the family of the deceased girl.

Nick has behaved extremely well in this painful, complicated affair.

The deputies and I have had several talks about the possible advisability of our seeking housing and office space, additional to that previously requested.

Our present compound area is 5,000 square meters, or about 1.2 acres. It is insufficient even for our present purposes. The French Embassy is said to have been allotted 30,000 square meters for a new compound, the Iranians 10,000. We would like to have room for a swimming pool, tennis court,

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Monday, December 24, 1973

The caprice of a State Department personnel planner has just been brought to my attention. It is the proposal to inform a Foreign Service Officer, Jan DeWilde, that he should continue his Chinese studies with the assurance of being named to succeed Brunson McKinley as Aide to the Chief of Mission (or Ambassador) in June 1975. The message requested our concurrence. I have answered it in these terms:

"1. I am unfamiliar with Department's present personnel practices, but would like to comment on proposal to notify Jan DeWilde of an assignment to Peking as McKinley's replacement in June 1975.

"2. From data supplied this officer would seem to have interesting qualifications for the contemplated change. I gravely doubt, however, the wisdom of contracting such an engagement long in advance of its possible consummation.

"3. If, when the appropriate time comes, it were, for substantial reasons, deemed by the Department unsuitable to have DeWilde assume these responsibilities, he might justly feel deceived and aggrieved. Moreover, by entering into such an undertaking with him, no account will have been, or can be, taken of the personal views or wishes of whoever will be the Chief of USLO, or a successor Mission, at that period.

"4. In short, the proposal appears to me unnecessary, untimely, undesirable."

At the office, I went over a telegram drafted by Jenkins and Holdridge, on our space problems. It is as follows:

"1. I have become concerned that desirable locations for a permanent mission in Peking are fast being allotted. The indication is that soon the only plots available will be on the northern, rural fringes of San Li Tun, the farther from the city of the two diplomatic enclaves. While adequate space is the major factor to be considered, location is an important secondary factor, for reasons of both efficiency in operation and morale.

"2. Our present location is near the apartments where most of our personnel are (and will continue to be) housed, near the International Club, where many of the American staff and most of our local staff eat lunch, and near the Friendship Store, the main shopping center for foreigners. It is also nearer the center of the city than all but a half dozen missions. Logistics demands are minimal, and would be much greater if we were in the hinterlands of San Li Tun, where most remaining available land is found.

DECLASSIFIED

"3. As reported in Peking 1513, one current rumor has it that the hospital behind our compound is to be moved, to make way for USLO expansion. We are not sure how much space would be available if this were done, but the proposition might be attractive.

"4. Another possibility is a stretch of land along the moat at the west end of the street we now face, Kuang Hua Lu. It is difficult to tell how much space might be available there without discussing plans with the Chinese.

"5. We see no other possibilities except in the remote edges of San Li Tun.

"6. Even if we were to secure promise of suitable space for later permanent location, it would be some time before facilities could be built, and presumably we would not start building until such time as full normalization of our relations was contemplated, or perhaps even announced.

"7. Meanwhile, we face urgent need for modest increase in office space and for recreational and educational needs. We need three additional personnel (septel) for whom there is no space. Soon our American school activities will be held in the elevator landing space between the Jenkins and Holdridge apartments--a patently unsatisfactory arrangement--because there is no other room available to us. We have arranged to receive films regularly, but have nowhere to show them except in the apartments of USLO personnel, to the distress of the diplomatic community, which cannot be accommodated under these conditions.

"8. If we could rent one of the several buildings now being built across from our compound, we could accommodate there the Commercial/Economic Section, including a library and adequate waiting room which we do not now have, our school, conference room, a language room, a combination recreation room-theater, and doubtless house a few of our staff members. If the Marines could be housed there, for instance, it would make them less conspicuous and further ease our logistics requirements.

"9. Apart from the practical needs outlined above, I believe that an approach to the Chinese on both near-term and long-term planning would be politically desirable at this time. Our insistently low profile during the early stages of our mission here has proved correct. It appears to have been well received by both the Chinese and the diplomatic community. Now, however, we are increasingly convinced that the Chinese would prefer a somewhat higher profile, and that it would also serve our interests--particularly in dealing with them. While we cannot be entirely sure, we are inclined to believe that rejection by the Chinese of our visa requests for urgently needed TDY personnel may be their way of saying it is now time for us to have adequate staff in Peking to cover absences of our personnel. They are probably uneasy that their larger staff in Washington and the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

acquisition of a 400-room hotel makes them appear more eager for improved relations than we are. In any event, it would seem to be our move with regard to further implementation of the Shanghai Communique, and particularly the Peking Communique, which spoke of quantitative and qualitative expansion of activities of our respective Liaison Offices.

"10. I still believe it wise to keep our staff modest in size. However, we clearly require limited expansion in personnel and significant additions of space to meet the requirements of efficiency and morale.

"11. Request permission to discuss provisionally at high level and in confidence our long-term requirements, and more openly at that or lower level our more immediate needs."

The Residence is radiating activity. Under the supervision of E., Morin, and Mr. Chiang, furniture, flowers, lamps, even the Bonavia pottery horse, have been moved into the heretofore desolate living room for this afternoon's big bash. Mission members, their wives, children, visiting Americans stranded in hotels, and others are expected at five o'clock, when bibulousness will commence. At six, carol singers from the foreign colony will inspirit us. Next, a full-scale buffet banquet will be offered. We shall serve hard drinks, soft drinks, and Paul Masson California wines.

Tuesday, December 25, 1973--Christmas Day

We went to the British Embassy this morning-where Lessons were read, carols sung.

I have been brooding, in a melancholy way, over the present state of the world, a pompous exercise. Except during the two Great Wars of my time, the world has never appeared in this century to be in such disarray as now.

Despite an average standard of living, in Canada, the United States, most of Europe (including Great Britain), Japan, and some other countries, higher than ever before achieved in human history, we are faced with serious threats of a

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

global decline in prosperity and employment. The inventiveness of Man seems to have surpassed his ability to make a wise use of life. The energy crisis is the most disturbing of our present preoccupations. But there is also a population crisis, a crisis of unsatisfied (probably incatiable) public expectations of an annual increase in living standards, a profound bitterness in developing countries toward the more affluent, as well as a multitude of other real threats to social stability and contentment. Nationalism has never been more assertive.

Many of these ills are ascribed to lack of strong political leadership. I wish a remedy for that were at hand, but even if it were I do not believe it would suffice to tide us over our imminent tribulations. Unhappily there is no panacea for such a disease of the material human condition. Nor is there evidence of any spiritual stamina to cushion us against a drastic curtailment of necessities and luxuries.

At home, we have greedily over-exploited our natural resources, irreparably damaged our physical environment, worshiped false Gods. Do we as a Nation have the fibre to accept the consequences, philosophically shoulder our disquieting burdens, and direct our moral energies into rehabilitation of our own selves? This would require a degree of unselfishness for which we have not recently been notable.

HAK continues his shuttle through foreign capitals. His physical and intellectual vigor amaze even those they discomfit. A few enemies in the American news media wish him to be discredited. Mostly they are the same individuals who ardently hope the North Vietnamese will ultimately overrun South Viet-Nam. Can the second most powerful man in the United States, and actually the most spectacular diplomat in the world, sustain his unprecedented juggling?

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Derogators hope not. The desire to denigrate figures who loom largely in the public eye is all too common a temptation. Certain columnists, especially in New York and Washington, long ago sharpened their knives for use against him. My surmise is that some of the problems he is attempting to solve are beyond quick solution. They will require negotiations over a period of years. One of his great merits has been in identifying those problems clearly, in sponsoring reasonable ways to analyze them clearly, and in seeking compromises on them.

The spectacle of a fifty-year old German-born Jew, exercising the authority he does in coping with the end of an era complications of universal import elicits my sympathy, dazzles my imagination. Already, he is accused of maneuvering to sell Israel down the river. What chicanery is this? Even-handed justice would demand definite and dangerous sacrifices on Israel's part; similarly, the Arabs must be forced to relinquish their Hitlerite passion to exterminate that Chosen (sic) Race. It is doubtful, in my view, that any conceivable arrangement will prove permanent. The confrontation between fewer than three million resident Israelis and ninety or more million Arabs, supported by almost infinite financial resources and fanaticism, poses a demand for moral grandeur which may well be beyond the imperfect capacity of mankind to accept. The [redacted] sole external reliance is on the United States, and on internation[redacted]. In the absence of a direct Soviet attack, would we send an expedit[redacted]to their aid? I doubt it.

At any rate, the cherished, illusory dream of Henry [redacted]ace that there would be an American Twentieth Century has been dissipated. This is neither an [redacted]erican nor a Soviet Century, in spite of their predominate military, and, in [redacted]se, economic power. Either of us could destroy the world, but neither can [redacted]e it, nor should aspire to do so.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

For lunch today, we took Ray Jones, Bobbie Brooks, the McKinleys, the Morins, to a Mongolian Restaurant, now our favorite eating resort. We had shashlik, then mutton slices and pasta, briefly dipped in the hot pot, afterwards seasoned with a multitude of sauces. The finale was an apple toffee, fiery before being cooled in bowls of water. The inevitable, invigorating Mao Tai, warm red wine, beer, and tea were served. A jocund occasion.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, December 26, 1973

Back to the office routine. Some of our people are suffering from a surfeit of turkey, mince pie, and other comestibles. Little traffic from the Department. This evening Nancy and Brunson McKinley came to the Residence, where they kindly inserted my Sino-American chop bookplates into many volumes. I had failed at this endeavour through the exercise of overmuch zeal; I anointed myself with as much red mud as I did the volumes.

Those attending midnight Christmas High Mass at the Roman Catholic Church reported an assemblage of almost a thousand persons, of whom about fifty were Chinese, the others mostly diplomatic representatives. The congregation at the rival Protestant celebration was sparse.

Thursday, December 27, 1973

A full resumption of our regular business rhythm. E. and I lunched with Colonel and Mrs. Weston-Simons, who are about to go to England for a two month leave. Clare Hollingworth was there. We were spoiled with caviar and vodka, as well as other goodies including a crock of Stilton cheese.

Stacks of mail and telegrams to contemplate.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, December 28, 1973

Al Jenkins and I went this morning to sign the book of condolences at the Turkish Embassy in memory of Ismet Inonu. This durable political personality, dead at the age of 79, was one of the greatest modern leaders of his country, where he succeeded his Chief, Ataturk, as President.

This evening E. and I motored to the airport to meet the Air France flight from Paris upon which Sasha and Nick were passengers. They appeared to be in good heart after their long trip. Nick's hair flows down to his shoulders but at least looks clean. We had a laughing dinner together.

Saturday, December 29, 1973

Jenkins was called to the Foreign Office this morning to see Lin P'ing. Unable to elicit a reply to his advance inquiry as to what topics were to be discussed, he decided to have Nick Platt accompany him as note-taker. It turned out that Platt himself was the subject of discussion.

The interview, which for the time being is to be kept as secret as possible, was painful for us. Jenkins, Platt, and I spent most of the afternoon drawing up a report on it; I sent a personal message to HAK recommending measures to deal with the consequences of the PRC demand.

Sunday, December 30, 1973

At the office this morning. After several telephone calls last week from Jean Lambert in Paris, so interfered with by static or other interruptions, that we could not sustain a conversation, he, under the prompting of John Keswick, decided to fly to Hong Kong and there attempt to obtain a visa to visit me in Peking. It had been refused in Paris. I tried to dissuade him from the proposed journey. Nevertheless, he arrived in Hong Kong the day after Christmas. We have

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

(ince been in communication. Our recent Mission troubles over visas leave me unwilling to try to reopen this case. Jean is pertinacious; he is now seeking assistance through French diplomatic channels. He asked whether I would speak to Ambassador Manac'h about the affair. I said I would not do so for such an approach would be mutually embarrassing. (I have just written Manac'h to thank him for a magnificent Christmas present of a magnum of Chateau Lafite.)

This afternoon I went to the chiropodist, then walked with Sasha and Mick to the Friendship Store, where I bought a huge cheese as well as Chinese caviar. I intend to steep the caviar in beer for several hours in an attempt to reduce its salinity.

Monday, December 31, 1973

This is a national American holiday but there were several of our staff in their offices. I disposed of a lot of private letters before reading gloomy year-end reports.

E. and the children went off this morning for a picnic at the Ming Tombs.

The propaganda against "revisionists" continues to spew forth. In Shanghai, a campaign inspired by the Chinese Communist Party, directed against those accused of having shifted to the right since the Cultural Revolution, is said to have begun in middle-schools and universities. "Big Character" posters are appearing. Written by students, they criticize those teachers whom the students consider lacking in ideological and professional zeal. Weak teachers, those who refuse to participate energetically in labor, those not concerned for the welfare of their students are among those attacked in such posters. Those singled out are required to meet with the school party representative and the school's revolutiona committee. During these meetings, the teacher is subjected to a thorou h investigation before a decision is reached as to the role he can sustain in the school if he desires to remain.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I suppose a similar procedure prevails in the Universities.

There are many watchdogs in this closed society. I noted a few days ago that almost 1,000 persons attended High Mass at the midnight service in the Roman Catholic Church. Another informant today stated fewer than half that number, including about fifty Chinese, were present.

An authoritative International Service bulletin of November 14 presents a sad commentary on the sorry state of the Catholic Church in China. The Church as such is barely visible, nor is there evident any hierarchy. The twenty or so legitimate bishops who were still here in 1949 have disappeared; the 42 or 45 bishops consecrated in 1957-58 under Government auspices were swept away by the Cultural Revolution; nobody can say where they are or how they live. They certainly do not exercise any pastoral authority.

One must assume that the Protestant denominations have been similarly decimated. In sum, Christianity in China has no potency.

Tonight, the four of us went to a party given by Lois and Gerd Ruge. Our young stayed there most of the night. It was a Babelesque rout, with lots of interesting people but no Chinese. Mexicans, British, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Eastern and Western European countries were represented. To go with a tempting array of food, there was much celebratory drinking. The Ruge's specialty was a punch concocted of Chinese beverages--one-third champagne, one-third dry white wine, the other third soda water. It was insidiously authoritative.

I discussed Chinese customs and politics with two media men; one a German who had lived here throughout the Cultural Revolution, the other a nephew of the late President Allende of Chile. The bearded Chilean was verbose and seemingly

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

intelligent. He cannot go home, so is remaining here as a stringer for an Italian newspaper. They were both inclined to believe there is a rift between Chairman Mao and Chou En-lai. I do not credit such rumors.

The long heralded People's Congress has not yet, so far as we know, taken place. This non-event breeds additional speculation about schisms within the Party. There is considerable talk concerning the difficulties of establishing a stable Government if both the Chairman and Chou were to die within a short interval. Even more confusing would be Chou predeceasing Mao. A collective succession is anticipated; such an apparatus seldom lasts long or functions effectively.

E. and I saw the New Year in together, agreed that regardless of external occurrences we would make 1974, as far as we were concerned, a truly Happy Year.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

E - See worksheet

DIARY - JANUARY 1-26, 1974

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

SECRET 1974

Tuesday, January 1, 1974

Weatherwise, the New Year announced itself well, azure skies, no wind, a peeping Tom moon even in daytime.

Last night the German television man said harsh things about Sulzberger's articles which he claimed the Chinese regard as superficial and offensive. He thinks Cy will never be allowed to come here again. I replied that I believed he had no desire to do so; moreover, I thought his columns objective and interesting, a far cry from the Smart Alec type churned out by itinerant journalists.

Incidentally, I had a letter yesterday from Cy, who is in Paris, telling me of Harcourt Brace's intention of publishing a book by him to be entitled The Coldest War--Russia's Game in China. The contents will be in large degree based upon his columns, with at least 35 percent composed of new material. He has dedicated it to me as follows: "For David Bruce, the last eighteenth-century American, with admiration, gratitude and affection."

I hope the Chinese will not consider me a co-author!

For some time, I have toyed with the idea of discontinuing, or at least suspending, the keeping of a diary after December 31, 1973, but here I am at it again.

When I joined the COI (Coordinator of Information) office of Bill Donovan in 1941, it was understood that none of us would engage in diary writing. Appointed to set up a secret intelligence service for the organization that later became OSS (Office of Strategic Services, invidiously termed by detractors "Oh So Secret"), we all pledged ourselves to remain as anonymous as practicable, and numerals replaced our names. As I recall it, I was 107. This was in accordance with the practice followed by our then mentor MI6, the British Secret Service, the head of which was known as "C".

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

These precautions eventually fell into desuetude, but the ban on diarying did not until, when I was with General Donovan on the Tuscaloosa, during the Normandy invasion, he commanded me to note down meticulously everything I could observe or hear, including transcripts of radio broadcasts from American, British, French, and German sources.

Having acquired the habit, I recalled as best I could events connected with the Italian landings, then went on to keep a journal for office use by my OSS associates of various internal decisions. This was useful, since after Normandy I flitted frequently between England, France, and Germany, often leaving a cold trail.

During my service under Averell Harriman as Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Foreign and Domestic Affairs, I kept no record of my daily doings. Nor did I while Chief of the Marshall Plan Mission to France. I now especially regret the latter omission, for my service in that capacity was more interesting than my following assignment as Ambassador to France.

In that last period, I did dictate resumés of my activities, but they were, as I remember, largely of social engagements, speeches, trips, etc. I felt that our frequent telegraphic comments on political, economic, financial, military, and other matters of a substantive nature during that topsy turvy epoch could easily be referred to if necessary.

I pursued the same line as Under Secretary of State, without fully incorporating in diary form the briefing memoranda and transcripts of conversations used for interviews with foreign officials and members of Congress.

When, however, I became President Eisenhower's representative to the Coal and Steel Community in Luxembourg, and concurrently his observer at the Interim

DECLASSIFIED

Committee on the European Defense Community, I contracted the habit of joining to my commentary appropriate classified reports and telegrams. This proved a great convenience for reference purposes, especially when testifying before Congressional Committees. In later posts, I used that same method.

I have kept none of my diaries in my personal files. They were sent periodically in duplicate for storage at the Department of State. I have provided by will for them to become, upon my death, the property of the Department and of the Virginia Historical Society respectively.

I ascribe no value to those diaries except insofar as some of their contents might save research scholars the endless chore of looking for original documents. It has amazed me, however, to realize the avidity with which publishers, without knowledge of the abilities of a prospective author, blithely offer to produce his memoirs. I have been informed by several that they would be glad to consider commissioning me to that end, with tentative offers of recompense of half a million dollars upwards. If I had accepted, it would have been a real steal. Whatever is in my diaries derives from my activities as a public servant; if anything could add to the harmless stock of human knowledge, it is not myself who should profit by such misuse of governmental privilege.

Indeed, I strongly deprecate the donation of this kind of material for tax considerations. Nor do I think it fitting to establish Presidential libraries at national expense. Professional documents acquired by Presidents or lesser officers are not private possessions and should not be so regarded. I feel a sharp distinction should be drawn between selling private memoirs, and deriving tax benefits from the gift of official papers which came into the custody of the donor by virtue of his occupation.

Sasha and Nick went to look at the Great Wall and more Ming Tombs. Clare Hollingworth lunched with us.

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, January 2, 1974

Sasha, Nick, and I went this evening to the McKinleys for a showing of Casablanca with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman starring. Though it is E.'s favorite film, as it is mine, she did not join us, having seen it many times. For me the old magic was still there.

Thursday, January 3, 1974

Statistics show that Chinese grain production in 1973 is estimated to include about 27 million tons of wheat, 103 million tons of paddy rice, 71 million tons of miscellaneous grains, and 26 million tons of tubers (grain equivalent).

In 1973-74, China is expected to import about 9 million tons of grain, including 6.5 million tons from the United States, 1.5 million tons from Canada, and one million tons from Australia. Some 2.5 to 3 million tons of feed grains, mostly corn, would also be imported from the United States.

China exported about 750,000 tons of rice in 1971, 800,000 in 1972. This year the amount to be exported is reckoned at approximately 100,000 tons.

The New Year was ushered in with customary official denunciations of the two superpowers, the desirability of world revolution, the liberation of Taiwan, and the usual eulogies of Maoism, coupled with the dangers of backsliding into revisionism. Both January 1st and 2nd were local holidays.

The largest military purge in two years has been publicly acknowledged. Switches in important commands have been completed, further diminishing military influences in important provinces.

The Japanese remain disquieted. The Speaker of their Legislative Chamber has observed: "The Age of Affluence is over." Their reserves have been steadily falling, exchange rates are wobbly.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Similar uncertainty exists throughout the formerly privileged nations. Those under Communist domination, as well as the Arab countries, are least likely to be affected by the energy crisis, or the economic distresses already in progress.

On a light note, a report from Canton cites as illustrations of "liberalizatio a spate of card playing, the keeping of pet birds, and even some dogs guarding factories in small cities outside Canton. I fear these dogs will not long be custodians, for the Cantonese are said to prefer them in stew pots.

Higher fuel prices are certain to add to inflation and balance of payments difficulties, as well as to affect adversely the world economy. I would not think a global depression unlikely.

For lunch today, we had Christian Tual (French Embassy), Tim Pierce (Reuters), two of the Small girls (Canadian Embassy), Sasha and Nick. Tim has promised to inquire into the methods by which feathered game birds are procured for markets in China.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, January 5, 1974

E., Sasha, Nicky, Martha and Sarah Jenkins, Brunson and Nancy McKinley, and I left at 8:30 this morning for the Sino-Albanian Commune, a place favored by the Chinese Government for showing to foreigners. It is off the airport road, a half hour drive from our office.

It was an instructive, pleasant visit. First we were entertained with tea, cigarettes, and discourse by the Vice Chairman of the local Revolutionary Committee, who reeled off interesting statistics. There are about 30,000 people in the Commune. They produce grain crops, vegetables, fruit, poultry. Also, they have a herd of thoroughbred dairy cattle, some 28,000 pigs, and a horse establishment. In the mechanical line, they have their own repair shop for tractors and other farm machinery, manufacture spare parts, run an iron foundry. They also have a jade products factory, and a commodious medical clinic.

These various activities involve the use of large areas of land and extensive buildings. The men we met who were in charge of various units were all courteous in manner, masterly in describing their occupations. Everywhere neatness and immaculate cleanliness were notable. Even the cattle and their yards exhaled a sweet scent; this I cannot account for, but the same was true in their crowded duck pens.

The stuffing of ducks with food was an operation for which I was imperfectly prepared. A sort of flour mash pours through the funnel of a hopper. A farm lady reaches into an adjoining pen seizes a white duck by the neck, inserts a rubber tube into its mouth, presses a button briefly, then tosses the bird into another pen from which it waddles away to join thousands of its brethren. It is almost literally true that each feeding is accomplished in a few seconds.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

These ducks are reared for rapid growth and maturity, somewhat like the treatment accorded to Strasbourg geese. Within about sixty-five days from hatching, they should be ready for sale.

The sight of the great black and white pedigred bulls was startling. They were tethered to overhead wires, sufficiently far apart to prevent their fighting, but free enough for them to get a modicum of exercise. They were as magnificent speciments as I have ever seen in the cattle world; perhaps twenty in all of various ages. Artificial insemination is practiced in respect to their breeding. I would suppose these beasts were of Frisian stock.

Cows, heifers, and calves in separate enclosures presented a pretty picture.

Less bucolic was our next stop at the Central Commune Clinic, with its operating, examination, dispensing rooms, laboratory, pharmaceutical stores, arrangements for acupuncture, a competent new Chinese-made X-ray machine. The facilities were certainly primitive compared with those available in most American hospitals, but ~~conkxindy~~ must represent enormous improvements over rural medical care in the pre-Revolution era. The operating room, for example, was almost entirely bare except for a narrow bed, a hand basin, a towel rack. The cement floor was clean, the white-washed walls spotless. We were told that patients requiring anything more complicated than an appendix extraction were sent on to Peking hospitals. There was no dental apparatus.

It was now lunch time for our hosts, so we left with promises of a later tour of the piggery, the equine establishment, the jade factory.

There is a distinct propaganda revival of flattering references to the "great proletarian cultural revolution," and rather sinister references to the desirability of future convulsions of a like nature.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

In a book, sent me by Martine de Courcel, by the French author K. S. Karol, entitled La Deuxieme Revolution Chinoise, one of Chairman Mao's directives in March 1968 is cited as follows: "The great cultural revolution is fundamentally under socialist conditions, a great political revolution that the proletariat wages against the bourgeoisie and all the other exploiting classes; it is the prolongation of the struggle which has opposed for many years the Chinese Communist Party and the large popular masses placed under its direction, to the Kuomintang reactionaries; it is the prolongation of class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie."

This may still represent the Chairman's belief that a professional bureaucratic class if aloof from soldiers, workers, and peasants is naturally inclined to become at least partially reactionary.

Maureen Molinari, Carlos, and her stepdaughter have returned from their vacation in Hong Kong and Thailand. She is berry-brown from exposure on what she represents as glorious, uncluttered, white sand Thai beaches.

We went together this afternoon to the Chinese tailor to consult further how to confect a dressing gown from my Mandarin, dragon adorned, silk, embroidered material. Since a dragon must not be severed into pieces, their sketch suggested a treatment that may in style resemble a Roman toga. I accepted this without demur, there being no alternative. I did, however, plead for a reduction of the garment's length, now proposed to trail behind like a bride's wedding dress.

The many tailors in this shop joined merrily in this confabulation. It seemed to amuse them mightily; they say the material must have been laid aside generations ago, for they have seen nothing like it in their practice. What the result will be I dare not predict; the elaborate figures, the terrifying beasts

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

already affright me--I'm not sure I would care to be left alone in a bedroom with them.

Sunday, January 6, 1974

Sasha and Nicky have gone off this morning with a journalistic group to watch an ice-hockey match on the pond in the Soviet compound. This afternoon they intend to skate on the lake at the Summer Palace.

I found myself bereft at the office of any incoming mail. The last consignment of packages and letters from our San Francisco address left Hong Kong December 27th, presumably by rail. We have no information about when we will receive it other than the vague assurance this should be within two weeks.

Monday, January 7, 1974

This is the Year of the Tiger; 1973 was the Year of the Ox. Tea leaf readers predict it will be more stormy than its predecessor.

I was saddened by the death, at the age of sixty-nine, of my old and close friend Chip Bohlen. He was a man of fine character, a delightful companion, a dedicated, effective professional. His social gifts were notable; amongst others he was an amusing conversationalist. His moral courage was well displayed at the time of his nomination to be Ambassador to the Soviet Union; that wretch, Senator McCarthy, objected to it and led an unavailing fight against Bohlen. During the past couple of years, he had undergone several operations for cancer, and suffered acute physical agony without complaint or discomposure. With both Tommy Thompson and Chip dead, George Kennan is the only survivor of that famous trio of talented State Department Sovietologists.

Another recent victim of cancer was Ted Rousseau, aged sixty-one, Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. I had sponsored him for

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

security clearance during World War II, when he was being discriminated against because his mother was German. He became a Naval Officer before serving in OSS. He was a brilliant linguist, and of engaging appearance.

The shift of several high Chinese commanders is viewed here as another assertion of the Government's policy of subordinating the military to the civilian element throughout the country. A couple of those transferred exercised quasi-warlord powers in their regions.

The Chinese call the Great Wall a Serpent of Stone, an apt description of this astounding construction that winds its way over several thousand miles of mountains and valleys.

For recreation, I have been reading Gibbon's Decline and Fall. One can open it at random sure of lighting immediately on a picturesque description of some ancient event. His tale of the fall of Constantinople to Mohammed II in 1453 is a masterpiece of narration. That five foot homunculus was ~~certainly~~ an intellectual giant.

Ovid's axiom: "Nothing is more useful than those arts which have no utility."

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, January 8, 1974

The children left today. Sasha took an Air France plane to Paris at 2:30 p.m. We had a scrumptious lunch beforehand; the Chinese cook excelled himself with a suite of unidentifiable dishes, terminating with sliced apples, trailing festoons of sugar needing cooling off in finger bowls.

Nick departed this evening for Canton by train, a thirty-six hour journey. He will then proceed to Hong Kong with further destination undetermined.

It has been a delight to have them here. The inquisitive spirit of youth, and their exuberant health have enabled them to enjoy all the stock sights of Peking and its environs. They, a gregarious pair, have met many people--unfortunately not Chinese--with whom they seem to have established bonds of friendship, or at least temporary amiability.

It is really a new generation, personified in their persons. They pay no heed to political events, but neither are they bent on entirely selfish pleasures. Sasha has become, in her art gallery occupation, a near expert on Ikon paintings; she talks about it modestly but informatively and magisterially. Nick has not concentrated on any single subject, but is ready to argue on all philosophical, psychological, or many other affairs with passion, and to present unorthodox points of view. I find this satisfactory. He will soon be twenty-three, but his wide reading and wandering instincts have equipped him not necessarily for future usefulness, but intermediately have awakened in him a spirit of unquenchable intellectual curiosity. They are both, I believe, unconcerned with material or mundane considerations.

I spend some time each day in colloquy over what we might call the Platt case. When the Chinese Government advised us that if a foreign diplomat was

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

responsible for the accidental death of a native it was their custom to have that diplomat voluntarily accept a withdrawal from his post in China, we acceded to this demand. Nick forfeited his driver's license, paid an indemnity of about $13,000 to the victim's family (we do not know how much of it will go directly to the family), and announced his intention of leaving within approximately two weeks. We consider this action harsh, being uncertain of any precedent for it, but have agreed to his reassignment, which is now under contemplation by the Department. Here, we hope he will be transferred to a position that would professionally be regarded as a promotion.

I have received a message from HAK, and another from the Executive Secretary, that the Secretary of State would like me, if convenient, to come to Washington within the next two weeks for consultation with the Secretary. I responded, expressing my readiness to do so.

Wednesday, January 9, 1974

During the children's stay here, we settled the question of the future ownership of Staunton Hill. Some years ago, I gave the house to Evangeline, and its contents to Sasha, David, and Nicky. Sasha and Nicky intend to buy the house and 240 acres of land for $100,000, the valuation on which I had paid gift tax (because of its inaccessible location and lack of farmland, I think this a full, reasonable price). They expect to query David, now living in Taiwan, as to whether he wishes to join with them in this enterprise.

If this transaction is effected, I shall have mixed feelings. My great-grandfather James, in 1800 acquired the land, on which the house was built by my grandfather in 1848. James then owned about 30,000 acres in the vicinity, in Halifax and Charlotte Counties, Virginia. His eldest son, James Bruce, a half-

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

brother of my grandfather Charles, upon his father's death about 1838, commissioned an amateur architect, Mr. Johnston, to build him a mansion on his inherited land. This was done in the f[illegible] of pseudo-Greek revival architecture; the result, a miniature adaptation of the Parthenon at Athens, is now considered a famous example of that style.

My grandfather Charles, soon after graduating from Harvard, an unusual place at that period for the matriculation of a Virginian, went abroad on his honeymoon. Before doing so, he entrusted to his devoted half-brother James, the construction by the same Mr. Johnston, of a residence on the Staunton Hill tract. When Charles returned from the Grand Tour, he found himself the possessor of a bastard Gothic, baronial, Scottish-looking castle, perched on a hill, overlooking the fertile lowlands of the Roanoke (Staunton) River.

Charles was enamoured of the result. He moved into the house, took over the management of five thousand odd acres of land, supervised five hundred black slaves, and was said to be the largest tobacco-grower in the South.

At any rate, my grandfather having filled the house with Victorian type furniture, ornaments, and silver bought in Philadelphia, together with mirrors ordered from Venice, exterior marble columns procured from Italy, settled down happily with his wife to a self-sufficient plantation life. The couple engendered half a dozen sons and two daughters.

Meanwhile the two female offspring of my great-grandfather, richly endowed, had married; one of them to James Morson of Dover (a classic house with Doric columns) on the James River, the other to James A. Seddon, later to be Confederate Secretary of War. Seddon's sister was my grandmother's brother, so the alliance between the two couples was doubled by consanguinity. Since Seddon had his own

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

ample country place, my great aunt settled for the construction of a town house in Richmond, later known as "The White House of the Confederacy," now an Historical Monument.

Charles Bruce and James A. Seddon were not only devoted brothers-in-law, but were joint investors in agricultural enterprises. They owned large tracts of farming acreage in Louisiana, as well as numerous slaves there.

The Civil War erupted. My grandfather raised, equipped, maintained a private artillery battery recruited at Staunton Hill, of which he was Captain.

After Appomatox and the liberation of slaves, Charles Bruce continued to live at Staunton Hill, having been forced to liquidate his Louisiana properties, his Richmond house, his cottage on Bruce Row at White Sulphur Springs. His extraneous investments of perhaps one million dollars had been entirely converted into Confederate bonds that became worthless.

Life on the plantation pursued a restricted but normal course. Money was lacking to educate all the male children, so they eventually drifted away. My own Father could not be financed for a university course; he later studied law, moved to Baltimore, Maryland, where, with a brother, he established himself.

About 1890, at the age of 70, Charles Bruce died at Staunton Hill, of a ruptured appendix. This climaxed a year of distress, for a series of disastrous floods had devastated the lowground crops and livestock.

There was a mortgage on the place; it was feared that the deceased's estate would be adjudged bankrupt (often considered in those days a disgrace), but, by a lucky chance, the mortgage was satisfied by the sale of pipes of imported Madeira wine, accumulated in the Staunton Hill cellars prior to the War Between the States.

SECRET DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

My grandmother continued to live there. After her death, my father inherited the house, bought adjoining land from his relatives, and had about 2,200 acres. He sold the whole to a timber merchant to finance his unsuccessful attempt to be elected for a second term in the United States Senate. My brother bought the property, turning it into a shooting club, from which I acquired it about 1931, when the Great Depression was at its zenith. From time to time, I added at what now seem risible prices (about $15.00 an acre) to my holdings until I owned approximately 12,000 acres in Charlotte County.

As I was engaged in business in New York, Washington, and Pittsburgh, I found the management of Staunton Hill unduly burdensome, although profitable.

I sold portions of it until my daughter Audrey took it over, and with the exception of the house and contents, owned the remaining 2,300 or more acres, until she and her husband were killed in an aeroplane accident in the West Indies, after which her land was sold at auction to a lumber company.

It causes me a pang to sever our connection with Staunton Hill with which my affections were so long engaged. I only hope the younger people will cherish and be able to maintain it, expensive sentimental luxury though it is.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, January 10, 1974

Sir John Addis (the British Ambassador) came to see me this morning. His conversation was initially addressed to the recent proceedings in the United Nations concerning Korea. After this retrospective review, we turned to Cambodia and other topics. I told him that as far as I knew our Government was not engaged, nor under any pressure to do so by the Chinese in secret negotiations over Cambodia or Taiwan.

I always enjoy talking with Addis. He is intelligent, clear in presentation, well informed on Far Eastern affairs. But most interesting to me is his wide knowledge of Chinese art and culture. He is shortly to visit Kunming; the Chinese are affording him increasing scope for internal travel. In the cultural field especially he must be of great value to his Embassy. I wish we had a Cultural Affairs Officer but do not want one unless he is a recognized art sinologue with an unusually sympathetic personality.

We spent a goodly time today on Plattiana. Nick has been asked to express his preference for one of several positions probably available for him in Washington. Personally I believe if there is an opportunity he would be wise to become associated with the National Security Council.

Tonight, E. and I dined as guests of Martha and Al Jenkins at the Health and Happiness Restaurant, a favorite haunt of Al when he was formerly posted in Peking. E. and I agreed that no evening could have in all aspects been more satisfactorily passed than in the company of this excellent couple. We were intrigued by their experiences with the celebrated Indian sage The Maharishi, of whom they are profound admirers.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, January 11, 1974

After receiving a long telegram yesterday from Jean Lambert, who lingers in Hong Kong, I decided to call on Ambassador Manac'h whom Lambert had previously asked me to try to enlist in support of his visa application for Peking. The matter is now even more involved because of Lampert's overpertinacious handling of it. He has telephon officials in the Quai d'Orsay, in the Presidential Elysée, as well as Mendes-France to have a French Governmental request made for the grant of a visa. Manac'h has received no instructions resulting from these miscellaneous pleadings. His incisive mind quickly grasped the situation; I surmised he had already been pestered by it. I telephoned Jean I thought the issue was a "dead duck," politely suggesting he cease agitating. Why he thinks it necessary to expend so much effort to see me in Peking to seek my advice about an involved non-Chinese business problem, on which I am ill-informed, baffles me. I am ready to give casual counsel to an old friend even on subjects I imperfectly understand, but cannot mix further in such visa vagaries. I had invited him to stay with us in December, followed it up by a sponsoring note to the Foreign Office but once the visa was refused find it embarrassing to be again involved, even indirectly.

Tonight, E., Brunson, and I went out to meet Lorraine and John Cooper at the airport. How they so joyously and healthfully survived their arduous itinerary of travel for the Asia Foundation makes me envious. Leaving Paris on December 23, 1973, they have since swept through New Delhi, Karachi, Lahore, Islamabad, New Delhi again, Dacca, Bangkok, Singapore, Karachi, and now Peking. We both love both Coopers so having them here promises unadulterated happiness.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, January 12, 1974

We notified the Foreign Office today that Bob Ingersoll, not having received any response to his request for an interview with Ch'iao Kuan-hua and other officials here, would, in order to firm up engagements elsewhere in the Far East areas of his responsibilities, cancel his proposed visit to Peking. I had personally presented this request to Ch'iao; although we have persistently checked on it, we have never received an answer. It is probably lying in the cellar of "Matters Under Consideration." I consider this discourteous, but we cannot pursue it further. The only reason I can conjure up is that possibly they resent his intention to go also to Taiwan.

Thailand and Japan are seeking closer relations with each other, as are the PRC and Thailand. The Japanese are being frenetically active diplomatically. There seems a real chance they may be able to settle their long contention with the PRC over a civil aviation agreement, obstructed until now by a dispute over their civil air arrangements with Taiwan.

Meanwhile in Mainland China the course of revolution in education is in full flow. Confucius continues to be denigrated. In the past, it is stated, the departments of arts in Universities were divorced from socialist revolutionary principles. Students of philosophy did not study the logic of the Chinese revolution, and those of economics did not study the characteristics of the Chinese economy. Most of the students buried themselves in textual research of ancient documents. Chairman Mao's principle is: "Education must serve proletarian politics and be combined with productive labour." The socialist principle of distribution is "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The ultimate goal of Chinese Communist education is to rectify inequalities, inequities, false doctrines, by strict adherence to Maoist precepts.

This afternoon the Coopers and I wandered through the Forbidden City. If not stupefied, they were amazed. It was cold underfoot; one needs heavy socks or fleece lined boots. Indoors everywhere in diplomatic offices, residences, hotels, governmental quarters, the coal-based heating systems keep temperatures at 75 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. After broiling indoors even in tropical clothing initial contact with the outside sub-freezing temperature is initially shocking.

From the Forbidden City we went to the so-called Antique Quarter on Liu Li Ch'ang Street. We stopped in at the pottery reproduction store, at the chop shop, and at the best of the calligraphy-scroll places. The prices of certain articles in the last ranged up to thousands of dollars; no set prices are subject to bargaining anywhere in China; everything is on a take it or leave it basis.

It was stimulating tonight to hear the Coopers talk of their travels; they had everywhere met the leading political figures in the countries traversed. They had known Mrs. Gandhi well, when John was Ambassador to India. Lorraine describes her as "highly intelligent, tough as nails." She thought Prime Minister Lee of Singapore as charismatic as one can be. I was fascinated by John's temperate, wise description of the Washington scene. He had recently been sent for by the President. They met alone; the President asked John's advice on intimate matters; I shall never repeat what he told me of their conversation.

I think Cooper is almost beyond praise as a man of character. His standing as a person of complete integrity has never been challenged. He would I believe have been an admirable, effective President.

Tonight, we gave a showing of The Day of the Jackal in the movie theatre at the International Club rented by us for this occasion. We hope most of the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

bill will be paid by USIA. This is our first essay in entertainment of this sort. The theatre seats four hundred people. We decided the demand for tickets --free--would be too great to be satisfied by one screening, so we shall have another next Tuesday night. The film has been lent us for a limited period by Jack Valenti, President of the Motion Pictures Association.

We alloc ed a large number of seats to the Chinese to be distributed by the Foreign Office. They were returned without explanation; I conjecture the reason was dislike of the theme involving attempted assassination of a Chief of State, violence, and a brief sex episode.

Over three hundred foreigners, mostly diplomatic families and journalists, were present. It was a good movie, well cast, with Jimmy Fox, whom we had known favorably in London, playing the lead. The audience, in this starved of entertainment foreign community, was enthusiastic. I wish we could offer them in the future more films of this or even superior calibre.

Sunday, January 13, 1974

For lunch today, we had the Coopers, the Swedish Ambassador (Björnberg), his wife, the Chargé d'Affaires ad interim of India and Mrs. Mehrotra, Martha and Al Jenkins, Sheila and Nick Platt.

Afterwards, the Coopers and I went to the Temple of Heaven. They thought it as sensational as I had proclaimed it to be. Tonight we revelled in conversation and the generous Iranian Ambassador's caviar.

Monday, January 14, 1974

Lots of business at the office this morning.

We gave a lunch for the Coopers. The Turkish Ambassador and Mrs. Eren, Mrs. Elizabeth Mann Borgese (house guest of the Turks), John Holdridge, Blanche and Don Anderson, and the David Bonavias (London Times). An animated gathering.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Chinese militia force is being expanded. Every able-bodied man and woman between the ages of 18 and 35 is obliged to serve in it during part of their spare time. This para-military organization is used both as a semi-police force to guard bridges, roads, or other strategic points, and as a construction civil works corps.

There are rumors of increased street crimes in Peking as well as other cities, of neighborhoods being patrolled day and night by militia units. This disorderliness is ascribed by the controlled Chinese press to class enemies, counter-revolutionaries, and other bad elements. It is more likely that the transgressors are drifters who have come to cities illegally, fleeing from enforced rural resettlement which has sent more than eight million conscripts to the countryside in the last five years. Life down on the farm has not aroused their affections; of about one million rusticated Peking youth, it is estimated that fifty thousand have fled the communes.

Probably many official Chinese reports on their financial achievements should be taken with truck loads of salt; but their claims are impressive. They claim to have no external or internal debt. (As respects the former, we know our own admitted claims have not yet been settled.) The Stalin-era Soviet loans to China were repaid by 1965, ahead of schedule. Internal public bonds issued after 1949 were paid off during the Cultural Revolution.

Accumulations from socialist state-owned enterprises now account for nearly ninety per cent of China's revenues. The agricultural tax amounts to six per cent of actual farm output; the state levies no income tax on the urban population.

Another jolly bout tonight with a second tin of Iranian caviar.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tuesday, January 15, 1974

I received today interesting reading matter for future delectation. Rowland Burden-Muller sent me from Lausanne the profusely illustrated catalogue of the Chinese Exhibition of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, with a brilliant introduction on Chinese archaeological research. It also treats the subject of grave robbing that accounted for the unearthing and sale to Western collections of many splendid objects during the first half of this century.

Another volume was Osbert Sitwell's Escape with Me (an Oriental sketch-book). I especially look forward to his lauded chapters on Peking, written in the late 1930's.

A third book, Longtime Californ', a tale of the Chinese in the United States, was given me by Victor Nee now a student here. Written by him and his wife Brett de Bary Nee, it was published in 1973.

Ladislav Skaloud, Chief of Protocol for Pan American World Airways, called on me this morning. An old acquaintance, he is here in company with some of the key officers of Pan Am and their wives. I expect to see this contingent soon; also we have invited them to the farewell party we are giving for the Platts on Thursday evening.

Lorraine Cooper has lost her travellers' checks. In trying to put the Coopers in funds by cashing personal dollar checks, I find we have no dollars available in our office. Moreover, they cannot of course be purchased elsewhere in China. Our guests will have to rely on Yuan for buying their tickets to Canton, and meeting their expenses until they cross the border. Thereafter, I have arranged for them to have their personal drawings honored by our Consulate General.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Currency restrictions create difficulties almost everywhere; in China, they are severe and strictly enforced. I have dollar travellers' cheques in my own name here, but can cash them only for Yuan.

More significant changes are taking place in the Chinese hierarchy. Teng Hsiao-ping, a victim of the Cultural Revolution, has reappeared with Politburo status. It is possible he will also become a member of the Standing Committee.

The Coopers went with the Don Andersons today to the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs, extraordinary spectacles that never fail to please.

Tonight we had our last supper together, genial as always.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, January 16, 1974

A morning of hurly-burly. The Coopers are packing. The prospect of their quitting Peking is like facing the amputation of a limb. Never have we had more grave and gay companions.

The Pan American World Airways group came to the office this morning--Messrs. William T. Seawell (Chairman and Chief Executive Officer), Thomas J. Flanagan (Senior Vice-President, Washington), Dan Colussy (Vice-President Passenger Marketing), and Ladislav Skaloud.

Having followed closely the development of Pan American from its inception, and having been a Director, I was particularly glad to meet these individuals upon whom its precarious present situation depends for solvency. I was favorably impressed by them. Herb Horowitz and I explained what we knew about civil aviation activities in China; the immense need in this country for a network of air routes, as well as the inevitable participation of the PRC in international traffic. We thought Pan Am should commence their conversations here by setting forth what they were prepared to offer in technical expertise and assistance. These officers have a number of proposals to present; although they are not Government guests, I believe their views will attract careful consideration.

I read with sorrow of the death of Richard F. Cleveland. He was my classmate during my year and a half at Princeton. We joined together in a fight to abolish the Club system there. After the war, I persuaded him to move to Baltimore where he became my associate in the law firm of Semmes, Bowen, and Semmes. He was from youth an individual of the highest character, an effective public speaker. Being the son of ~~the~~ former President Grover Cleveland, he appeared destined for a distinguished political career. This he never attained;

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

I do not think he could reconcile himself to the sordid aspects of Maryland politics. Over the years I lost touch with him, although I was Godfather to his first child. He died of emphysema at the age of 76.

The Chinese party line is actively attacking Western music, especially that of Schubert and Beethoven, for its "bourgeois and capitalist mentality." This seems odd when one remembers the Philadelphia Orchestra having been invited last year, at the express request of Chiang Ch'ing (Madame Mao), to play Beethoven's Sixth.

I do not know whether to credit a despatch from Moscow, published in the December 30 London Observer, reporting on a document just published in Russia, called The Special Region of China 1942-1945, by Pavel Vladimirov, a Soviet adviser in China.

The author quotes Mao as having said of Stalin in July 1942: "Stalin does not and cannot know China. . .All his so-called theories on our revolution are the blabberings of a fool." Later on he refers to Mao in more astringent language, shouting: "You Muscovites, even if Stalin farts you are ready to admire the smell." These remarks do not jibe with the adulation of Stalin still evident in Peking. His poster portrait is displayed next to Lenin's in front of the Great Hall of the People.

This afternoon Maureen Molinari and I had a mirthful session at the tailor's. I was fitted with the dragon dressing gown being fashioned there. It is voluminous, gaudy, impractical, beautiful. I cannot fancy where I could wear it. In it, I would be too large for a chair, perhaps a small sofa might suffice. I cannot imagine shaving, eating, walking in such glorious raiment. It must weigh ten pounds, rises like a gorget around the neck, descends to the shoe-laces. However, to fall back on a ghastly expression: "It is amusing."

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Thursday, January 17, 1974

I lunched today on the bounty and Mao Tai of Clare Hollingworth at a Peking restaurant famous for its shrimp dishes. Its reputation was well deserved, though the several courses of shrimp in divers dress, did not preclude the serving of other non-crustacean delicacies. Clare is a treasure trove of information; I am always happy and interested in her company.

I returned to the office feeling fit as a fiddle, whatever that may mean, in time to receive the Ambassador of Yugoslavia (Milojko Drulovic). Formerly a journalist and politician, this is his first diplomatic post. We had an amiable interchange about agrarian revolutions, Chinese self-sufficiency, my Jug friend Prica, and other topics. I liked him.

Before our reception tonight for the Platts, E. and I invited to the second floor of the Residence the Pan American delegation and their wives. They presented us with a Steuben Glass eagle, a fragile but carnivorous looking bird. These civil aviation officers convey an air of competence.

Afterwards, we held our party downstairs. The guests composed an olla podrida of many nations. Fun waxed fast but not furious. It is customary to feed chauffeurs amply on such occasions; they like to gather in the kitchen whence flowed gusts of noise and laughter. Our still unfurnished rooms easily absorbed about 150 people without appearing congested. Indeed we can readily deal, as we twice have, with numbers up to 250.

We were glad to give this farewell for the harassed Platts who fly to Paris Saturday morning.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Friday, January 18, 1974

This is the day when Bob Ingersoll and his wife had expected to arrive in Peking and stay with us. That the Chinese never answered our request for an appointment for him to see Ch'iao Kuan-hua, or another high ranking official seems to me deplorable. Any how, we finally told the Foreign Office he was eliminating Peking from his itinerary because he could no longer delay making definite appointments for visits elsewhere in his area of responsibility, the Far East. It may be the authorities here were disgruntled over his intention to go to Taiwan; a far-fetched additional reason might have been the non-departure of Nick Platt. No word having been vouchsafed on the matter, even at the last moment, is not consonant with usual Chinese politeness in affairs concerning prominent State Department officers. I think it might be desirable in Washington to show less alacrity in responding rapidly to the next similar request made by the PRCLO.

Al Jenkins and John Holdridge wrote a deservedly favorable efficiency report on Nick Platt to which as Reviewing Officer I appended a statement. Platt and his family are leaving Peking tomorrow; he will soon be reassigned.

A haircut today at the International Club. I was shorn at a cost of thirty American cents. Prices do vary greatly here; I fear that the excellent lunch I stashed away yesterday at dear Clare Hollingworth's expense set her back about twenty-five dollars.

I have only just lit upon a guide book, produced in the nineteen thirties, entitled In Search of Old Peking, written by Arlington and Lewisohn. The lyrical description of its contents, printed on the back cover, unlooses one's wallet. It runs: "Peking! Pride and glory of a mighty Empire; vast deserted courtyards; great vermilion palaces with white marble terraces and glittering

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

roofs of gold and blue; deep groves of cypress-pines gnarled by the centuries; brooding silence of the magnificent Temple of Heaven, of Ancestral Halls and Temples of Confucius; massive city walls pierced by huge gates and surmounted by many-storeyed towers; beauty of the Palace Lakes and moats luxuriant with the peerless lotus; pleasure gardens and hills crested with airy pavilions; mysterious halls, courts and recesses of the Forbidden City; the Summer Palace of Ten Thousand Ages, and the grandeur of the Great Wall, standing centinel against time."

"Emperors and Empresses, concubines, eunuchs, statesmen, scholars, artists, warriors, priests, astrologers, Gods by the hundreds, artisans, rebels and invaders/people again the courts and temples, line the city ramparts or batter at the gates; the Boxers once more besiege the Legations, an Empress flees in the disguise of a peasant, an Emper hangs himself on the Coal Hill, a city gate is branded for admitting rebels, princes feast in the great halls; intrigue and mysterious death flit through the city; at night the stone animals wander down the hutungs; and a strange, romantic world of the past surrenders its fascinating secrets."

After reading this exuberant blurb, who could resist investigating its contents?

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Saturday, January 19, 1974

The Platts left this morning, well sped off at the airport by sympathizers of miscellaneous nationalities including the Counselor of the Soviet Embassy.

We had the usual nuts and bolts problems to discuss at the office. There are so few grounds for disagreement at present between the PRC and ourselves that important substantive relationships are rare. Our personnel are, however, fully occupied with affairs demanding attention at lower levels of the Chinese Government. It is stimulating to witness the enthusiasm and expertise of the members of our staff. Being small, since all are members of one Department, this is a great advantage in transacting business efficiently. It seems to me remarkable for these skilled China watchers and linguists to have established already such a broad acquaintanceship--often friendship--with other foreigners and Chinese. This is a tribute to their personalities and linguistic proficiency, also to their recognized competence in the diplomatic profession. In the past, I have never experienced such a high level of excellence amongst American representatives abroad. I feel myself to be almost an infant in arms compared with them, but they treat my ignorance with complete good humor.

My reading became concentrated tonight on Search of Old Peking. It scarcely seems credible that Chinese customs, buildings, almost every aspect of a long, picturesque past could have altered to such an extent in a short span of time. Where are the snows of yesteryear? Melted and vanished. If only this Government would put a stop to the multifarious encroachments on relics of its national history, even restoring, while it is still practicable, almost extinct national monuments, what a glorious proceeding this would be. Infinite riches in a little room could be aptly applied to the Forbidden City, still in a state of comparatively

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

satisfactory preservation, but each year the legacies of thousands of years of artistic excellence are being dissipated. I suppose under Marxist or Maoist doctrine this was inevitable, but the pity of it is no less poignant. The unending gabble about culture having to serve exclusively the masses is repressive of any artistic independence.

The latest blast in this area reflects the zenophobic attitudes of the Cultural Revolution. All music, it is argued by the controlled press and cadres, has class content, and those who contend that a particular work can be judged on artistic merits alone are attempting to obscure the bourgeois, capitalist nature of its content, and their own bourgeois reactionary rebellion.

There is often a dubious caveat expressed in such criticisms by the citation of Chairman Mao's dictum: "Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China."

In a country abounding in contradictions, perhaps this type of polemics is not as serious as some believe, for the enthusiasm over the renderings of the Austrian and Philadelphia orchestras was undoubtedly genuine, and the Canadians have reason to believe that the projected visit of their Vancouver Symphony remains welcome.

I am flummoxed by how inaccurate many--perhaps most--of my diary reflections have been. Revisionism, such a popular, pejorative word here, could properly apply to me. I no longer know what to believe about contradictory assertions made by foreign and native scholars. Often there are half a dozen or more opposing renditions of historical events. How was the Pearl Concubine condemned to cast herself into a well? Did the old Empress Dowager really poison her co-regent? Did a famous General emasculate himself in order to serve the state

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

more unselfishly? One could go on endlessly in this strain, without ascertaining the truth in thousands of puzzling incidents.

I once settled on belief in the attractive story of the meaning of the most frequent of all roof ornaments, as depicting the cunning isolation of a notably malevolent evil spirit. Now one reads: "In the year 283 BC the cruel tyrant, Prince Min, of the State of Ch'i, after being defeated by a combination of other states, was strung up to the end of a roof ridge and left hanging there without food or water, exposed to the burning rays of the sun until he died. In order to stigmatize his evil deeds the people of the State of Ch'i placed his effigy, riding a hen, on the roof of their houses. With the weight of the prince on its back, the hen could not fly down to the ground, and in order to prevent it escaping over the roof, a kind of dragon was placed at the other end of the ridge. This is the fierce beast you see, with horns and bushy tail and its mouth wide open, as if to swallow Prince Min and the hen, if they venture near him. It was not until the time of the Ming Emperor Yung Lo that the other figures were added. A correct set was put together in the following order: hen, dragon, phoenix, lion, unicorn, celestial horse, ch'ih wen (kind of dragon). . . However, in later times the conventional arrangements were changed. In most cases, the only figures used between the hen and the ch'ih wen were what those foreigners call dogs, but which are really lions. Moreover, since the latter days of the Republic, even the hen with Prince Min was removed from the roofs of public buildings, so as to prevent, it is said, any possible unpleasant political comparisons."

One could go on interminably quoting mythological, magical, poetical Chinese legends, tales, attributions. What a challenging task this would be for a barbarian encyclopaedist.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Although my guest of honor Bob Ingersoll could not come to Peking, the three Ambassadors I had invited to lunch in intimacy with him, generously arrived. There is a great contrast between the Australian (Fitzgerald), New Zealander (Harland) on the one hand, and the Japanese (Ogawa) on the other. The first two are rarely uninhibited, whilst Ogawa is a cautious man. We gave free rein to our tongues (scarcely drawing breath until three o'clock), while doing justice to what the guests politely declared was a superb Chinese meal. We passed in review the Far East, NATO, PRC domestic and foreign policy, Maoism, "Japan at the Crossroads," the Energy Crisis, Japanese unpopularity in Indonesia, potential trade with China, the emergence of Cultural Revolution victims to current power, Sino-Soviet conflict, preemptive strikes, the nature of possible nuclear war, and more topics than I can remember.

We were all agreed on the Chinese being intensely nationalistic, unfathomable, intelligent, dedicated to their "noble experiment." In Southern Virginia, they would be termed "a curisome people."

Sunday, January 20, 1974

VOA and BBC reported this morning the expulsion by the PRC yesterday, on a few hours' notice, of five members of the Soviet Embassy on charges of espionage. They were said to have been caught in flagrante delicto receiving documents from a Chinese agent. Two of the Russians were Secretaries of Embassy; their wives were ordered to leave with them; the fifth was allegedly the Russian nationality interpreter for the Military Attaché.

This action will cause a stir; I suppose the Soviets will retaliate. Of the approximately four hundred employees at the Soviet Embassy in Peking, I take it for granted that a large number, possibly a majority, are KGB operatives.

DECLASSIFIED SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

Equally, I imagine the Chinese, no slouches in clandestine activities, have long known a good deal about the extent of Soviet intelligence penetrations in this country.

Simultaneously the PRC is raising a dust storm over title to the Islands of Paracel, sending a missile armed cruiser and other naval craft there. The South Viet-Nam Government has protested, asserting its title to sovereignty has long been unquestioned. We shall hear more on this score, as claims are laid before the United Nations.

This morning B. and I went to the Protestant Church. It is allowed to hold a weekly service in a former Bible-reading building, which is in an excellent state of repair, by whom financed is unknown (perhaps the Chinese Government?)

The congregation numbered seventeen; five blacks, three Canadians (the Smalls, two Bruces), seven Chinese composed it. Additionally there were a Chinese pastor and an organist. The service, lasting forty-five minutes, was conducted entirely in the native language. There were readings from the gospels, the Lord's Prayer, a number of well-chosen familiar hymns like, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," no sermon, then Communion. The wine was in tiny individual liqueur glasses. Afterwards, I met two other clerics. I thought it a sad, touching, almost haunting experience.

This afternoon, in bitterly cold weather, I went with Maureen Molinari (O'Ryan her Argentine maiden name) to a fur shop, before making a short tour in the Forbidden City, almost deserted except for skaters on the moat, and cutters of black, polluted ice intended for use in summer months.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

World Wild Life conservations would view with justified alarm the variety of furs on sale in Peking which include many from vanishing species. Every coloration of fox is available, as are tigers, snow leopards, wolves, wild cats, wild dogs, bears, not to mention sable, ermine, mink, and a dozen other hairy creatures. E. had charged us to buy her goatskin pelts for bathroom use, but we had no luck respecting this humble quarry, though sheep-skins were abundant.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Tonight the David Bonavias (London Times) took E. and me to dinner at the Kang Le Restaurant, its Anglicized name being Health and Happiness Restaurant. The John Burns (Canadian journalist), and an attractive couple from the Belgian Embassy were the other guests. After dinner, we adjourned to the Bonavia apartment where we discussed Soviet espionage, possibly dangers to national security from leakages to the Press in our respective countries, the PRC attacks on the Paracel Islands, and on Western music as well as other topics requiring cooling off periods with beer. An enlivening evening.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Wednesday, January 23, 1974

This is the first of a three day National Holiday in the People's Republic. It is the longest of their traditional vacations, being a festival period to celebrate the Chinese New Year.

Last night, there were many scattered explosions of firecrackers, and a moderate display in the sky of fireworks, but nothing on an organized scale. Exhortations not to engage in extravagant costly displays have been broadcast throughout the country. In Peking at least this admonition has been effective.

Today, the streets are unusually free even of bicycle traffic. We know that large numbers of leaves have been granted to people living away from the Capital to rejoin their families here--in some cases such individuals have been given free transportation. Presumably, this will be a period for family rejoicing, not for public demonstrations.

Our own house is deserted; all our domestics are away. Some of them will remain so until next week. At the office, we had considered whether or not to give presents to our personal employees. When we requested the opinion of the Diplomatic Service Bureau on this point, the answer was equivocal. In view of the established custom of the natives not accepting gratuities, we decided, after consultation with several embassies, to offer none, even of a token nature, to our own personnel.

Two occurrences continue to dominate diplomatic discussions. The first is the attack by the PRC on the Paracel Islands. Our Mission had been asked by the South Vietnamese Government, which has no way of presenting its own communications to the PRC, to pass on to the Foreign Office a strong note of protest over the PRC invasion of the Paracel Islands. We did so, but were informed that the FO might refuse to ac[illegible] receipt of the remonstrance. Yesterday, the note was

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The Soviet retort to this blast has thus far been comparatively mild. It accuses the Chinese of violating diplomatic usages, of holding the arrested ones incommunicado (true), of denying access to them by their Embassy asscciates (true), of submitting them to physical brutality (probably untrue), and more of the same general protestations. (It seems the prisoners made no confessions, but went on a hunger strike.)

I cannot help suspecting the Chinese go-between of being an agent provacateur. Undoubtedly, spy operations by many of the four hundred Russians living in their Embassy compound (which harbors no Chinese employees), are widespread. Moreover, the Chinese probably have a long list of similar transgressors on whom they could pounce if they thought it advantageous.

It will be interesting to learn what retaliatory measures the Soviets may institute. I am told there are fewer than seventy Chinese in their Moscow Embassy. One step just taken by them is considered slightly ludicrous. It seems a Chinese official, posted in Moscow for six years, was returning home on leave, or for transfer. He was intercepted at Irkutsk to be informed he had been declared persona non grata in the USSR, and ordered to leave its territory!

It looks as if the Russians have been exceptionally ham-handed in this confrontation. I cannot believe they will maintain their present restraint over it. If they have not lost face at home they certainly have, according to my informants here, lost it amongst some of their satellite clientele in Peking.

The situation in Cambodia appears to be hotting up. Foreign diplomats in Phnom Penh are apprehensive; some Embassies have sent out to Bangkok their dependents and a portion of their staffs. There is said to have been a sizable exodus of French residents. Western so-called military experts allege that the

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

Red Khmers have 60 battalions (18,000 men) within a 25 mile radius around the capital, with about 80 Government battalions to oppose them.

HAK has returned to Washington from the Middle East, fully entitled to laurel wreaths for his negotiations there. Unfortunately, this startling success is only the first step on the arduous road to a possible settlement. It seems generally accepted that his performance was brilliant.

Thursday, January 24, 1974

Each day of this holiday season I stop at the office to read cables and newspapers. There is little comfort to be derived from them. The winds of change show no signs of abatement. Ironically enough, only the Arabs and the two great Communist Powers appear still to be immune to destructive economic and financial dislocations.

E. and I walked in the Altar of the Sun Park. Except for children, it was almost unpeopled. The weather is, as it has been for almost two months, wonderfully clear, bitterly cold.

Friday, January 25, 1974

The day before leaving here for an absence that may be of considerable duration, I have quizzed myself on how many of my early impressions of conditions in China have been altered by further reflection on them; also as to what areas remain most obscure or baffling.

Regarding the latter, I have heard few discussions or read anything authoritative on the enormous changes in society resulting from the emancipation of women whose status changed so quickly from almost complete subordination to theoretical equality. This transformation will some day be recorded as one of the most significant accomplishments of Mao. It has also contributed

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

largely to the regime's programs to break down the traditional family cohesion, with its concomitant political, material, moral influences, and transfer its loyalties as fully as possible to support of State dogma and doctrine.

Emancipation of women has raised many perplexing questions. Since sociologists, native or foreign, are unwelcome here, inquiries or surveys into customs, personal conduct, habits are mostly taboo. No mystery is more impenetrable, at least to foreigners, than the sexual activities of these teeming millions. We know there are no brothels, houses of assignation, resorts of pleasure such as existed until the Mao Revolution established its supremacy. There must be little opportunity for amorous dalliance. There are no dance halls, venereal disease is said to be at an insignificant level. Enforced Puritanism characterizes visible signs of commerce between the sexes. If unmarried young men and women seek trysts together in Peking, the most obvious meeting places seem to be public parks, where they sit together on benches in full view of incessant strollers. If they are married, they often share a common bed with relatives of several generations. One never hears reference to this subject in local publications. There are no allusions to homosexuality though that is not strange in a country where the assertion is often made that there are no orphans or insane persons. What outlet these virile men and women find for their natural passions is as unknown as it is uncommented upon. Yet only a few decades distant, and during preceding centuries, China was famous for freedom in matters of this sort.

This fascinating subject, like many others, could be endlessly speculated upon without valid results.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

The virtual elimination of Christianity is another topic of interest to many foreigners. Nothing like the situation during the Taiping Rebellion could now conceivably exist. Two leaders, one of whom claimed to be the Younger Brother of Jesus Christ, the other asserting he was the Holy Ghost, would attract no followers today; indeed they would be lucky to escape being immediately hacked to pieces. It is distressing to witness lingering remains of virulent anti-Christian, or more accurately, anti-missionary feeling. There still persists a fairly widespread belief that American missionaries stole or bought babies, gouged their eyes out, boiled them in cauldrons for culinary consumption. This was a stock charge during the Boxer Rebellion, resulting in the murder of missionaries and Chinese converts.

Another reflection must be upon the radical alteration in personal communication between Chinese and foreigners as contrasted with pre-1950 conventions. Such friendships as those for example established between literati like Osbert Sitwell, Harold Acton, ~~and many others~~, artists, professional or business men and women, with Chinese individuals are, I believe, almost non-existent today. It is, I conjecture, dangerous for a native to appear to be on familiar terms with a Westerner. This can change, as relationships between peoples expand, but it will be a slow process.

Enough of all that. I shall soon ruminate on whether fifty years of Europe are worth a cycle of Cathay.

Saturday, January 26, 1974

Took the Air France flight to Paris, on my way to Washington for consultation. E. will follow next week. This trip, with only one stop at Karachi for refueling, should be accomplished in 18 or 19 hours. The winds will be adverse.

DECLASSIFIED

DECLASSIFIED

On leaving here, I unhappily feel that during almost nine months of residence in Peking I have not made a single Chinese friend. To them, I suppose I am a foreigner to be regarded always with a certain amount of suspicion. They are perhaps as chauvinistic as they have ever been in the course of their long history. Loyalty has been transferred from the Imperial bearer of the Mandate of Heaven to Chairman Mao. Family loyalty has been largely diminished by transfers of population, scattering of clans, degradation of ancient rules of conduct, the emancipation of women and their employment away from home, desuetude in ancestor worship and rites, early schooling of children, and a host of disciplines, designed to make "service to the people" the dominant theme in life.

There has undoubtedly been a strong revival of national pride. China is once again the Middle Kingdom, the center of the world. Barbarians are to be tolerated in the measure they contribute to the national self-interest. Close personal relationships with them, or frankness in discussions with them, are to be avoided. In my estimation, the naiveté of many of our own people who think East and West have bridged the psychological gap between them is likely, at least for a long time to come, to cause acute disappointments.

DECLASSIFIED